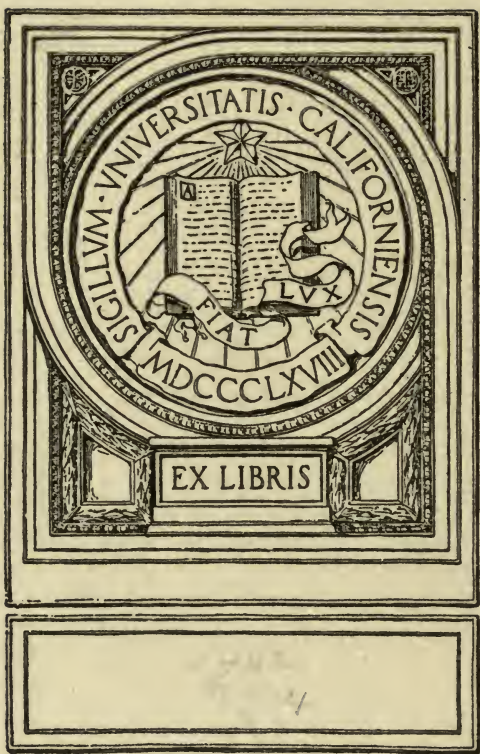


PARIS REBORN

HERBERT ADAMS
GIBBONS





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100
N. W. CORNER
OF
ST. DENIS
AND
ST. MARY
STREETS
ST. LOUIS,
MO.
1892



Boulevard St. Denis. Procession after procession of recruits passed through the boulevards

PARIS REBORN

A STUDY IN CIVIC PSYCHOLOGY

BY

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE," "THE FOUNDATION OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

LESTER G. HORNBY



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

1916

DC 736
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Published, October, 1915

TO VINDI
ANABETLIAO

TO ALL

WHO REMAINED IN PARIS DURING THE TRYING DAYS
OF AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1914,
AND THUS SHOWED THEIR WILLINGNESS TO SHARE
THE DISCOMFORTS AND DANGERS OF THEIR DEFENDERS,
AND REFLECTED THE INTREPID SPIRIT
OF THE FRENCH AND BRITISH ARMIES BETWEEN PARIS AND THE ENEMY

It is through the kindness of Mr. Rodman Wanamaker that I am allowed to republish staff correspondence to the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE	3
II PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE	15
III THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE	30
IV THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM	42
V REQUISITIONING	54
VI LIEGE HOLDS FIRM	64
VII WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE	70
VIII BLIND, BUT THEY KNEW IT NOT	83
IX THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM	88
X AUGUST NIGHTS	93
XI ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY	110
XII FALSE HOPES	118
XIII THE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS	125
XIV PARIS PRAYS	133
XV THE FIRST DISILLUSIONMENT	136
XVI SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK	141
XVII THE AFRICAN TROOPS PASS THROUGH	152
XVIII THE TAUBEN BRING US NEWS	158
XIX THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES US	167
XX THE FROUSSARDS	177
XXI PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS	194
XXII WAITING	208
XXIII AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE	218
XXIV PARIS AT NOTRE DAME	227
XXV THE CAFE STRATEGISTS	233
XXVI THE DESECRATION OF REIMS	239
XXVII "ON DIT"	249
XXVIII A CITY SUFFERING	259
XXIX THE REFUGEES	282
XXX SPIES	293
XXXI THE NEW KULTURKAMPF	300
XXXII AND THEN THE HANDELSKAMPF	306
XXXIII RED TAPE	311
XXXIV SHARING THE GLORY	322

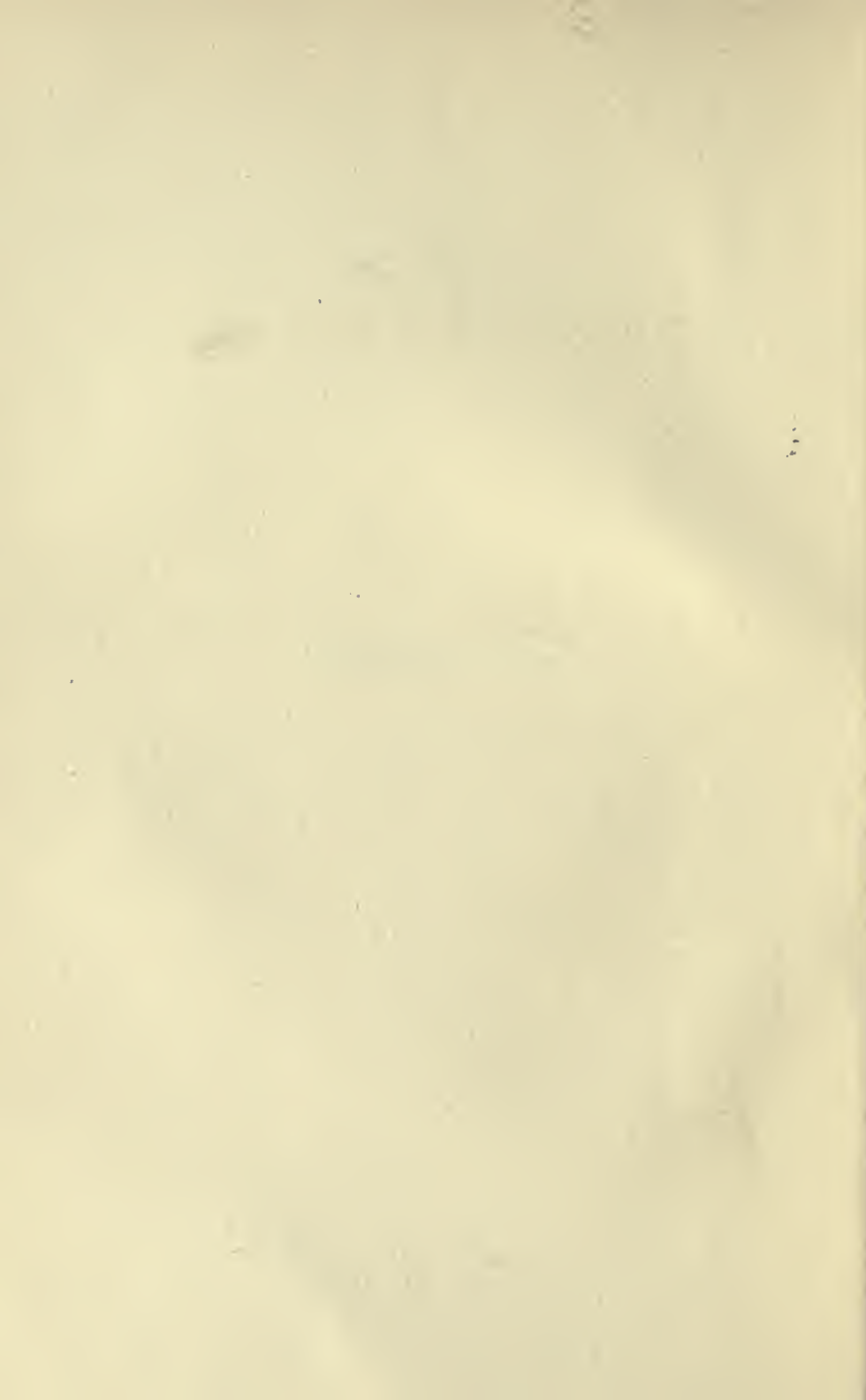
CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXXV THE CENSORSHIP AGAIN	328
XXXVI THE EIFFEL TOWER	331
XXXVII RED CROSS AND RECLAME	340
XXXVIII THE TAUBEN RETURN	346
XXXIX WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE PIOUS	356
XL THE BOY SCOUTS	362
XLI JUSQU'AU BOUT	368
XLII VERS LA GLOIRE!	371
XLIII RED CROSS AND RED TAPE	377
XLIV THE FROUSSARDS COME HOME	382
XLV THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS AT SAINT SULPICE	389

ILLUSTRATIONS

Boulevard St. Denis. Procession after procession of recruits passed through the boulevards	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Requisitioning automobiles in the Esplanade des Invalides	57
August Nights. In the Champs-Élysées	95
The Seine at Notre Dame	105
At a kiosk on the Grands Boulevards. Buying the latest <i>communiqué</i>	143
In the Garden of the Tuileries. A Taube had paid its usual six o'clock visit	161
When the aëroplanes had certainly disappeared, the people went back to their work	175
The Place Vendome from the Rue de la Paix. You could not get a cab. All were bound for railroad stations	185
At the fortifications. A tangle of barbed wire	203
Reims Cathedral	245
The markets are full of food-stuffs	263
The Quai aux Fleurs. As the tide of battle rolls away from Paris, this great city resumes its usual life	273
In the Latin Quarter. <i>En queue</i> at a soup <i>cantine</i>	287
Eiffel Tower. The voice of France	337
In the Garden of Luxembourg. The usual happy, care-free Sunday afternoon crowd	351
In the quarter of the Panthéon	373

PARIS REBORN



PARIS REBORN

I

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE

*Saint-Jean-du-Doigt,
July thirtieth, 1914.*

NO more interesting visitor has dropped in upon us at "Ty Coz" than the eminent American journalist who came for tea this afternoon. Every line in his alert face, the pose of his head, the flash of his eye, marked the man who had mounted the rungs of the Park Row ladder by the ability of keeping continually on the *qui vive*. He was positive, like all men of his type, and confident in the infallibility of his sixth sense.

Conversation turned upon the anxious weeks since the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo. Helen and I were full of apprehension. The immediate future appalled us. Were we never to get away from the trail of blood we had been following ever since those fateful days of April, 1909, when we saw the hopes of a regenerated

PARIS REBORN

Turkey disappear in the horror of the Armenian massacres at Adana? Was there before us another chapter—this time on a much larger scale—of agony and misery through the clash of nations? We could not help unburdening our hearts to the guest who sat calmly sipping his tea.

The American journalist would have none of our presentiment. "I have been waiting," said he, "twenty-five years for your European war. Many a time it has seemed as imminent as this. But it will not come! Europe cannot afford a war. There is to-day such a close interrelationship between big business in the capitals of Europe that an actual conflict is beyond the realm of possibility. The diplomats will fume and fuss. But they know better than to plunge their countries into a colossal struggle that will ruin Europe and set back civilization."

After our friend had gone, I looked at my wife. "What do you think now?" I asked her.

"I think that I am going to take the first train tomorrow morning to Morlaix to get some money," she answered, "and that the summer at the seashore for which you have been waiting and dreaming for six years is going to end rather suddenly."

July thirty-first.

Helen was as good as her word. At daybreak

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE

she was off to the nearest town where there are branches of the Paris banks. To persuade myself that I was not at all apprehensive, and that all this war talk was nonsense, I spent the morning writing about the influence of Walt Whitman upon the younger contemporary French poets. How refreshing it is to be able to close your mind to rumors and ephemeral excitement! The Bard of Camden is a welcome refuge in times like these. There is no more tiring question, even when you ask it of yourself, than, "What do you think is going to happen?"

The afternoon was glorious. Among the summer people none was caring about how Servia answered the ultimatum of Austria-Hungary, or what the German ambassador at St. Petersburg was saying. In the little shop, the Paris newspapers lay on the counter. They had just arrived from Plougasnou. But the people from the hotel across the road were not crowding around, eager for the latest word.

I took the children in the donkey-cart to meet the train from Morlaix. A laughing group of young people, French and English, were just leaving the hotel with bathing-suits and a tea-basket. As we crossed the brook, a voice hailed me from the bushes. I persuaded the donkey to stop. Looking down, I saw a member of the London Stock Exchange busily painting a landscape.

PARIS REBORN

“Did n’t you go back to England yesterday?” I asked in surprise.

“Why?” he answered, and paused to light a cigarette.

The shrill whistle of the train on the hill warned me to hurry. I was glad, for it is unpleasant to be taken as an alarmist. Perhaps I was a fool. The future is always uncertain. It is just when you are surest that you make the biggest mistakes. I can imagine no more disheartening situation than that of a pupil in the old Hebrew school of Prophets—unless it be going out to practise the profession after graduating.

As she alighted from the train, Helen said to me, “War is inevitable. You will have to work hard and fast, if you want to finish your *History of the Ottoman Empire* while there is still an Ottoman Empire. The crash is coming.”

She had got her money just twenty minutes before word arrived by telegraph to cash no more checks on Paris. Gresham’s law was at work in Morlaix. Over night money had disappeared. No one would change a bank-note. The earth seemed to have swallowed up all the gold and silver. Business was completely stopped until small paper money could arrive from Paris.

The babies caught the drift of our conversation. Christine, who is scarcely more than five, looked up

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE

and said, "There are n't going to be any more soldiers hurting each other, are there?"

When we were driving into the village, an American woman stopped us.

"Do give me your advice," she said. "I have places reserved for New York next week on the *Vaterland* for Thursday and the *France* for Saturday. Which do you think I had better take?"

"You have a more important question than that before you," I answered. "Have you got any money?"

"Money? What do you mean? I have my letter of credit, and travelers' checks besides."

It was the first time that it had ever been suggested to this woman that she might lack money. I could not explain to her that bankable paper was for the time being no good to her. She smiled incredulously. We left her standing in the middle of the road. She looked offended, and her eyes echoed what her lips had kept insisting, "I can always get all the money I want."¹

*On the Brest-Paris Express,
Saturday noon, August first.*

We reached Morlaix just in time for a hurried

¹ I learned later that this woman rode across France to Paris in a motor car the following week. When she arrived at the Astoria Hotel on the Champs-Élysées, where her trunks were awaiting her, she had two francs in her pocket. She found the hotel shut,

PARIS REBORN

bite at the hotel. Helen came over to the station to see me off. After I had registered my baggage, we entered the waiting-room. A guard of soldiers had stacked their arms in the center of the room.

"Is it mobilization?" I asked the corporal.

"Not yet," he responded. "We were sent here just an hour ago. Detachments have also been stationed at each end of the bridge across the valley."

So I am off for Paris. It does not seem real, this sudden ending of my vacation in midsummer. I remember vividly the day, scarcely more than a year ago, I spent on board the Austrian battleship *Radezky*, in the harbor of Gravosa. After lunch in the wardroom, the Austrian officers spoke freely to me about what was ahead of their government if Servia was successful in the Second Balkan War, just entered upon two days before against Bulgaria. When I got back to the hotel that night, I found a telegram asking me to leave immediately for Belgrade to follow the Servian operations. I did not go. For there was a baby ten weeks old in Paris, and her father had not yet seen her. A year ago I went away from war to Paris to my family. To-day I am going away from my family to Paris to war.

The only other occupants of the compartment are and was greeted with the news that the proprietor had been put in jail as a German spy.

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE

a young Breton couple who have been married three weeks. He has a position in Paris, and is taking her for the first time away from her home to the Great City. They tell me about the apartment that he has fitted up for her, and ask me if I know the quarter in which they are to live.

But, since they left St. Pol-de-Léon this morning, the first thought of disaster has crept into their minds. He will be called out on the second day, if there is a mobilization. They ask me the old question, "Do you think there will be war?" The answer they want is a negative. What am I to say?

Rennes, 2 p. m.

Coming into the station, we passed barracks and an artillery park. The wheels were off the gun carriages, and men were greasing the hubs. Officers were inspecting horses.

The bride has asked me to see if I can buy a newspaper. She does not want her husband to leave her. I try to cheer her by pointing out that the station employees are not wearing the *brassard*,¹ which is the first sure sign of mobilization on the railway. Let us have hope as long as possible.

Vitré, 4.15 p. m.

Here the news has reached us. As our train entered the station, the call for a general mobilization

¹ Arm-band.

PARIS REBORN

was being posted. I do not dare to leave my place to read the proclamation. I know well that I should never get a seat on this train again. The crowds on the platform are enormous. Some men entering the compartment say they have been waiting at the station since morning for the word to come. At the very moment given in their instructions, they want to be at their recruiting stations. There is exultation on their faces. They seem glad to go. The moment for which they have been living ever since they were born has come. The feeling communicates itself to me.

But I look across to my companions, who had been anticipating this mobilization call, not as a thing of joy, but as the death knell. There will be no honeymoon in the little nest that he has prepared for his bride. He must go within forty-eight hours. Her head is on his shoulder. The slender hand with fingers clasped tightly round his wrist shows what she is passing through.

Saturday, midnight.

I have reached this little hotel near the Gare du Montparnasse, and am thankful to have found a room.

From Vitré to Paris the train was no longer the ordinary Paris-Brest express. It was transformed into a military train, jammed full of men answering

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE

the call to arms. At every station, we were besieged by crowds of reservists, until there was no more room and the engine could draw no more extra carriages. Then we crept slowly towards Paris, bearing our offering of human lives. One could feel, mingled with the effervescence, the excitement, the joy of approaching conflict, an undertone of anguish and sorrow, strikingly typified in that white-faced bride who in the course of the day's journey had seen her goal of happiness changed to an imprisonment of weary waiting in a strange city.

An hour ago we reached the Gare du Montparnasse. Fête-day crowds in a Paris railway station are worse than a Bank Holiday crowd trying to get out of London. But nothing in my experience has approached the Gare du Montparnasse as I found it this evening. Every one, including officials, seemed to be moving in some direction without knowing where or why he was walking. Every one was talking to every one else about the subject which made the trial of Madame Caillaux seem a hundred years in the past.

I had foolishly registered my baggage at Morlaix. When I went into the baggage-room, I soon saw the hopelessness of waiting. "If you want your baggage," said the sole official I could buttonhole, "the only way you'll get it is to go out on the platform and find it yourself." I took a look at the plat-

PARIS REBORN

form. The vans had been emptied pell-mell. Mountains of trunks and bags loomed up before me. I should have needed a ladder or a crowbar—probably both. So I decided to allow the hotel porter to wrestle with the problem to-morrow.

The *Salle des Pas Perdus* was almost empty. When I had gone down the outer stairway, and passed into the Place de Rennes, I caught my first glimpse of Paris in wartime. The great square was black with people. Soldiers had cleared the terrace in front of the station. The entrances were guarded. A host of men, each with his womenfolk around him, formed a long line, waiting to enter. Paris was already responding to the call. Women were already rising to the occasion. Enthusiasm, confusion, and lamentation are the three words which best describe what I saw. But enthusiasm predominated.

On the wall, beside the exit door, my eye caught the huge poster whose words I had been burning to read ever since leaving Vitré.

ARMY OF LAND AND ARMY OF SEA ORDER OF GENERAL MOBILIZATION

By decree of the President of the Republic, the mobilization of the armies of land and sea is ordered, as well as the requisition of animals,

HURRYING HOME FROM FINISTERE .

carriages and harness necessary to the supplying of these armies.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE MOBILIZATION IS

Sunday, August 2, 1914.

Every Frenchman, subject to military obligations, must, under penalty of being punished with all the rigor of the laws, obey the prescriptions of his book of mobilization.

Subject to this order are ALL MEN not at present under the flag.

The civil and military Authorities are responsible for the execution of this decree.

THE MINISTER OF WAR. THE MINISTER OF THE NAVY

The date was inserted with a rubber stamp. These posters had long been printed. In every commune in France, in Corsica, in Algeria, and in the distant colonies, in every railway station, in every post-office, they had been tucked away for years, *waiting for this moment that was bound to come.*

A man who had arrived on my train crowded up beside me. He read the poster through from beginning to end. I watched him curiously. His only comment was the brief but expressive phrase, untranslatable, "*Ça y est!*" He then took from his pocket the little "book of mobilization" which every Frenchman carries, and looked to see what he was to do, and where he was to go. This man typified

PARIS REBORN

all France on the evening of August first. If France is not ready, it will be munitions and not soldiers that are lacking.

Another small poster announced that the military authorities had taken over the railways, and that passenger services were suspended. I had come through from Finistère on the last train.

As I crossed the Place de Rennes to find a hotel, my way was barred at every step by family groups. Women and children, old and young, were clinging desperately to those who were waiting to enter the station on their way to suffering and death. I do not say to glory, for I have witnessed these scenes at the old Sirkedji station in Constantinople, at Sofia, at Salonika, at Athens and at Cettinje, and I have lived through their aftermath. War is the placing of human affections upon the altar. The sacrifice acceptable in the sight of Mars is the broken woman turning homeward when the man has gone.

II

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

Sunday, midnight, August second.

A MAN ought to be disgusted with himself for not waking until nine o'clock on the most memorable day of modern history. It was some minutes before I could adjust myself to where I was, and why I was there. The events of the journey from Finistère, more than the journey itself, had proved a severe drain on nervous energy. But when I looked at the clock, I was up with a start. I had no baggage, so my toilet was quickly accomplished.

As I stepped out of the elevator, a woman spoke to me.

"Pardon me," she asked, "but are you an American?"

"I certainly am," I answered.

"How are you planning to get out of Paris? The clerk at the desk seems too busy to tell me more than that trains are not running, and the hall porter stupidly shrugs his shoulders, and pretends not to understand English. I must get to London or somewhere. They say the Germans are coming, and that we shall be besieged."

PARIS REBORN

“How am I planning to get out? Why, I just got in with difficulty last night.”

Perhaps it was rude not to satisfy the astonished question in her eyes, but I was thinking of other things. I hurried into the reading-room. There was the *Matin*, with the headline across the front page,

GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON RUSSIA

The Rubicon is crossed. *Alea jacta est!* All Europe will be soon in arms. I can see only one thing with certainty. It was foreshadowed on a Sunday morning in November, two years ago, when I stood on the hill behind my home in Constantinople and heard the Bulgarian cannon thundering at Tcha-taldja. It is inevitable now. The Crescent will wane no more, for there will be no more Crescent to wane. The new map of Europe, drawn in accordance with the decisions of this gigantic struggle, will have no place for Turkey.

Across the street from the open door of the hotel I saw a *débit*, where one finds coffee for two sous, and delicious *croissants* or *petits pains* for a sou. I had in my pocket just fifty *centimes* (ten cents), so I was saved from enduring lukewarm *café au lait* served by a supercilious waiter who would lift his eyebrows if you asked for more than one roll and more than a quarter-teaspoonful of butter. You do not know

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

the life of Paris until you have learned to lean your elbows on the zinc counter of a *débit*, and to order a two sou cup of coffee without allowing the bartender to work off on you with it a *petit verre* of expensive brandy.

It was a woman with swollen eyes, whose tears were still falling, that served me. She explained that one boy was doing his military service at Belfort, and the other had just left half an hour ago for Toul.

"Tell me," she said, "is there any hope that it will not be war? If Austria attacks Servia, and Russia attacks Austria, why should that mean that France must attack Germany and my boys go to be killed? Servia is nothing but a name to me. And yet I must suffer this. Tell me, is such a thing possible? Is it really war for us because Germany has declared war on Russia?"

There was nothing I could say. What explanation would have satisfied that mother's heart of the reasonableness of her sacrifice? At that moment, a newsboy came along the street, calling "*La Patrie! La Patrie!*" This was an evening newspaper, and here it was not yet ten in the morning. I went to the door, and bought a copy. My answer was in the headline.

A German cavalry patrol had crossed the border at Joncherey, and killed the corporal commanding

PARIS REBORN

the post. Near Longwy, another violation of French territory is reported. Across the zinc, I read the news to the mother in tears. Her expression changed. The face grew hard. A feverish hand grasped my wrist. "Monsieur," she said, "I am ashamed of my weakness. Ever since I was a little girl I have known that it would be my duty, my privilege indeed, to bear sons to save France from the Germans. I am glad that I have two!"

At the telegraph window in the post-office, I found a notice stating that telegrams must bear no code address and no code words, and that they are accepted only after having been viséd at police headquarters. This censorship! How often I have wrestled with it, and enjoyed with keen zest the game of matching wits with the clever stupidity and the obstinacy of officialdom. But my experience heretofore had always been with the southern temperament, with Spaniards, with Italians, Greeks and Turks. I had never failed to find some loophole. It took me less than two hours to-day to realize that here was a different proposition. *Rien à discuter, Monsieur!* There will be no "indiscretions" in this war. Only hopeless banalities will go out over the wires. News—as we understand that word in America—is taboo.

I confess that my greatest disappointment was not that I am, for the moment, at least, relieved of the feverish tension of censors and cables, but that I

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

could not use the excuse of a cable for getting a hundred franc note changed. I had only two copper sous. The bank-notes in my pocket were worth absolutely nothing. At every café, an intentionally huge sign on the terrace invites you to refrain from eating and drinking unless you are able to give the exact change. It was either go back to the hotel, where I would not have to pay cash, or go hungry. I had a vision of the hotel corridor crowded with excited tourists. "Do you mind telling me just in a few words what all this war is about?" "Will the American Express Company cash their checks? What *shall* I do if I can get no money?" "Do you think that Cook's will be open to-morrow?" There is a limit to what one is willing to do—even for a meal.

Who would be in town on a Sunday in midsummer? It was then that I got a happy inspiration. The Lawyer, of course! Down the Boulevard Raspail I hurried; for it was high noon, and with the happy inspiration came the fearful thought that he might already have gone out. It was not only that he would stake me to lunch. The Lawyer's heart is matched by his brain. Neither could be bigger. No American knows Europe better. No American loves France more passionately. With whom could I spend a more illuminating afternoon on the first day of the mobilization?

PARIS REBORN

I found the Lawyer just returning from a spin on his bicycle in the Bois de Boulogne. No war could change his habits. I buried myself in the Bergson lying open on his study-table while he took his shower.

We lunched at a café opposite the "Boul Mich" entrance of the Luxembourg. The fountain of Marie de Medici was splashing away as usual. The ordinary Sunday crowds were passing through the gates into the garden. But there were no autobusses, and tramways were few.

After lunch we sat on the terrace of the Café d'Harcourt for our coffee. At the Lycée Saint-Louis across the street, the young men mobilized for the engineer service were being received. A number in uniform stood around the door, and newcomers were greeted with cheers. Some of them were having a farewell glass with the *Fifs* and *Mimis* at tables around us. There was no sadness, no feeling of depression. The students were full of enthusiasm. To youth war is an adventure, and those who go are "lucky dogs." We could see the envious eyes of the too young, looking at the uniforms of the old enough.

As for the *Fifs* and *Mimis*, a sudden parting, a collapse of the house of cards, is not a new experience born of the war. It is part of the life of the Quarter. If they were not willing "to play the game"

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

with a stiff upper lip, they would not be there. They were playing it, all right, this afternoon.

When we reached the Rue Soufflot, on our way back to the Luxembourg to see if by any chance there would be music, association made me think of the Artist. Could he possibly have gotten back this soon from the little town near Douarnenez, away at the end of Finistère, where I had left him ten days ago? Had he seen the storm coming? We climbed up behind the Panthéon to the Rue Descartes. No, the concierge had heard nothing from the Artist, but would see that he got my message immediately upon his return. I left as my address the hotel where I was stopping for the moment. For I felt sure that he would get back to Paris somehow. Trust the Artist! His head is as clever as his hand, and that is saying a good deal.

A quiet, peaceful afternoon we spent, the Lawyer and I, near the large basin by the Palais du Sénat. The Luxembourg is never prettier than in midsummer with its riot of color around the Palais and in the *parterre*. The weather was glorious. The merry ring of children's laughter and the beauty of God in the flowers seemed to give the lie to the news the *camelots* were crying on the boulevard. It seemed as if we had awakened from an ugly and repellent dream into the reality of life. Why does not the joy of living make impossible the lust of killing?

PARIS REBORN

Why does not the influence of creation master the madness of destruction?

The spell was soon broken. There were too many women passing us who revealed their overwhelming thought by the way they held the arm of their escorts. Whether it was a mother with her big boy, a wife with her husband, a girl with her lover, the clutch was the same. Clutch—no other word describes it. There was no music. We wanted none. It would have been a mockery. When Paris is in agony, she continues to smile. But she does not sing. Music would only help the flow of tears, and tears unnerve.

And yet, there was no depression. One felt in the atmosphere rather that grim, triumphant exultation of suffering where the cry of the lost soul is drowned by the cry of the redeemed, where the joy of the sacrifice transcends the pain of it. There kept running through my head the trio in the fifth act of *Faust*. Gounod must have lived through the first day of a mobilization.

The Lawyer, from his vast storehouse of knowledge, was calling forth the reasons why. His face was illumined as he spoke of the redemption of Alsace and Lorraine, and that led him—with some faltering—to the subject nearest and dearest. When he presented the brief for Poland, and suggested the possible effects of the war, he seemed to be answering

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

the mute question of the passers-by, which had communicated itself to me. Only the surgeon's knife can cure the disease. Women of France, the sacrifice will not be in vain. Life is given for others. Else the world would have no ideals.

The Lawyer left me at sunset. He would not go across to the *grands boulevards*, not he. On a night like this? I felt that I had to excuse my youthful temerity and willingness to mingle with crowds on the ground of professional duty.

"I must see what is going on," I said.

"Slippers and dressing-gown and Bergson for me," he replied.

I had the good fortune to run into one of my old students from Constantinople, who had come to Paris for law, but was now thinking of enlisting. He responded with alacrity to the suggestion of the Boulevards. We went down into the subway and came to light again at the Gare de l'Est.

On this first evening of the mobilization, the Gare de l'Est was the heart of France. The reservists were leaving from all the stations to report at their respective garrison towns. But from the Gare de l'Est regiment after regiment of soldiers actually under the flags, the men of the "first line" who are called upon to ward off the first brusque attacks of the giant while France is mobilizing behind the rampart of their bodies, were being hurried off. To

PARIS REBORN

them the battlefield was something of to-night, of to-morrow, and not of weeks ahead, when the diplomats may have the questions at issue settled out of court. So here we saw the soldiers who were going straight to the line of fire.

Signs at the outer gates, "Militaires pour Nancy" and "Militaires pour Belfort," made one think of unredeemed Metz and Strasbourg beyond. The crowd was dense and noisy. It was hard for the soldiers who arrived singly to work their way through to the gate. There was much grasping of hands, some embracing, and a continuous refrain of *au revoir*, *bonne chance*, and *bon courage*. So much liquor was being drunk that the atmosphere was of hilarity rather than of confidence. The crowd around the gates was rather hoodlum than typically Parisian.

As we withdrew, wild yells and the crash of falling glass came from a big café directly opposite the station. It was all over when we got there. Waiters had tried to overcharge some soldiers or reservists. Grabbing chairs for weapons, they cleaned out the café, and smashed the tables and every bit of glass in the place. To give good measure, the chairs were thrown through the windows of the hotel on the first and second stories.

I have never seen such complete destruction in

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

so short a time. When the police arrived, there was nothing to do. The crowd approved.

As we walked down the Boulevard de Strasbourg towards the *grands boulevards*, every café was ablaze with light, and tables overflowed into the street. The orchestras were playing the *Marseillaise*, the *Sambre et Meuse* and the Russian and British national hymns. Nothing else would go. The same four airs were demanded over and over again. Those standing in the street joined in the choruses of the songs with as much zest as if they also were drinking heavily. The evening was growing older, and the excitement increasing with every hour.

My companion and I managed to get a table, where we soon found ourselves involuntary recipients of an enthusiastic ovation. He, a Spanish Jew from Turkey, and I, an American to the cut of my trousers, were somehow taken by the crowd for Englishmen. It would not have done to protest. For then we should have been German spies! We had to see it through by standing on our chairs and leading the mob in "God save the King," of which we, no more than they, knew the words. We came out strong on the last line of each verse. Up to the last line, I sang "My country, 't is of thee." The Constantinopolitan just kept his lips moving. We were compelled to shake hands with one and all of the hun-

PARIS REBORN

dreds who passed in line before us, and to promise that the British would not fail France. When finally we managed to sit down again, I had decided I would never run for the Presidency of the United States. My arm is so limp that I can hardly write. My mind would be limp also if I had consumed the pledges of friendship with which our table was covered. Many of our numerous friends had ordered up drinks for us. The waiter stopped bringing them only when he had no place to put them.

What has happened since we escaped from that café is a dream. Fourteen years ago I had the privilege of living through Mafeking night in London. It was a night that brought a new word into the English language. This evening has equaled Mafeking night in enthusiasm—no, that is not the word I want—in delirium.

From the Gare de l'Est to the Madeleine, procession after procession passed through the Boulevards, carrying flags and banners. As most of the young men of the nation are leaving to-day or to-morrow, the French manifestants were mostly boys. Among the most enthusiastic that I saw were those whose banner declared that they were "The Jews of France in Arms for the Motherland."¹ The majority of

¹ I must explain my translation of "Patrie." I had it correctly "Fatherland," in the MS., but my wife crossed it out and substituted "Motherland." She says that "Fatherland" smacks too

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

the paraders were volunteers of various nations, who, according to their banners at least, were offering their services to France. Among the groups I jotted down:

“Rumania rallies to the Mother of the Latin races”;

“Italy, whose freedom was purchased by French blood”;

“Spain, the loving sister of France”;

“British volunteers for France”;

“The Greeks who love France”;

“Belgium looks to France”;

“Luxembourg will never be German”;

“The Slavic World at France’s side”;

“Scandinavians of Paris”;

“South American lives for the Mother of South American culture.”

The greatest cheers, mixed with frenzied sobs, greeted the long line of those who claimed to be “Alsations bound for home.” How one gets to the very depth of French feeling whenever Alsace and Lorraine are mentioned!

Mob spirit, of which we had seen the beginning at the Gare de l’Est, soon got the upper hand. Almost next door to the café where we had our ovation was a Paris *Pschorrbrauhaus*. It was rumored—falsely perhaps—that the orchestra had got tired of much of beer and sausages, and spoils the sentiment of my narrative!

PARIS REBORN

playing the *Marseillaise*. In five minutes there was nothing left of the café but splintered glass and wood.

A merry and peaceable crowd was changing into a mob bent upon destruction.

A few roughnecks began the sack of cafés whose proprietors had German names, or whose signs told that they sold German beer. As *bière de Munich* is a favorite beverage with Parisians, this meant really every café. Wise men, who saw the storm coming, closed hastily.

We got into the maelstrom as it swept down the *grands boulevards* towards the Place de l'Opéra. The dives of Paris had poured out their product—the same type as in all great cities. Patriotism was seized upon as the excuse for loot and destruction. It is astonishing how contamination spreads. Respectable men and boys—even respectable women—caught the mob spirit.

Robbed of their objective by the closing of the cafés, the mob began to break into shops supposed to be German or Austrian. It needed only the unsupported affirmation of some irresponsible person to start an attack. From the very beginning, the police were powerless to protect Appenrodt's and the Cristallerie de Karlsbad on the Boulevard des Italiens. We saw one stone fired, then another, and after that there was no stopping the mob. Mounted cavalry appeared. It was too late. They were un-

PARIS ANSWERS THE CALL TO MOBILIZE

willing to ride down the crowd or fire into it. No gentler measure would have sufficed. The city of Paris will have a large bill of damages to pay when this night's accounts are settled.

It is a poor way for Paris to enter into the life-and-death struggle. I should be anxious—and disgusted—had I not seen mobs before, and did I not know that the *grands boulevards* could no more typify the real Paris in war than in peace. A few thousands, drawn into a demonstration of which they will be heartily ashamed to-morrow, are looting and destroying. A few thousands are drinking themselves into a state of irresponsibility. But two millions in this city to-night are soberly resigning themselves to the sacrifice. Those who are called are preparing to go out to fight and die. Those who are not called will remain to work and keep the defenders in the field.

The real Paris is not the mob with stones and sticks, but the woman who gave me my morning coffee, the students at the café on the "Boul Mich," the Lawyer with his illumined face, the women clutching the arms of their menfolk in the Luxembourg. Because I see the power of victory in Paris answering the call to mobilize, my heart thrills with the certainty of realization when I think of that one banner standing out among those of the volunteers,

"Alsations bound for home"!

III

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

August third.

THIS morning I left my hotel with two "first things" in my head: money and a typewriter. Both were intimately connected with the war, however, and with each other. It was not that I anticipated much difficulty in getting either, but that I needed both badly. When I got over to the region of the Opera, I found that I had been taking too much for granted.

I tried first for money. At the *Crédit Lyonnais* there was a line greater than one would find in New York for the dollar seats on a Caruso night. I felt pleased with myself that my eggs were not all in one basket. I had an account in an American bank. I turned my steps in the direction of the *Boulevard Haussmann*, quickly mapping out my time. Half an hour for the bank, half an hour for renting a typewriter, half an hour to get back to my hotel in a cab with the machine, and by one o'clock I would have my letter ready to mail. Then after lunch I could cast around and see who was in town.

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

For the first time in his life, François, the most urbane elevator man in the world, was not smiling. I could hardly believe eyes and ears when he answered my usual salutation with a grunt, and shoved me into the lift with half a dozen others. But when I stepped out into the corridor between the American clients' *guichets* and the post-office desk where you get your mail, I forgave François. No, more than that. I wondered that he had the will left to so much as grunt, after having carried that unman-nerly mob upstairs.

I made my way through the reading-room, sized up the situation, decided that the typewriter was more pressing than money, and made a dive back for the elevator. In the course of my dive I met a per-sistent obstacle, which refused to yield to silent per-suasion or to be moved by a gentle "I beg your par-don."

"Say," remonstrated the obstacle. "This is Nine-teen-Fourteen and not Noughty-One. What mental aberration has led you to think you have turned the hands of the clock back fifteen years, that my direc-tion is the goal towards which you are trying to push the pigskin, and that your fifteen-stone of fat is worth the ten-stone of muscle you wielded in the good old days?"

I looked up with joy. The hands-across-the-sea mixture of his metaphor was as sure an indication to

PARIS REBORN

me as his drawl. "Why, it is the Sculptor!" I cried joyously.

"No other person," he answered. "Where is the Artist? Seeing one bad egg, you understand, makes me think of—"

"The good one?" I interrupted.

It was impossible to talk in that hubbub of:

PLAINTIVE QUERY: "Why can I have only five hundred francs? I carry a large balance with you."

PLEASANT ANSWER: "It is the new law passed to-day, Madame, the moratorium. You can draw two hundred and fifty francs and five per cent. of your balance."

GRUFF DEMAND (masculine "self-made" voice, of course): "Gi' me these in gold."

PLEASANT ANSWER: "I am sorry, sir, but these are not our travelers' checks, nor are they of our correspondents. Anyway, we would have no gold to give for our own checks to-day."

SHRILL, HYSTERICAL CRY: "And is my letter of credit any good now?"

PLEASANT ANSWER: "Yes, Madame, we can give you the equivalent of twenty-five pounds sterling."

CONTINUANCE OF SAME CRY: "But I have to buy some gowns."

CONTINUANCE OF SAME PLEASANT ANSWER: "I am sorry, Madame, but we can give no more than the equivalent of twenty-five pounds to-day."

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

And so forth; *and so forth*; AND SO FORTH!

François took us downstairs. When we got out into the open air, the Sculptor said:

“Think I’ll do a golden calf for the Pan-American, and call it: *Paris, August third, 1914*. No use bothering my brain to hunt subjects; they always come to you—thrust upon you.”

The Sculptor was not interested in my quest for a typewriter. We parted with the understanding that each would keep an eye open for the Artist and that we should meet in the evening to dine at Marie’s.

On the Boulevard des Italiens I found all the evidences of “the morning after.” The places that had been wrecked were boarded up. Policemen in double rows mounted guard at the Café Viennois and other suspected places. Most of the shops had closed, and bore the sign *Maison Française: fermée pour cause de mobilization* (French establishment: closed for the mobilization). As a great many of the boulevard shopkeepers have names which are not typically French, the assertion *Maison Française* and the ostentatious display of the French flag was as ludicrous as if Lower Broadway were decked in green for St. Patrick’s Day. Mr. Rosenbaum or Mr. Bernstein *may* be French or Irish, but there is at least a reasonable doubt! In many windows, certificates of French origin, stamped by the Prefecture of Police, were displayed, or, in default of these, Russian,

PARIS REBORN

British, Italian and Belgian passports. For more than one fair dame, accustomed to dress as *jeune fille* and hide the gray by henna, this was a public confession of age. But was not that better than the risk of having plate glass broken and shop looted?

Hunting for a typewriter on the Boulevards, in the Rue le Peletier and the Rue Richelieu, afforded curious revelations concerning the origin of shopkeepers and their goods. I remember as a boy wondering why in the New York markets choice fowls were always labeled "Philadelphia poultry," and in the Philadelphia markets "New York poultry." Is it true even of the denizens of the barnyard that they are without honor in their own country? Why do we always attach a greater value to the thing that comes from some other place than that in which we live? Why is "imported" the magic word that sells? To-day in Paris Vienna bakers, British and American tailors, Italian restaurant keepers are all loyal Frenchmen leaving for the battle line. English home-spun comes from Lille, Austrian pottery from Limoges, *eau-de-Cologne* from Soissons, Frankfurter sausages from Tours, *sauerkraut* from Nancy and *bière de Munich* from the suburbs of Paris. Only sewing machines and typewriters are not home made. But this brings me back to my quest.

That there should have been a paralysis in the business life of French firms through the crisis in the

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

money market and through the calling out of their managers for an indefinite period of war service is wholly understandable. But I do not know why a number of American typewriter firms had closed shop, and why in the one great concern which I found open the American manager, a true New Yorker, was wholly "up in the air." To hear him talk, one would believe that the end of the world had come and that what the morrow would bring forth no man knew. I tried to reason with him, for I wanted a typewriter badly. He would not rent one. He would not accept a deposit, as a guarantee of my good faith. Typewriters there were galore around him, but not one would be allowed to leave the premises unless I paid him seven hundred francs in cash. When I told him that I already had one of his typewriters, bought only a few months before, at my country home and another machine at Havre and that I did not care to purchase a third, the interview for him was at an end. In desperation, for I knew the other places were closed, I offered to pay the man the seven hundred francs if he would take the machine back the next day, and give me my money back. No, he would not do that. I suggested that I take one of his old machines and deposit the seven hundred francs. "If I do not bring the machine back," I said, "you will have sold a second-hand machine for seven hundred francs." That would not do.

PARIS REBORN

The only other thing I could think of was that he deliver me a machine on rental in care of a hundred million dollar American corporation, whose large office-building was near his establishment, and who would be a guarantee of my good faith. No, he would not do that either. So I left the imbecile running his hands through his hair, and waiting for the deluge to come. I cite this story *in extenso*, because it illustrates how the panic in business was affecting even Americans in responsible positions.

It was now three o'clock, and I did not have my typewriter. Suddenly, I thought of a large American firm who had a buying office in the wholesale quarter. I did not know the French manager, but had credentials which made me feel that he might be induced to lend me one of his office machines.

I met him in the hallway, and started to explain what I wanted. He cut me short.

"I am leaving for the front to-morrow," he said, "and my English stenographer cleared out this morning. In my office, you can have the machine."

"Good," I answered. "Here is my address. Please send a boy over with it to my hotel."

He fingered my card, and looked at me with astonishment. "Young man," he said, "if you really want that typewriter, you just take it off the table and carry it out of here yourself right away."

I took it.

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

I shall never forget walking down the Boulevards all the way from Marguery's to the Opéra Comique without seeing a single free taxi. On the afternoon of a summer day such an experience in Paris seemed unbelievable. But it was very real to me with that typewriter banging against my leg at every step. Before I got back to my hotel it was five o'clock.

Now I am at my hard-earned machine. One only knows what a typewriter means when he wants it badly and has n't got it.

Ten p. m.

The typewriter occupied my thoughts so fully this afternoon that I did not think of money until after I had posted my letter. It was then half past six. I still had my hundred-franc note unbroken—and unbreakable. The five-franc pieces the Lawyer had given me on Sunday afternoon were gone.

Luckily, there was the rendezvous with the Sculptor for dinner at Marie's. As I turned away from the post-office and crossed the Place de Rennes in front of the Gare du Montparnasse, I found myself in the midst of a man hunt. Some one had said that a man making for the station was a German, and that he had cried in a loud voice, "*Vive l'Allemagne.*" No one stopped to ascertain if the charge were true or not. The victim was hit several times

PARIS REBORN

over the head by the inner ring of the crowd that gathered. He evidently had some friend, though. For, as I worked my way in to see what the matter was, he had succeeded in getting clear, and ran into the Café Lavenue. The crowd started after him. Quick as a flash, the café doors were closed. I managed to get in by another door.

Some fifty men were inside the café. It was a strange sight to see the "spy" jammed against the wall on the high box where Paris had so long been accustomed to watch Schumaker bring forth delightful melodies from his violin. The man was trying to talk. His words were drowned in the angry roar. The police came just in time. First they cleared us out of the café, and then formed a cordon around the supposed German, and got him across the street into the railway station.

"Is he really a German spy?" I asked the waiter on the terrace of Lavenue.

"Why, no. I'm sure he is not. He is a wholesale wine merchant who lives at Meudon, and from whom all the cafés around here buy. He is just as French as I am."

"But if you know him, why did n't you vouch for him—the proprietor and you other men of the café?"

The waiter shook his head. "That would have been a dangerous game," he said. "Who can reason

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

with a crowd? Our whole place would have been wrecked."

I looked at him in admiration. If you want a keen judge of human nature, get a waiter.

As I walked down the Boulevard du Montparnasse, I ran into my old concierge. "*Tiens!*" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from? Are Madame and the children with you?"

I told him how I had come to town to see the mobilization. He shook his head in wonder at the things Americans would do. Some were crazy to get out. Others were flying straight to Paris at a time like this!

"But the Germans are not here, and I think they will not get here very soon—if ever. I am more interested in the prospects of changing a hundred-franc note than in the Germans."

"A hundred-franc note is not money now," he commented. Just as we were parting, he grabbed my sleeve impulsively. "But does Monsieur need money?" he asked. "I can give you some silver."

"René," I said, "how much real money, as you call it, have you got?"

"Forty francs," he replied, and took out his purse. "But half of it is yours."

I did not need the money, for I was going to meet the Sculptor. But I would not have hesitated to borrow from René. The gruff exterior of a Paris

PARIS REBORN

concierge covers the warmest heart that beats. Men or women, they are the same. They scold and they growl, but they will share their last crust with you. One who has had an apartment in Paris need never feel that he lacks a friend.

The Sculptor had been to the Rue Descartes. No Artist yet! Marie's was full of parting reservists. The whole large family, connected mysteriously with the restaurant which would hardly seem large enough for themselves to eat in, was gathered around one table in the corner. We had to wait a bit for our meal. They were leaving, sons and sons-in-law, brothers and brothers-in-law, at seven o'clock. If there were tears, aprons were used adroitly; for we did not see them. It was a boisterous send-off, to which we contributed the price of three bottles of Beaujolais.

After they were gone, we ate our meal in haste at a little table on the sidewalk. Marie said the order had come to close at eight o'clock. No leisurely glass of coffee after the meal. We could not understand this sudden cutting off of what seemed to be as essential to one's every-day life as the air one breathed. After the Sculptor had paid, we walked down to the Closerie des Lilas. Shut up tight. It was the same on the Boulevard St. Michel. This was the consequence—no, more than that, the solution—of the events of last night. On a wall we

THE CONFLAGRATION IS INEVITABLE

read the proclamation of General Michel, the military governor. Cafés are to close in Paris at eight o'clock. The sale of absinthe is prohibited at all hours of the day.

The Sculptor said he would go to bed. There was nothing else to do. I made the same decision. I walked back to my hotel along a silent boulevard. No lights except an occasional gas lamp of the last decade; no tramways, no motor busses. The only noise was the steady tramp of regiments passing silently toward the Gare.

The war is on! Paris is taking it in earnest.

IV

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

August fourth.

THIS morning the newspapers stated that Germany had addressed an ultimatum to Belgium, demanding free passage for her army to the French frontier, and that sixty thousand Germans have occupied the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. I did not have to leave my room to see the effect of this news upon the people of Paris. My balcony looked out on the side-street of the Félix Potin branch of the Rue de Rennes. Félix Potin is the largest grocery establishment in Paris. Early in the morning, before the hour of opening, several thousand purchasers, holding big baskets and potato-sacks, were waiting like depositors making a run on a bank.

When I tried, half an hour later, to force my way through the crowd towards breakfast, it was a solid—but by no means passive—mass. A hurry-up call had been sent in for the police, who were having difficulty in getting through the crowd themselves to protect the doors of the grocery. Generally, Félix Potin puts out on the sidewalk a most delight-

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

ful variety of fruits, vegetables and meats to tempt the housewives. But not this morning! The establishment was tightly shut, and customers were being admitted in Noah fashion at one side-door.

From the conversation, I gathered that the Germans were on the way to Paris, that the railways would soon be cut off, and that it was now or never to get some food in. Every one had come prepared to carry off as much as possible of sugar, tea, coffee, and dried and canned vegetables. When I reached the corner there was a big sign, stating that Mr. Félix Potin desired to inform his honorable customers that he had in his storehouses enough food to feed Paris for six months, but that horses and truckmen were lacking for providing immediately in his retail shops all that customers might desire to buy and for delivering purchases. So, to Mr. Potin's infinite regret, he was compelled to limit the amount of purchase to what one could carry out of the shop.

This statement, instead of reassuring "the honorable customers," made them feel more strongly that they had been justified in rising and girding up their loins early that morning to fight for a few weeks' food supply. Many believed that they could get ahead of Potin by retaining an auto-taxi or cab, to which they could stagger with a heavy load when they left the shop. It was a long line of cabs and autos, such as one sees at a *vernissage* of the Salon

PARIS REBORN

or a first night of a Rostand play, and the merry ticking of their taximeters, two sous for every three minutes, that made me pause and get an idea into my thick head.

I turned back to look more carefully at the crowd which had discovered at seven A. M. that it wanted dried lentils and peas badly enough for this. Yes, my idea was good. These were not the ordinary Potin early morning buyers, nor the ordinary consumers of dried lentils and peas. These were not the workers of Paris—the representative Parisians. No, this scared crowd were all of the class that cuts coupons for a living, or of those who are accustomed to cry amen to the editorials of the *Temps* against a graduated income tax with an exemption for modest incomes.

I was amused and relieved. I thought to myself that here were the Parisian counterparts of some Americans I had seen yesterday at the bank. The bank! I had not yet changed my hundred-franc note nor secured any money. So I turned my steps across the river.

I could see one change from yesterday. Wherever there were French and Russian flags, a British flag had been added. The ultimatum to Belgium is panicky in that it bids fair to cause France to be caught, before her mobilization is completed, by an overwhelming invasion of the northern frontier.

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

But there is comfort in the thought that now Great Britain has one more strong and compelling reason to enter on the side of France, and to enter immediately. The speeches reported from the House of Commons last night can have no other meaning than that this is the intention of the British Cabinet.

The bank was bad enough, but not so bad as yesterday. They actually let me have five hundred francs! I have never felt so rich in my life. Now for the terrace of the Café de la Paix!

As I swung around the corner of the Opéra, almost opposite the office of the American Express Company, I found myself face to face with the Teacher. I call him that, although he is now the head of one of our very greatest American universities. I call him that because I think of him as that, just as many thousands of his old boys, scattered all over the world, are thinking of him as he used to stand before our eyes in the weekly chemistry lecture, with the test tube in his hand, the enthusiasm of his subject lighting up his face and the love of his boys lighting up his eyes. And they *are* thinking of him, because his is a personality, which, once having touched the life of youth, has never left the object of contact. Is there any other man in America who actually knows by their first names thousands of the best-equipped men of the nation, and who has followed their careers, although one decade

PARIS REBORN

or two decades, or more than that, have passed since they sat under him in the classroom? There is no nobler title a man can have than that of Teacher, and when I say that this professor of chemistry glorifies the title, one can realize how glad I was to see him.

“What a joy to meet you here!” I cried. And, when he told me that his wife was with him, my joy was greater still, for there are some teachers who have taken unto themselves partners that share the affection they receive from their students.

“I am just going over there, Herbert,” said the Teacher. “And after I have gotten some money and my mail, I am going to see about my steamship passage for next Saturday on the French line.”

I looked “over there,” and saw the mad struggling mass before the doors of the Express Company, stretching around into the Rue Auber up to the point where it mingled with the equally mad, struggling mass, turned in the other direction, which was besieging the office of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.

“But, Doctor,” I expostulated, “you are really not going to try to get into either of those places, are you? Can I not stand for you? It is incredible for me to think of you having to do such a thing.”

He shook his head sadly. “Herbert,” he said, “I have done lots of things these last few days that I

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

had never dreamed of doing. Yesterday Mrs. — and I stood in line from morning to night at the Embassy to get a certificate of nationality, and after I get through with the bank and steamship office, I have to go and stand in line at the police station for our *permis de séjour*. These are things that must be attended to personally, and at a time like this I have no right to ask for special favors. The sister of the President of the United States was among those in line at the Embassy yesterday. We all waited our turn.”

I could say nothing. There was nothing to say. The Teacher was right. After having made an engagement with him for dinner that evening, I watched him cross the street and enter the line. There was a man, honored in the great university city above all men. At home, for the privilege of talking a few minutes with him, who would not have waited hours?

As the Teacher crossed to take his place at the end of the mob on the Rue Scribe, I saw an auto-taxi draw up in front of the door at the corner. Mr. Got-Rocks-and-Lets-You-Know-It stepped out majestically, and started to wave his way through the line. A policeman shook his head, and pointed to the end of the line. There was a bellow of rage, a nervous hand thrust into a breast-pocket, a wallet produced, and the fumbling for a card. I did not

PARIS REBORN

stay to watch the comedy. The bellow of rage was undoubtedly an indignant "DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?" and it was undoubtedly answered as often as reiterated by a despairing and fatalistic shrug of blue-coated shoulders. It is a great thing for the frog called Pompous Picayuninity to get out of its little pond occasionally!

I went back to my hotel, hoping for some word from the Artist. More joy! There he was, sitting in the corridor, waving a bamboo cane, twirling the scarcely perceptible upward curve of a scarcely perceptible mustache, and looking as if he had stepped out of a Fifth Avenue tailoring establishment. There is no greater illusion than to think that in art and in music the spotted shirt, the shapeless coat, and the creaseless trousers are the inevitable accompaniment of the man who has the "vital spark." Poor grooming betokens the one on whom the muses have turned their back almost as conclusively as it betokens the failure in any other line. While shining shoes are by no means the sign of a shining intellect, dull shoes pretty generally accompany a dull intellect.

Is n't it curious how often deep satisfaction is expressed by the milder forms of profanity?

"Where in——?" I do not know whether I remembered in time that I was a parson or that the Artist broke in to save me.

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

“Well,” he began with that dear drawl of his, by which the insulation of nonchalance covered the real live wire only to the superficial observer, “I have had the deuce of a time since you left me at Pont-Croix two weeks ago. No, I did n’t make love to that pretty girl at the station, because, you remember, she had a baby in her arms as she punched your ticket.”

I started to laugh.

“That ’s not the reason—”

I laughed still harder.

“Sounds worse, does n’t it? But I did n’t start to talk romances. I see in your eye that you want to know how in the ——, that is, *how* I got here. Came in this morning, old buck; free ride all that way up. Free, mind you. This is how it happened. When I saw that mobilization poster up on the wall of the *Mairie*, thought I had better get down to Douarnenez. Could n’t afford to be caught in a hole like Pont-Croix, where my face would not pass me free into the dining-room for an indefinite length of time. You know I calculated on just enough money until the thirteenth, and had paid my passage back to New York on that date as a precaution. So I went into the *Mairie* and asked for a *laissez-passer* to Paris. Monsieur le Maire gave it to me all right, and I made him put all the rubber stamps he had in the office on it, got into a train loaded with reservists, and waved the *laissez-passer* at the conductor, who

PARIS REBORN

was hurrying through as if he did not expect to find any ordinary travelers on the train. At Douarnenez and Nantes, I did n't leave the station, just kept well inside; so I came moseying on to Paris with the reservists. A number of them asked me what day I was called out for, and I just grinned, and they thought I was an Englishman, and kept explaining to each other that Englishmen could go out any time they wanted to, or not at all if they did n't want to. They were just as I find them here—all the French seem fearfully nervous about whether the English are coming into this game. What do you think about that?"

"Not so fast!" I remonstrated. "We'll leave Asquith and Sir Edward Grey and Lloyd-George out of the conversation until you tell me what you did when you got on the station platform at Paris. Did your *laissez-passer* stand good for a ticket to the collectors at the exit, and what did they think of your label-bespattered suitcase and your painting kit? Did you pass for a war artist, the successor of Vereschagin?"

"I did think that was going to be a rub, but the Gare d'Orléans was in a state of confusion this morning that you can't describe by any other word than—just French. No travelers around, although you had to scramble over their trunks to get off the platform. Just bunches of men coming and going, and not knowing which they were doing. No por-

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

ters either, so I just made a camel of myself, and marched slowly but boldly up the stairs and through the crowd. No one paid any attention to me. Say, I did have a time getting a cab. Had to walk all the way up the Quai to the Rue Bonaparte before I saw anything, and then I landed a one-eyed driver with a lame horse only because I saw him first. I put everything in the cab, jumped in myself, and poked him in the backbone to give him my address before he knew he had me. He protested that he was just about to go back to the stables to give his horse something to eat, but I answered that from the looks of the horse he would n't mind missing just one more meal. He looked as if he had lost the habit so long ago that he had forgotten how. So we crawled up behind the Panthéon to the studio. There I found your card, and, as soon as I had performed three days' ablutions, I came over to hear the good word. Now tell us how you got on from Morlaix."

At this point the Man from Texas and two Scotch doctors broke in upon us.

There is an American cinematograph actor, well known to Parisians—and certainly one of their favorites—who is, I believe, called Bunny. If that is n't the name, you will know whom I mean when I say that a fatter actor with a larger, rounder face never trod the boards in our generation. The Man

PARIS REBORN

from Texas is Bunny's twin brother. He was an Alsatian half a century ago. His family got out of Colmar at the time of the annexation. In Texas he had evidently gained more than his three hundred pounds, for "money was no object." Many Americans have met him, as have I, on transatlantic steamers, and have smoked his Havanas.

His face was beaming, as only a face like his could beam, as he stretched out his broad paw to greet us. He introduced the Scotch doctors in such high-flowing terms that I did not realize that he was describing me. So I promptly passed the imputation of celebrity on to the Artist. The Man from Texas wanted us, as neutrals, to assure his Scotch friends that the British Bulldog was honor bound to fasten his teeth in the Kaiser's trousers, and, as military experts, to maintain that General Joffre should promptly throw the bulk of the French army into Alsace, leaving the defense of Belgium to the British.

"This must be for us an offensive war!" he cried. "The first thought of every Frenchman called to arms is to rescue the enslaved of the Lost Provinces. That I should have lived to be in Paris on this day!"

When lunch time came, after we had listened for half an hour to a continuous chorus of "Aye, aye," from the Scotchmen, and had warded off, as best we could, the successive suggestions of *apéritifs* (our

THE DAY OF THE BELGIAN ULTIMATUM

best was n't very good) on the part of the Man from Texas, we escaped to hunt up the Sculptor.

Until the news arrived of King Albert's splendid answer to the Kaiser and of his appeal to France and to Great Britain, there was the lull of terrible uncertainty in Paris this afternoon. We hoped to hear this evening of a British ultimatum to Germany, but extras are no longer allowed. No news from London has yet reached us.

The Artist and I dined with the Teacher and his wife. The Teacher has known Germany well since student days in Heidelberg, and has received many honors and widespread recognition in the land of intensive science. But his type of mind is not German, in the sense of what we mean by "German" to-day, or he would not have been to us the Teacher. We dropped the subject of the war. We were glad to talk of something else.

As we walked homeward through the silent streets, our minds were turned back over the span of years to other days.

V

REQUISITIONING

August fifth.

IT is regrettable that I should feel compelled to say that the Café de la Poste is at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Boulevard St. Germain. You would be insulted if I thought it necessary to mention the location of the Café de la Paix. And yet, the real Paris of the real Parisian can be seen better from the foot of the Boulevard Raspail than from the head of the Avenue de l'Opéra. There you pay a double price for your *consommation* in order to watch Paris passing by, and what you see is tourists passing by. You look on them as part of Paris, and they look on you as part of Paris. But the man with the picture postal cards and the maps knows both you and them. At the Café de la Poste, on the other hand, you are in Paris, and *Parisians* sit there watching *Parisians* pass by. You see the automobiles and the phaetons of those fashionables of the first mark who would look upon living near the Etoile as Fifth Avenue would upon living in Hoboken or as Grosvenor Square would look upon

REQUISITIONING

living in one of those places for which you have to change at Clapham Junction. You see, too, the shoppers who know how and what, passing between the Petit St. Thomas and the Bon Marché, and *cochers* and chauffeurs hovering around who are looking for fares upon whose tips they can depend.

I had been waiting for almost an hour when I was suddenly aware of the fact that the Artist was standing across the street with his legs spread out reminiscently of shipboard, twirling absentmindedly his bamboo cane, and looking up at a batch of posters on the pedestal of the statue of the man whom the French claim to have got there before Morse and Marconi.

I slipped quietly across the street. This almost hazardous feat of a normal mid-day was easily and quickly accomplished. For I have never seen Paris so free of motor vehicles. It was the reason for this that was engrossing the Artist's attention.

"Say, old man," was his greeting, "d' you see this notice about automobiles being presented at the Esplanade des Invalides this afternoon for requisition? How about going along after we have got our permits for the front from the War Department? It is just a step beyond through the Rue St. Dominique."

Not a word about why he was late, or even that he *was* late. But the enthusiasm over his sugges-

PARIS REBORN

tions (I use the plural advisedly, for I had no more thought of the permits for the front than of going to the requisitioning) caused me to forget the three quarters of an hour I had been trying to make a single *Dubonnet* hold out.

Over a luscious steak we discussed the fascinating question of the battle-line. A year ago I had given up war correspondence for good and all. Rolling stones may gather polish, but shining is n't eating—you understand what I mean. But the Artist has a way with him, and for the sake of the truth (even if it does involve the risk of revealing to two women that their husbands are not yet wholly cured of that fatal itch for adventure) I must confess that we began to plan in earnest the securing of passes for a trip towards the Belgian or Alsatian frontier. I say *towards* rather than *to*, because bitter experience has often¹ taught me that a military *laissez-passer* is magic only until you try to use it.

Although we had no countersign with which to cajole the sentry at the great gate of the Ministry of War, we managed somehow to get into the ante-chamber. There we learned that the formal order against the granting of *laissez-passers* to foreign correspondents was as insurmountable as the censor-

¹ In reading over the manuscript my remorseless critic cut out the word "often" on the ground of redundancy. On second thought she re-inserted it, with the remark that it ought to be redundant but isn't—at least in my case.



Requisitioning automobiles in the Esplanade des Invalides

REQUISITIONING

ship of telegrams. When enthusiasms are quickly brought to fever heat, they cool as quickly. Not only did we resign ourselves to the inevitable with very good grace, but, as we walked towards the Esplanade, we were so earnestly explaining to each other why, after all, we really could not take the time to go to the front, that we found ourselves at the Hotel des Invalides before we had fully impressed upon each other that already existing contracts with editors and publishers precluded the possibility of such a wild, time-wasting pursuit as going north or going east would have been.

The fourteen veterans who went through the Crimean War and the twenty-three who knew the reason why Napoleon III stopped his war against Austria after Solferino (but of course their lips are sealed) were drawn up on the talus by the cannon. Never had their warrior eyes seen such a sight as the mustering of horse and motor-drawn vehicles marshaled in endless rows all the way to the Seine. Nor had our eyes, or any other eyes. It was unique, that spectacle.

We spent an hour wandering back and forth between the rows of automobiles and motor-trucks. From the little racing roadster, with just room for one, to the furniture van in which a concert grand piano would be lost, and the truck whose load of flour would feed a good-sized town for a week, there

PARIS REBORN

was nothing missing. Three-thousand-franc runabouts were rubbing wheels in cheeky familiarity with the limousines of multi-millionaires. Expensive varnish of the Champs Elysées showroom cast the spell of its luster over the unpainted-for-years-and-then-not-painted-well delivery wagon of the Belleville haberdashery. The host of the great department store was encamped beside the lone sentinel of the little shop of the outer boulevards. The model of 1914 had an opportunity, unknown heretofore outside of world's fairs, of blatantly asserting its superiority to the pioneer of the early days of motor traction. Then there were the types of horse-drawn wagons. These were not so plentiful. Either gasoline has at last succeeded in demonstrating its superiority to oats and hay or that which comes after a horse was held up and turned back before it reached the Esplanade.

And this was the third day of requisitioning!

After we had got tired of trying to take in the full extent of the exhibit, and of each other's superficial but none the less displayed knowledge of types and makes, we wandered over to one of the numerous *bureaux de fortune*, where the requisitioning officers were valuing automobiles.

In time of war, there is something awe-inspiring about the wonderful utility and adaptability of universal military service. Every man in the na-

REQUISITIONING

tion is called to serve; and those who have special technical aptitude of a character that can be used to advantage in any department of military service are immediately set to employing their talents in their own particular field. Here was a rough wooden table, and three chairs. A clerk in uniform was writing at the table. Two other clerks in uniform had before them card-catalogues. A sub-lieutenant of reserve was inspecting and valuing the machines. The clerks were giving for a sou a day their services to the government. It was a far cry from the luxurious appointments of the shop where, if he sold two motor cars a week, he could pay a fancy rent and earn a big salary, to drawing two francs a day for hard work. But the sub-lieutenant, in whom we recognized the manager of one of the most famous automobile firms in the world, seemed proud and happy to be working for the common weal so far from his mahogany desk and Teheran carpet. There was no fooling one of the smartest men in his line in France. He knew at a glance what the car offered was worth in the trade, and how much the government would be justified in giving for it.

In the case of cars of real utility where the fair trade price and the price for military purposes coincided, there was no question. The car was requisitioned. The owner took his paper and left.

PARIS REBORN

But among the automobiles de luxe there were many whose value was larger than the government would be justified in paying. In such a case the choice was left to the owner.

It was here that we came back to the old axiom that the study of human nature is after all the most fascinating thing in the world. One would suppose that the owner of an automobile de luxe could afford to make some sacrifice such as the clerk sitting at the table and the sub-lieutenant were compelled to make, without which sacrifice, willingly rendered, France would at this day be at the mercy of her foe. But there are some who have more in this world because they hold tight to what they have.

There was the woman, bejeweled and bepowdered, whose eyes flashed with indignation when the sub-lieutenant communicated to her the price offered, and who shook her head in positive refusal. She entered the limousine, and leaned back in the cushions, hugging closely the little dog that took the place of a baby in her affections. Her chin was slightly elevated, and the hard-as-nails expression of her face was accentuated as she ordered the chauffeur to drive off.

And then there was the dear old man whose rosette of the Legion of Honor was not needed to proclaim his worthiness of it. He nodded in a kind of bewildered fashion, as if he were thinking of other

REQUISITIONING

things, when the valuation was called out. A receipt was offered to him. He waved it aside.

"I have given three sons to France," he said simply, in a voice broken and yet proud. "I think this is little enough to add to that."

Slowly he walked away. But I wot that he was not leaning heavily upon his cane because his heart was bowed down within him.

VI

LIEGE HOLDS FIRM

August seventh.

LIEGE holds firm. Exactly why I should be fool enough to-day to think that the war is over before it has begun I cannot analyze. And yet I do feel that way. Every one feels that way. When Madame placed my coffee on the zinc bar this morning, her face was smiling.

“My boys will soon be home,” she said simply.

This took my breath away. I did not dare to contradict her. I have n't contradicted any one the whole day long. I started out not wanting to be a spoil sport. I have ended up by becoming intoxicated myself. This is Paris on the seventh day of August. From the depths of woe we have mounted to the heights of joy. It is only three days since the mad crowds besieged the grocery stores for provisions. Now we see on the walls at every street corner a proclamation of the Prefect of Police, urging the housewives to go to the Halles Centrales to buy the provisions that are spoiling there for want of purchasers. But Paris wants no green vegetables

LIEGE HOLDS FIRM

these days. The people are too busy eating up the rice and lentils and dried beans they laid in on Monday and Tuesday.¹ Foolish, is it not, to buy fresh vegetables when you have money invested in groceries for which there is no further need?

For Liège holds firm. LIÉGE HOLDS FIRM. To walk down the Rue de Rennes, through the Rue de Seine, across the Pont des Arts, across the courtyard of the Louvre, and through the Rue Croix des Petits Champs towards the Bibliothèque Nationale this morning was like an Easter Sunday in Russia (with the regrettable omission of the privilege of receiving and bestowing kisses; for one sees a lot of pretty girls upon that walk). "Liège holds firm!" The cry is like—and I say it with all reverence—the "Christ is Risen!" of the Russian Easter. For it is a resurrection of hope that was buried for the moment under the paralysis of fear. The Parisians see in the German check at Liège nothing less than salvation.

Small wonder that we read in the morning's papers a decree of the President of the Republic, be-

¹ I was wrong in writing on August third that the buyers of stores of provisions were only the well-to-do classes. But I let the statement stand in the text of my narrative, for I have not wanted to change the "on-the-spur-of-the-moment" freshness of the record. Many a judgment is proved erroneous by subsequent events. We see only one day at a time, and we see only a small portion of the picture on the day. This book professes to be no more than the record of what I saw and how I felt *at the moment of writing*.

PARIS REBORN

stowing upon the city of Liége the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

I could not force myself to get interested in Ottoman history of the fourteenth century at the library this morning. My engagement to lunch with the Artist was not until half past twelve. But I found myself turning in my books, handing my *bulletin de sortie* to the severe individual with the cocked hat who guards the door of the *Salle de Travail*, and hurrying out into the Rue Richelieu—at eleven o'clock! Unfaithfulness in the pursuit of knowledge, this is, on the part of one who is posing as a research scholar.

Some impulse drove me to the nearest police station, where I wrote out a telegram to my wife, stating that Liége is the tomb of German pride. I received a smile of warm approval with the censor's rubber stamp. The same smile greeted me when I handed in my telegram at the post-office. "Liége," I wired, "is the tomb of German pride." It is so. Paris is freed from the nightmare of a bloody war.

And then, I said to myself, "Is it so?" I thought of the laborious years of German preparation—their methods and their army, of which I have been privileged to know and see so much. What will the sober political judgment, the keen intuition of a wife who knows Europe to the sub-subchancelleries think of such a telegram?

LIEGE HOLDS FIRM

Feeling that I needed the opinion of a neutral, I dropped in upon the Lawyer. He was very busy with a desk full of important documents, and had no time to talk it over. But he had time to beam upon me for a brief moment.

"It is finished, finished, I tell you! The Germans intended to fall on Paris like a whirlwind! Liège has fooled them. All the plans of the German General Staff gone up in smoke!" And he waved his pen aloft as he turned back in his swivel chair to his work.

"See you to-night, or to-morrow night, at five. We'll celebrate. To think of living forty-four years under an idle menace!"

As I walked through the Tuileries to my rendezvous with the Artist, I thought to myself that the Lawyer was a pretty poor sort of neutral to have gone to for an opinion. When it comes to Germans, his keen legal mind is worthless. For who insult or belittle or attack France are to him beyond the pale of civilization. Since the war started, he is the first whom I remember to have heard call the Germans by their now common name of Barbarians.

So, as I walked along the Rue du Bac, I thought of the Italian Grocer, whose Chianti and black olives have no equal in Paris. I found him slicing Yorkshire ham for an excited mite of a grandmother. She was pouring into his ears the virtues of the Belgian

PARIS REBORN

nation. He was agreeing with her, and there was a sincerity in his tone that bespoke more than the perfunctory assent of the seller to the buyer's whim.

As the little woman went out of the shop, clutching and waving her package of ham with the hand free of the stick, and still paeaning, the Italian Grocer turned from the till with an enquiring expression that took in all his attractive *étalage*, from the hams hanging on the rafters to the kegs of pickles and herrings nestling close to the sawdust.

"No, I want nothing to-day, Luigi. Madame is still in the country, and I am eating out. But, on the strength of our friendship begun so many years ago through the discovery of the fact that you could supply American canned sugar corn, I ask your opinion on the significance of the German check at Liége."

"I have served about two hundred customers this morning," he replied, "and you know how frequency of assent brings belief."

"There's where I am," I complained. "I have got so enthusiastic about this Liége business that I telegraphed my wife this morning that it's all up with the Germans."

"So it is," he cried.

"So it is," I echoed.

A crowd of half-grown boys was passing in the street, carrying Belgian flags and making a rather

LIEGE HOLDS FIRM

unsuccessful, but none the less hearty, attempt to sing the *Brabançonne*. The Italian Grocer and I parted with a warm handshake. A man of understanding, the Italian Grocer.

VII

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

August ninth.

I WAS walking down the "Boul Mich" this morning when I met the Musical Critic, whose pickings are pretty poor these days. He was full of the rumors of a great—no, more than that—*decisive* battle in Alsace yesterday.

"It is all up with the Germans, thank God," he cried, dancing on one leg, just as in the old days when he played first base for the Freshman nine. "Now they'll pull in their horns, and call quits. Then the theaters and opera will be opening, and I'll get what I came to Europe this summer for."

"Not so fast," I responded. "I've been behind the scenes on a newspaper myself, and, although I ought not to presume to give points to a musical critic about—well, let us drop into the Johnsonian period and call it prevarication, might I humbly suggest the possibility of the news not being true?"

He looked blank. I hastened to add, "But since you are talking about thanking God, would n't you like to come to the American Church with me this morning?"

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

That was too much for a musical critic. He bolted.

I walked along the quays to the Grand Palais, where the first British soldiers to arrive in Paris were just being assigned quarters. Such a merry, enthusiastic crowd had gathered to greet them, and such cordiality and sincerity in the greeting. The days of Fashoda and the Boer War are of another generation. How quickly by-gones are by-gones! It is fortunate for the human race that it is so.

I passed through the Rue François Premier and the Rue Bayard to reach the Avenue des Champs Elysées. I had a note to leave for the pastor of the Church of Scotland. An elder with a rather worried face met me at the door.

"I am afraid we shall have no service this day," he said. "The minister was in Scotland on his vacation, and I fear me that he has not been able to get back."

"If it is a parson you need," I answered, "and you have a gown that will cover me, I can help you out, if you do not mind having an American Presbyterian."

"And would ye?" he exclaimed.

I did. It was a solemn occasion for that little band of worshipers in a foreign—though now allied—land. For this is Scotland's war as well as England's, and it would have seemed a calamity for them

PARIS REBORN

not to have had in the national church in Paris the prayers said for the nation on this first Sunday of the war. Life in the living is far more fascinating than in the imagination. It was my lot four years ago to preach here in Paris in the English Wesleyan Church a funeral sermon for King Edward. The man upon whose head the hands have once been placed in ordination finds frequently—and in most unexpected ways—that he is turned back, and he sees the handle of the plow. But let me not unweave the spell with words!

After lunch with the Artist, we went to a patriotic service at the Madeleine. The Madeleine, with its columns and solid walls, may evoke the atmosphere of classicism without; but within, when many people gather together on a summer afternoon, it suggests atmosphere in a different and altogether unesthetic sense. So we got out.

As we passed down the broad steps into the Rue Royale, we were stopped by two policemen, who asked if we were *mobilisables*. It was to me, rather than to the Artist, that they addressed the question. For, when the Artist sports his shapeless London suit, he looks as much like an Englishman as any American could. (There *are* some Americans who can pass for Englishmen when they are not busy or when they do not open their mouths.) My answer was honest when I said that I was *sorry* to say that I was

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

not liable for military service in France. If ever I have wanted to go to war since the age limit barred me from getting interned at Camp Alger in 1898, it has been since the present call to arms was posted. Looking on while others go has not always been comfortable these past eight days.

When we reached the Place de la Concorde, the Artist grabbed my arm.

"Look!" he said; "see what they have done to the statue of Strasbourg!"

The large black bow and the draperies of crêpe had disappeared. The mourning wreaths were removed. In her arms Strasbourg now holds the flag and the flowers of France. We started across for a closer inspection.

Just then an infantry division and a battery of artillery came through the Place on the way to the Gare de l'Est.

Although there was no band—music has not been heard in Paris since the mobilization started—the coming was sensed. For out of every building and side street people began to gather.

The soldiers had evidently been given a rousing send-off from the Champ de Mars, and had been showered with gifts en route. Each man was a walking florist. There were flowers in the barrels of rifles, tucked in belts, pinned on caps, and peeping out from knapsacks. The gun carriages and ammunition

PARIS REBORN

wagons were so covered with flowers that you did not think of them as engines of destruction. After each regiment came wagons piled with loaves of bread. The bread was hardly visible under its covering of flowers, fruits, sundry bottles, packages of chocolate, tins of pâté de foie gras and other delicacies, Frankfurter—excuse me, Touraine—sausages, and hams. The soldiers were not youngsters of the standing army, but men of from thirty to forty, young and gay once more, and with an *entrain* which made up for their lack of military appearance and military gait. Women were actually marching in the ranks with some of them. But there were no handkerchiefs out among these wives and sweethearts holding on till the last moment.

The crowd began to cheer lustily, and to sing the *Marseillaise*. I looked for the line to break when the Strasbourg statue was passed. It did not. Discipline restrained that far. But, with a sudden inspiration such as could come only to the Gallic mind, the first soldiers started to throw their flowers up on the statue.

“Here ’s for thee, Strasbourg!” they cried. “Thy daughters will give us more!”

On the way to Marie’s, where the Sculptor was waiting for us to dine with him, newsboys began to appear, crying again the incredible news of the battle of Altkirch, and the entry of the French troops

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

into Mulhouse. We stopped to buy a paper. There was a splendid proclamation of General Joffre to the Alsatians. It made our blood tingle. For we have both lived in France long enough to be sentimental about "the Lost Provinces." Was it really coming true, the never-old dream of reconquest and *la revanche*?

The spirit of a fête day was in the air. Every kiosk was besieged by those who were waiting for the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*. The one-sou sheets sold by the newsboys do not inspire much faith in the Parisian heart. If news is of little moment, belief from the announcements in the yellow press is easy. But these crowds waiting for the *Temps* were an indication of how deeply the rumored successes in Alsace had stirred the heart of Paris. When a thing means very much to you, whether of good or bad, you fear to believe it until it is asserted by one in whose word you can trust. I have had occasion to experience myself, and to observe in others, that this fact is more true of good news than of bad news. Is it not a mistake, the proverbial assertion that one refuses to believe bad news? Does it not depend entirely upon how vital that news is? When our heart is in a thing, we—I speak of mankind in general—accept much more quickly failure than we do success.

As we crossed the Boulevard Raspail, a bicycle

PARIS REBORN

carrier was just arriving at the little shop on the Rue Bréa, diagonally opposite the Café du Dôme. We got there in time to buy a paper; for the Artist and I are both fairly husky.

It was true. The battle of Altkirch, the occupation of Mulhouse and the text of the proclamation of General Joffre were reported in the *Temps* exactly as given in the yellow papers. What an opportunity is lost by this rigid method of concise official statement! I could picture myself rushing to the telegraph office and sending off a long account of how frontier posts were torn up and how Alsatian girls were throwing their arms around the necks of the French soldiers, crying tears of joy down their shirt-fronts. No, that would not do; the soldiers do not wear shirts, or, if they did, they would not still have had them when they reached Mulhouse. "Upon their manly chests," would be nearer the truth—if near at all.

The Sculptor was already there when we reached Marie's. He had saved a table for us on the terrace, where we sat over our honest substantial soup, and our workmen's portions of *boeuf bourguignon*, splitting a bottle of extra in celebration of the momentous news. Who has not dined on the terrace of a restaurant frequented by *cochers* has not tasted to the full the summer life of Paris. You order your portion of fried potatoes. "*Fr-r-rites!*"

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

shouts the black-eyed waitress from the sidewalk. Grandfather, washing glasses behind the zinc bar, takes up the cry. "*Fr-r-rites!*" goes back to the kitchen in his falsetto voice. From the little trap-door window, amidst the sputtering noise of hot grease poured into a frying-pan, reëchoes the magic word, "*Fr-r-rites!*" And you lean back in your chair, a deep feeling of well-being pulsing through you, as you anticipate the steaming dish of golden brown food for the gods that will soon be placed before you.

This evening Marie told us that the decree for early closing had been modified. It still held true that nothing to drink was to be served after eight o'clock, and that the tables must be removed from the sidewalks, but, inside, one could linger over his meal until half past nine, provided he had entered the restaurant and given his order before eight o'clock. So we moved indoors for coffee, and for the chance to discuss the good news from Alsace with other diners.

In the dim light of the interior (for Marie says that she cannot afford these days to use the gas, and she is very much worried over the rumors that petroleum will give out or soon be sold only at its weight in gold) we sat at the biggest marble-topped table in the corner, and talked over the march of events in the Lost Provinces with the Hunchback.

PARIS REBORN

A dear old man the Hunchback is, whose face is marked by lines of sensitive shrinking rather than by the creases of his threescore years and ten. He has the delicacy of perception of the cripple, for whom the strong virile thoughts of manhood must be reflected in the attuning of the chords of the soul rather than in muscular activity.

His winsome expression would have attracted a Michelangelo, in search of a model for an angel. Often have I seen him hold men who have done big things in life with the intense fire of his black eyes, and the almost Russian deepness and sweetness of his speaking voice. His diction is so marvelous that one hesitates to try to reproduce what the Hunchback says, especially in translation. It is so wide of the mark! But I make the attempt here, while the spell is still upon me, for he spoke as the interpreter of the feeling that must this day be tearing the heart of the lame cobbler of Saverne whom Von Förstner sabered.

"I was a boy in an Alsatian village," he said, "in the old days. There were reasons, not unconnected with me, why my family felt it best to become expatriates after the Treaty of Frankfurt. I have lived ever since in Paris.

"I would to God that my father and mother could read the newspapers this evening. For, instead of dying as they did without hope, they could

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

have gone like Simeon with a *Nunc Dimittis* on their lips.

“I could hear you talking on the terrace outside. You were discussing that famous cartoon of Hansi, *Ceux Qui N'Oublient Pas*, which we have seen these last days in every bookseller's window. It is only the ignorance of youth that thinks a soul wound can be healed. A sorrow in connection with one's country is like a sorrow in connection with one's family. What one has truly loved, when lost, one never ceases to mourn. If one ceases to mourn, it shows that love for that which has been lost never truly dominated the whole being.

“The cartoon of Hansi is absolutely true to life. There are those, for the scythe of the Reaper has not yet taken them all, who do not forget.

“Just the other day I was reading in a newspaper a story which may not be true, but it might have been true, and so it is the same thing. Let me repeat it to you as I remember it, and then perhaps you will understand.

“As the hopeless years of the German occupation rolled on, there were those whose business interests influenced them to take as inevitable what a greater faith and a higher ideal would have enabled them to continue to regard as transitory. They accepted the Germans, entered into business relations with them, and allowed their children to grow up as Germans.

PARIS REBORN

It is not for me to judge. They are receiving their punishment now.

“The story goes that among the Irreconcilables was an abbé, who played the organ in the cathedral at Strasbourg. Like all abbés, he had a family by adoption. Among his intimate friends was a widower with a baby girl. The abbé used to go there every Sunday night for supper. He gave his heart to that baby. But his friend became reconciled to the Germans. The abbé never spoke to him again.

“Years passed, and both men began to feel the weight of them. There never was any attempt on the abbé’s part to bridge the gulf, and he was not one of the kind to whom overtures could be made. One day, his former friend met him in the street, and stopped. He grabbed the abbé’s arm.

“‘It is years since you have acknowledged my greeting. But to-day you must listen to me. For the sake of the past, I have a favor to ask of you for my little girl. She is little no longer, but she, who knew no mother, has never forgotten you. She is to be married in the cathedral next week, and she has asked me to go to you and tell you that she wants you to play the organ at her wedding. My doing her bidding is all the more difficult when I say that she is marrying a Prussian officer.’

“There was a moment’s pause. The friend could

WE HEAR THE GOOD NEWS FROM ALSACE

not read behind the mask of the abbé's face. He waited.

“‘So be it,’ answered the abbé simply; ‘I shall be at the organ on that day.’”

“The nuptial mass attracted to the cathedral a great crowd, not only because of the interest in the wedding, but because the whole city knew the estrangement between the abbé and his friend, the reason for it, and that now the abbé had consented to play at this wedding.

“After a nuptial mass, you know, the bride and groom receive, before the signing of the register, the congratulations of their friends. It was at this moment that the abbé began to improvise upon the great organ. Suddenly, mixed with the hymeneal melodies, one began to hear the notes of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. Every one was glad—that is, of the bridal party—for it seemed to be a delicate way of signifying forgiveness after years of bitter silence. But the triumphal notes of the German marching air did not last long. It was merely a suggestion. Petrified, the audience began to distinguish in the distance the coming of the *Marseillaise*, that great hymn born in Strasbourg in the soul of one of her children. As *Die Wacht am Rhein* faded away, the *Marseillaise* grew stronger and stronger, until the cry of the abbé's soul echoed and reëchoed to the vaults of the cathedral.

PARIS REBORN

“When they recovered from their stupefaction at the insult to the groom and the daring of the high treason, members of the wedding party hurried to the organ loft to stop the organist. They burst in upon the abbé. His head was bent over the instrument, and his hands were not faltering. But, before they could reach him, the crash of a body falling across the keyboard caused the music to cease. The soul had gone out with the music. There was one who did not forget.”

Our glasses were untouched. Marie had sat down with us, and she was gazing at the Hunchback with parted lips. If her eyes were like mine, and I am sure they were, she was gazing at him through a mist of tears.

Suddenly Marie looked at the clock. She sprang up with a start.

“*Mon Dieu!*” she cried. “I have forgotten the regulation. The police will come to fine me! You must all go home right away. Georgine, bring the lamp from the window.”

We went out into the night.

VIII

BLIND, BUT THEY KNEW IT NOT

August eleventh.

IT is very evident that many of my countrymen do not believe that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he hath."

There are about three thousand American tourists caught in Paris by the mobilization. In the region of the Opéra, on the Boulevard des Italiens, the Rue Scribe, the Rue Auber, and in the hotels between the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue de Rivoli, one would think from the noise they make that they are three hundred thousand—or three million—and that the one imperative question of the moment is not the great tragedy into which Europe is rushing headlong, but the personal comfort of the few whose holiday has been interrupted. This does not, of course, apply to Americans in general. We are, on the whole, a rather decent lot. But there is a class of tourists from the United States which has a faculty of making itself heard. Unfortunately, it is heard sufficiently to stamp the rest of us.

PARIS REBORN

The whole thought in the mind of these Americans is of themselves, their spoiled vacation tour, their missed steamship passages, their difficulty in getting money, and their annoyance at having to comply with the reasonable precaution about registering demanded of them by the proclamation of the state of siege.

Many will return to New York full of disgust and "righteous indignation." No, sir! they are never coming to Europe again, after the way they have been treated. Trunks missing? Preposterous! Only two courses for dinner at the hotel? Outrageous! No trains for Calais and Boulogne? The United States government ought to protest vigorously against this barbarous treatment of its citizens! Go to the police station? A complaint ought to be lodged with the Ambassador!

I have just been to my bank, and am sick at heart. It is still as it was on the day that the moratorium was declared. No one there is thinking of the woe and the misery that has fallen upon the world, and of the anguish of the nation which has so hospitably received them and entertained them, ministering to their every want with a care and a success attested by their eagerness to come here and stay here—as long as the ministration kept up. There seem to be only two questions in their minds, "Can I get any

BLIND, BUT THEY KNEW IT NOT

money?" and "How soon can I get away from here?"

I walked down the Rue de la Paix. Every shop was shut—fittingly shut. This is the day of tears and not of jewels and of fine clothes. Near the Vendôme Column a voice hailed me. I turned, and saw a woman to whom Paris had ministered so well to the healing of a great sorrow some years ago that she had become a resident of the city. I started to speak of the war, but the first words were hers.

"Did you ever in your life see anything more disgusting?" she exclaimed. "I had to come up from the country naturally, because I did n't know what was going to happen, and I could get no money there. Here I am marooned. There is no way of getting out of the city comfortably. What can one do here? The theaters are closed; you cannot go to a café for dinner; there is n't a bit of music; I can't even do any shopping; and at every turn people want to talk to you about this disgusting war, which does n't interest us at all. Is n't it a bore?"

What I was going to say—what I felt like saying—was best left unsaid. I murmured a commonplace remark, lifted my hat, and hurried on.

In the corridor of a great hotel I met a porter who is a familiar figure to American residents in Paris. I asked him the usual questions.

"Yes, I go to-night," he told me. "Yes, wife

PARIS REBORN

and three babies. She could get work here in the hotel, but we are expecting another baby next month."

I passed in. The brilliant hall was full of well-dressed Americans, drinking afternoon tea and high-balls.

At one table I heard, "I went a third time to the baggage-room of the railway station to-day, and I told him the trunks were registered in Switzerland, here was the slip, and I wanted no more fooling. He said the trunks were not there. When I insisted, he got quite rude. These French are a good-for-nothing lot of thieves—"

At the next table, a big, thick-jowled, assertive man, with a two-franc cigar wobbling in the left corner of his mouth as he talked, was pounding with his fist. "I told 'em that they simply must give me two thousand francs: there was the letter of credit all O.K. But they told me I could have only five hundred. It was my money they were holding back on me. My wife wanted some new dresses. You can just bet that John Jones will never deal with that bank again. And I'll see to it they lose so much business that they'll pay heavily for turning me down."

The guest for whom I was looking was not in. I was glad to get into the open air. When I turned into the Rue de Rivoli, a shopkeeper was

BLIND, BUT THEY KNEW IT NOT

just leaving. A small kit was in his hand. He was stuffing a package of sandwiches into his pocket. Arms were thrown around his neck. There was a wild sob, and a moment of silence. Then a self-possessed woman drew back into the doorway.

"I'll keep things going while you're gone," she smiled through her tears.

From her skirts a sturdy youngster peeped out uncomprehendingly. As the man started down the street, he cried, "Come home soon, papa."

IX

THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

August twelfth.

IF a visitor were to arrive for the first time in Paris to-day, he would find nothing to indicate that the fate of France is being decided within a hundred miles of the city. Only one familiar with the Paris of a normal August would note that there are fewer automobiles and no autobusses, and that there are less shoppers than usual. The underground railways and the surface tramways are running. Train service to the suburbs and to the seashore has been resumed. Most of the shops have opened again. Not until evening does one realize that this is a different Paris.

What boils over quickly, as quickly cools. No people in the world are more adaptable than the Parisians. They have already adjusted themselves to the fact that the titanic struggle has commenced, and that the city has been drained of its virile, masculine element. The confusion of the mobilization is over. The fear of a sudden German raid upon the city has been allayed. The Parisians left be-

THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

hind are beginning, perforce, to think of other things than the war. The life of a great metropolis cannot be upset for many days.

And yet it would be a mistake to think that the Parisians are over-confident, and that they do not realize the enormousness of the struggle upon which their country has embarked. They have simply accepted the fact that the war is on, that men must die, that battles will probably be lost. In spite of the initial check at Liége and the successful raid into Alsace, they do not forget that the bulk of the German army is yet to be faced, and that the testing time is still ahead. The surprising events of the past week, so utterly unexpected, have not brought exultation and premature rejoicing. Facing any task worth while is appalling. But the necessity of effort brings dismay only when one has not counted the cost, or is unwilling to pay the price of success. Paris has counted the cost. There is readiness for the sacrifice.

The quiet, earnest resolution of the French belies the charge that they are a degenerate and divided race. Is there anything in the world more admirable, more inspiring, than to see a people whose women have the willingness and the ability to do their husbands' work when the men are fighting? The tramways, the underground railways, the cabs, and the shops are being run, and run well, by

PARIS REBORN

that other army of France, which has mobilized itself for service at home. The government, with the supplementary calls for the classes of 1914 and 1915, has sent to the front, or put into some sort of official service, practically every able-bodied man in Paris under forty-five years of age. For all this, everything moves in Paris almost as if the men had not gone.

The strongest hope for the final victory of France is the character of her women. Instead of repining and grieving and worrying, the women of Paris are bearing successfully the burden of their husbands' work in addition to that of their own. And they are doing it with a smile on their faces. If the tears were not all shed at the moment of parting, they are saved for the night watches. There is no more important factor in keeping up a soldier's spirit than to have the precious knowledge that the little woman back home is attending to the business, and that she has brains and ability enough not only to keep herself and the children from starving, but to conserve the financial interests of the family.

But there is more than this in the support given to the army in the field by the army at home. The soldier knows that his wife and his mother are proud of the fact that he is where he is. They do not want to see him lay down his arms until the victory is assured: they do not want him home until his duty

THOSE THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

is done. It is only in cheap fiction that one hears of the lack of courage of the French; cheap fiction written by Anglo-Saxons and Teutons who do not know that the Frenchwoman has an intense, physical loathing for any exhibition of a lack of courage, and that she can make a lion out of her man. If the British are granted the privilege during this war of fighting side by side with the French, they will see with their own eyes what will correct this stupid and erroneous notion.

September eleventh.

Here is the story of a woman of Paris to illustrate what I wrote a month ago.

Last Thursday, in one of the suburbs near the firing-line, a young wife learned that her husband's regiment was going to pass through a neighboring suburb in the retreat towards the Marne. She took her three-year-old boy to a place where the regiment was to pass. When her husband's company came by, a corporal who knew her saw her standing on the curb. He ran out of the line, and grabbed her arm, saying, "Courage, courage, Madame; your husband fell at my side yesterday at Meaux." The line had halted for a moment, owing to some obstacle ahead, so soldiers and bystanders heard and realized the tragedy that was being enacted.

The young woman stood for a second with closed

PARIS REBORN

eyes. Then she lifted her boy above her head, and presented him to the regiment, crying, "Vive la France!"

If Frenchmen were the equals of their women, the world would soon find itself under the supremacy of the Gauls.

X

AUGUST NIGHTS

August thirteenth.

TO be in Paris in August is not hard luck, although many people think it is. How they pity you because you are not "in the country" or "at the shore." "Everybody, you know, is out of town"; and, "Everybody you know is out of town"; so they say! But I *don't* know. And I do know many people who never leave town in August, year after year. As a general rule, they are much more interesting and much more worth while than the Exempt-from-Toil who flee an imaginary "stifling atmosphere" and "awful heat."

Aside from those who have small children or are in poor health, most people go away from the city in the summer because they are afraid that their friends will think they cannot afford to go away. *C'est le chic*, as the French put it. In order to keep up appearances they put up with wretched beds and absence of bathtubs, with mosquitoes and gnats, with one mail a day and newspapers two days old, with poor food poorly served, and die of ennui. No

PARIS REBORN

city person honestly enjoys the country for more than two weeks on end. Why not be frank about it?

There is a pitiful side of all this sacrifice of comfort. In the first place, despite the tourists, Paris is never more delightful than in August. It is the most glorious month of the year in the most glorious city in the world. If I have any misgivings about this statement, it is only because I have said August instead of July. And in the second place, there are those who would look with as much horror on spending the midwinter in Paris as you do on spending the midsummer there, and for exactly the same reason. "Everybody, you know, is at St. Moritz, or Cannes, or Nice, or Monte Carlo, or Pau, or Biarritz"; and "Everybody you know has gone South or to Switzerland." There are always some a little higher up to whom you are nobody. Social climbing is such a discouraging business. You are never at the top unless you care nothing about getting there. Blessed are those who are themselves!

And yet, although I never think of Paris in August in any other way than as the perfectly natural place to be, there is some hard luck in being here this August. It is not because of the war. I have not yet begun to think or write of the war to-night. The usual spell of August Paris nights has been upon me, and it has made me long for the usual August



August Nights. In the Champs-Élysées

AUGUST NIGHTS

companion of these nights, the Research Scholar.

If you have ever gone into the Salle des Manuscrits of the Bibliothèque Nationale during the past decade in midsummer between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M., you have seen the Research Scholar there, digging out of musty manuscripts discoveries in the field of patristic Latin that were some months later to electrify the world of scholarship, and to bring further fame to a renowned university in which the Research Scholar holds that venerable chair of Humanity, established in the sixteenth century. But you would not identify the learned university professor with the enthusiastic Scotchman, loving Paris as all his countrymen have done since Quentin Durward, intelligent admirer of the French and France, to whom the stones of Paris mean more than did those of Venice to Ruskin. After four P. M., when the portfolios with their precious papers have been carefully put in safety, the Research Scholar and I go out for our walk, ending generally at a certain table on the street in front of a restaurant of the Rue de Rivoli, where we have long been *cachetiers*.¹

The Research Scholar is not here this summer.

¹ This word may not be in your French dictionary. But you know the restaurants where you are enticed into paying in advance by getting eleven meal tickets for the price of ten meals. These tickets are called in French *cachets*. The *cachetier* is the one to whom this economy has appealed.

PARIS REBORN

Oh, this war! There, I have mentioned it for the first time. You may think you can get away from the war, but you cannot. Every thought, even when started in another direction, inevitably comes back to it. The war influences every action. From morning to night, you have it in Paris, and it reaches your subliminal self, if there is such a thing. The Research Scholar is not here. Why? The war! Everything is like this. You do certain things because of the war. Other things you do not do because of the war. You wish for something that is n't here—its absence is due to the war. You would like to get rid of something that is here—you cannot because of the war. You want to laugh at something: you want to play the piano; you do wish there was a show going somewhere in this town: the war. None of these things would be seemly. The burden of sorrow weighs down upon you; you are anxious for friends who have gone; suffering and anguish have already come within the circle of those whom you know intimately; you feel depressed and like wearing a long face. But you must be cheerful, happy even. Why? The war; and what is the suffering of the present in comparison with the joy that is to come from the inevitable victory? If you laugh, you are unsympathetic: if you cry, you are unpatriotic. There it is in a nutshell!

I must give up cheerfully the companionship of

AUGUST NIGHTS

the Research Scholar this summer, give up this companionship as my little sacrifice for France.

Of an August day in Paris the choice hour is from six to seven in the evening. The choice promenade is the Seine between the Pont Alexandre III and the Pont de l'Archevêché. If one walks down the quays of the Rive Gauche toward Notre Dame first, and then turns back on the Rive Droite, he has the full glory of the setting sun before him and reaches the Place de la Concorde just in time to get a glimpse up the Champs Elysées toward the Arc de Triomphe as the last light of day is disappearing. I am not yet old enough to have taken this walk a thousand times, but when I have I am sure that it will present the same fascination, the same stirring of soul, the same exaltation that it does to-day.

Choose, if you will, your August sunset at the seashore or in the mountains. There you have nature *unspoiled*, you say. But is there not a revelation of God through animate as well as inanimate creation? If we can have the sun going down on both at the same time, why not? Notre Dame may be surpassed by other churches, even in France. But Notre Dame, in its setting on the island that is the heart and center of this city, historically and architecturally the high water mark of human endeavor, cannot be surpassed. Standing on the

PARIS REBORN

bridge between the Morgue and the Ile St. Louis, and looking towards the setting sun, one sees the most perfect blending of the creation of God and the creation of the creatures of God that the world affords. And it is not because I have not seen the sunset from the Acropolis, from the Janiculum, from the Golden Horn, and from the steps of El Akbar, that I make this statement. Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Cairo—these have been, but Paris is.

Paris is! I feel Paris this August night. I feel it more than ever before, because to-night is different from any night that Paris has known in my day. The news has just come that the armies are in contact on French soil. The Germans intend to strike again—the third time in one hundred years—for the city whose message to the world has always had—and still has—a greater influence, a more universal acceptance, than the doctrines of their *Kultur*. Over the confidence that has come from initial victories is cast the shadow of this menace. Try as they will, Parisians cannot forget 1870. Is there any discredit in being a bit sober over the fact that your home is the goal of the most redoubtable army in the world?

The booksellers have closed their boxes on the parapets. The quays are almost deserted. Few vehicles, and fewer pedestrians. Fishermen are re-

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA
AUGUST NIGHTS

luctantly doing up their lines, and stretching themselves to get the kinks out of their legs. The fish will bite no more because it is growing dark. It is true that the fish have not been biting all the afternoon, but then there was always hope as long as daylight lasted. If you want a striking example of faith, take the man who throws his hook into the Seine. Talk about your Western miner, tramping for a decade in the Rocky Mountains, and tapping for gold every vein of quartz he sees! Here are white-haired men who began to fish in the Seine when they were boys. Kingdoms and republics and empires have come and gone in Paris, most of the familiar landmarks have disappeared, but as long as the river is still there, they will continue to fish. How often do they catch anything? I am one of the most faithful frequenters of the Paris quays. I have yet to see a fish pulled out of the Seine. There is one shop for fishing-tackle and bait which bears the sign, "*Maison fondée en 1728.*" In these exciting days of mobilization, it is not closed.

I have been loitering. The sun has got ahead of me. There is not time to reach the Place de la Concorde. Never mind: here is the Pont des Saints Pères. I turn in under the deserted arches where generally at this hour one has to prove his agility if he does not want to be knocked down by the ceaseless stream of taxi-autos, and stand to salute the

PARIS REBORN

passing day under the Arc du Carrousel in the courtyard of the Louvre. The sun has gone. The Arc de Triomphe stands upon its hill, outlined against the dark-red afterglow. The quadruple rows of lamps that mark the ascending Avenue des Champs Elysées spring into light, and in front of them the electrical extravagance of the Place de la Concorde indicates that Paris has no fear yet of a shortage of coal.

Just as I turn to go, I see something that Paris has never known before. Great shafts of light shoot forth into the closing darkness, as if to combat its progress. From the Arc de Triomphe, from the Trocadéro, from the Champ de Mars and from Issy-les-Moulineaux, sweeping the sky in every direction, high and low, all are moving, sometimes crossing each other, sometimes forming an arch symbolic of their purpose over the Eiffel Tower. These searchlights will continue their sentinel duty all night long while Paris sleeps.

And now it *is* dark. There is no doubt about it. I am shivering. The city heat of August nights is generally a fallacy. But perhaps it is a shivering from hunger and not from cold. One cannot feed on sunsets and searchlights. As I cross the Pont des Arts, I am held again by a picket of searchlights in the other direction. They must be down by the Entrepôt de Bercy and Ivry, pretty far away, and

AUGUST NIGHTS

yet, when they point in my direction, I feel that Notre Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, and even the Louvre here beside me, are being protected from a night attack of the enemy's airmen. The eye of the Skibereen *Eagle*¹ was never fixed more unwaveringly upon Napoleon than are these vigilant eyes of Paris upon the aircraft of his twentieth-century emulator.

As I pass through the Rue de Seine, I find that there are other eyes than those that I have described, watching for the enemy. Several groups I meet, each with heads upturned and index fingers pointed heavenward. If one did not know these people, and did not understand what they are saying, he would think that they are quarreling. How often the most simple remark in a foreign—especially Latin—tongue seems to the uninitiated like words spoken in anger! Two men, who are merely politely inquiring of each other concerning the health of their respective mothers-in-law (more important and more vital a question in France than anywhere else in the world) you expect to see falling to and striking each other.

¹ I don't know exactly where in Ireland the town of Skibereen is, or whether the *Eagle* is still published there. The *Eagle's* editor was a man of parts a hundred years ago. After the battle of Agram he wrote: "News has come that the Corsican Usurper has entered Vienna. He may be having his triumphs now, but let him beware, and remember that the eye of the Skibereen *Eagle* is always upon him!"

PARIS REBORN

The groups I join are not fighting. They think they have discovered Zeppelins.

I am not drawing on my imagination. I am trying honestly to write a record of sober fact. Certain stars, which are probably harmless planets to those who know the topography of the heavens, are playing a thrilling rôle for Paris these August nights. They are lights of Zeppelins. The burning question is, to the Parisians, not whether there is a Zeppelin up there, but which star is the Zeppelin. As some stars twinkle and others don't—for reasons which I would be the last in the world to try to explain—the twinklers, by the very fact that they move, are suspicious characters. But there are many twinklers, and you know as well as I do that when you look along the line of vision of an index finger towards some distant object you do not always see what your informant intends that you should see. He grows impatient at your stupidity: you grow impatient at the inaccuracy of his pointing. So there is much to discuss—and some cause for disagreement—in the Zeppelin-hunting groups which I meet on my way towards dinner.

From the tone of the comments, I gather that no one is afraid of Zeppelins. They are merely interested and curious, and not lacking in pride that our city is the first in the world to be the object of attack by these reputed masters of the air.



The Seine at Notre Dame

AUGUST NIGHTS

As I cross the Boulevard St. Germain, I realize how late it is. So silent is the night, that I can hear the mournful chimes of the Catholic University way off on the Rue Vaugirard: "Ting-tong, ting-tong, ting-tong, ting-tong!" Four quarter-hours. Then the deeper strokes of the hour, eight of them. Saint Germain-des-Près and Saint-Sulpice follow suit. And hark. Can it be? Yes, Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, across the river. Who could believe that from this spot by the statue of Danton one could hear so far? But there is no competition of tramways, of wheels and hoofs on asphalt, of auto-taxis' "honk-honk" this evening.

Eight o'clock. Waiters are carrying in the tables and chairs from the terraces of cafés, and putting up shutters. I hurry through the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. The electric sign in front of Pascal's is extinguished. No music and laughter come floating out from the interior to tempt you. Now I am in the "Boul Mich," I have to pinch myself to realize that I am I, that this the "Boul Mich," and that it is only eight o'clock. Every café is shut up tight from the Boulevard St. Germain to the Rue Soufflot. Searchlights are not the only novelty of August nights. Something that you have never seen before does not necessarily impress you. You may even be like the Kansas farmer who, when he first went to the circus, looked at the camel, shook his head

PARIS REBORN

positively, and remarked, "There ain't no such animal."

But what cannot fail to stir you to the depths is the absence of something, which, in your mind, has been indissolubly linked with a certain familiar spot. Sailing into New York and meeting a sky line without sky scrapers, hitting London on a cloudless night and finding a city of glaring white marble buildings—these sensations could not be weirder than turning into the "Boul Mich" on an August evening at eight o'clock and seeing a dark and empty street. No tables and chairs with coffee-consuming groups on the sidewalks, no lights, no noise.

I have been boasting that Paris is normal. So it is in spirit, but not in spirits. Drastic all day long is the decree forbidding the sale of absinthe and kindred drinks. But even the Parisians addicted to the habit of the spoon and lump of sugar and of watching green change to cloudy white, are not complaining. They acknowledge the curse, and accept the remedy. There is remorse when they think of Germany's sixty-five millions. There is humiliation when they read that the German reservists are marching fifty kilometers a day without fatigue. And I have seen the bitter tears of Normans and Bretons when they were told that the Etat-Major feared to put in the first line for the invasion of

AUGUST NIGHTS

Alsace reservists from their alcohol-saturated provinces. Not worthy to die for France!

The eight o'clock closing law is difficult. That hits everybody, and it hits us with a force that it is difficult for outsiders to understand. The Parisian is a child of the open air, and he stays in the house only when he has to. He goes to bed as a last resort. To sweep away the terraces of the cafés is against nature: it is cruel.

After all, one can be thankful that the restaurants are allowed to serve meals indoors until half past nine.

I go into Boulant's. The Lawyer has tipped a chair for me. He has finished his soup, and is wrinkling his brow over the question of entrée. He is glad to see me, for choosing from the card is one subject concerning which he occasionally seeks advice.

We eat our meal with an eye on the clock to leave time for a smoke before they put out the lights on us. We discuss the news in the *Temps*. Then we go home, and go to bed. There is nothing else to do.

XI

ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY

August sixteenth.

“**W**ONDERFUL, almost unbelievable it is, this newly announced policy of anonymity in our military operations. I never thought that I would live to see a day like this. I can hardly yet believe it possible, although I want to. Oh, I want to, so much!”

The Jesuit Father's face interpreted the desire, the longing in his words. A more attractive man with nobler soul God never made. Drawn to him? Of course I am! Everybody whose path he crosses is drawn to him. I can see that the Greek Student, who is sitting with us in the garden under the fig tree outside my studio door, is under the spell of the Jesuit Father, as am I on those red letter days when he comes to see me. The Melachrino cigarette that I have given to the Greek Student, and that he is smoking indifferently, is not the treat it would be under ordinary circumstances. For the Greek Student is thinking of the Jesuit Father rather than of his cigarette.

ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY

I have met them everywhere, the Jesuit Fathers, in America, in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa. I have seen them in the drawing-room and in the desert, in plenty and in want, in splendor and in squalor, in security and in danger, and I have always found them the same, men of God, gentlemen and scholars, in the widest and deepest connotation of these terms. And when I say that this particular Jesuit father stands out from among others of his Order, do you wonder that I find it a rare privilege to sit with him under the fig tree, and that the Greek Student is looking at the Father rather than at his cigarette?

“You see,” continued the Jesuit Father, “it has always been the misfortune of our national life, that we have been influenced and led by personalities rather than by principles. Our politics are that way. Practically everything that finds expression in association with our life is that way. History has certainly shown us in our wars that way. It has always been a question with us of who the leaders were. Principles have been glorified by those who championed them, instead of glorifying their champions. Perhaps it is the inevitable revolt from the sinking of self in our family relations that has caused us to become extremely individualistic outside of the family circle.

“So, when I read that it is the intention of the

PARIS REBORN

Government and General Staff, with the coöperation of the newspapers, to make this a war of anonymity in regard to persons as well as to places, I, like every other Frenchman, exclaim, '*Tiens! pourvu que ça arrive!*'

"Of course, I cannot help thinking of the disaster in 1870 which a policy of anonymity at that time would have retrieved, if not prevented. May it now succeed, imposed upon us as an imperative measure of national safety. Then let us hope that we shall no longer have political parties in France named after certain leaders, and that we shall be able, when we judge a policy, to be influenced by the principles embodied in the policy rather than by the personality of the one who advocates it!"

The war has been on two weeks now, and we suppose that battles have been fought. In fact, the *communiqués* tell us that battles have been fought. But they do not say just where; the names of the commanding officers are not mentioned; nor do we know what troops took part in these battles. The place is generally "X." The Commanding-General is "X." The army corps is "X." If a certain regiment has distinguished itself, it is the "X" regiment of the "X" division: and the officer, whose conspicuous bravery in leading a forlorn hope turned the tide of the day, is Colonel "X."

There is something grim in this policy of ano-

ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY

nymity. But it is glorious that battles are not being fought to bring prestige to a general. In this war the commanding general and common soldier are on the same footing. They are fighting for France, and the glory is for France alone.

The Greek Student, who comes from the land whose past has influenced France, and whose present is influenced by France, to the extent that the political life of both nations exhibits those glaring weaknesses revealed by Hellenic writers through centuries from Homer to Aristophanes, spoke up in loud praise of anonymity as the absolutely necessary measure in a modern war. His opinion is worth listening to. For he has been through two wars on the staff of Crown Prince (later King) Constantine. He acted as interpreter for the Greek army in the surrender of Janina, and later was one of the first of the "liberating" army to set foot in Kavala, when the Bulgarians fled.

We may be able to argue that the policy of anonymity would have been impossible in the days of Napoleon or of Garibaldi, for it is indisputable that these two names and those of their lieutenants had more to do with victory than either the cause, impersonally considered, for which they were fighting, or the strategy that was employed. But what would have been inadvisable then imposes itself now. Our newspapers, our postal service, our

PARIS REBORN

trains, our automobiles, and, above all, our telegraphy, both wireless and otherwise, make spying a tremendous factor in the conduct of a campaign. And, with our enormous centers of population, such as Paris, how is it possible to avoid the immediate communication of every bit of information about movements of troops to the enemy?

From anonymity, the conversation drifted to indemnity.

The resistance of the Belgians and the prompt entry of the British army into France have made the Parisians so confident of victory that they are already talking about the bear's skin.

The Jesuit Father has seen much of the world, and has the caution of wide experience as well as of white hair. Although he is the embodiment of patriotism and enthusiasm, he has learned to face issues squarely. So he does not say, as do most of us these days, "*When* we win," but, "*If* we win." Nor does he consider himself any the less of a patriot because he expresses himself in this way. So his opinion on the question of indemnity means more to me than those I read in the newspapers.

"By every leading of common sense," he declared, "it seems absurd to be talking about the question of indemnity before the war has begun in earnest. I have studied in Germany. I have traveled in Germany, and I know something of German activi-

ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY

ties in France, as well as in other parts of the world. With God's help, we shall keep the Germans out of our country, or, if we have to suffer another invasion, we shall in the end drive them out. We may be able in time to liberate Belgium, and to expel the Germans from our dear provinces beyond the Vosges. Seeing that we have strong allies, it is not unreasonable to dream of crossing the Rhine.

"So we are not altogether guilty of counting our chickens before they are hatched. If, at the beginning of this gigantic struggle, we speculate upon what we shall receive for the sacrifices we must make and the hardships we must endure in this war that is not of our choosing, is it not natural?"

The Jesuit Father was leaning heavily on the arm of his chair, and his head was bowed until the beard touched his breast. Some great emotion seemed to overpower him for the moment. He could not speak, or did not want to. One hand clutched his knee. The other rested upon his thigh. The Greek student and I waited in silence.

Across the garden wall from the street the cries of half a dozen *camelots* had risen above the clanking rumble of the double tramway coming up the hill on the Boulevard St. Michel. I slipped out quietly and bought a paper. In Upper Alsace, Thann has been retaken. Two French aviators

PARIS REBORN

have flown over Metz, and bombarded the Zeppelin sheds. The great battle in Belgium and Alsace from Basel to Maestricht has begun. Things look promising.

When I had read the *communiqué*, the Jesuit Father was ready to speak again.

“First of all, we must have back our Lost Provinces, Alsace and Lorraine. That comes before any question of money. During forty-four years we have waited, and over there our compatriots have waited for us. If by the treaty of peace we get a money indemnity, we must remember that there is a limit, just as Thiers said to Bismarck, to what can be extracted from a defeated nation. And there are others besides ourselves to share in the indemnity from Germany. If we get back our five billions, with interest, we shall be lucky. We can hardly hope for more than that, even if Germany is crushed.

“But this would give us back only what we lost in 1870. Can we hope for more—for some positive advantage from our victory? Yes, I think we can. France does not need money. We have always had plenty. We have plenty now. What we need is freedom from the horrible nightmare that has been hanging over us since I was a boy. I have lived all my life under the shadow of the menace of another 1870. Do you wonder that Frenchmen feel bitter against Germany? Think of these forty-four years.

ANONYMITY AND INDEMNITY

Why, it is the whole lifetime of the great majority of Frenchmen living to-day. Our elders went down to the grave under this burden. We have never been free from it. Next to Alsace and Lorraine, it is not indemnity that we look for, but guarantees against a revival of Prussian militarism.

"I feel sure that, if the French armies ever get across the Rhine, it will not be Berlin but Essen that they will have for their goal. We want to destroy from chimney top to cellar foundation every building of the Krupp factories. Our greatest joy would be to plow up this cannon-producing ground, and sow it with wheat. Would the world dare to call this vandalism or a manifestation of industrial jealousy? The dream of France is to deprive Germany of the possibility of becoming again, at least in the lifetime of the generations who are carrying the burdens of this war, a menace to our national safety."

These are the words of one of the most peaceable and saintly of Frenchmen.

The Greek student said nothing. Nor did I. Hope like this, in the midst of conflict, is too sacred for speculations or for analysis.

XII

FALSE HOPES

August nineteenth.

THIS is not *my* title for to-day's letter. It was given to me by a whole-hearted Frenchwoman who believes that the interests of France, and especially of Paris, are best conserved by a frank knowledge of what the country must face.

It is a painful commentary upon the frailty of human relationships that we all of us grow so far away from things and places and people that have in the past formed a large part of our life. Our friends of yesterday! Not all the graves are in the cemetery. Often if we have buried others and others have buried us—intentionally I use the strongest figurative expression—it is through no tangible cause on either side. How many times I have asked myself why I have drifted away from certain moorings and beyond the sound of certain voices, still respected and sometimes still loved. I find no answer. It is one of the puzzles that, if one were more introspective, would darken the path of life.

On the other hand, there are associations from

FALSE HOPES

which one never frees himself; associations, I mean, not necessarily within the circle of intimate friendship, of congenial tastes, or of common interests. Why these are kept up, one can no more satisfactorily explain to himself than he can explain why others are not.

Madame of the Pension (to several score of friends Madame's is always THE Pension, as if there were no other in Paris) is one of the people whom I go to see every so often. I just go. I like her immensely, and I have the habit. The Girl and I, pension-hunting, went into her little office off the dark hallway, altogether by chance, many years ago, carrying a five weeks' old baby—our first—and received the answer, "Of course I love babies: the darlings," to our rather faltering and fearful question. Our search was at an end. There has never been any other pension in Paris for us since then. Madame (she was Mademoiselle then) has been rewarded by an excellent husband and two children of her own, and—I hope that I am not flattering myself by calling it a reward, for my "our" includes the Girl—our friendship that has grown with the years.

If you have not lost the thread in this wandering, you may guess that Madame of the pension is the whole-hearted Frenchwoman of whom I spoke above.

I went to the pension for dinner this evening. Madame received me with her usual effusion in the

PARIS REBORN

little *bureau*. She was cheerful, full of life and conversation, unfeignedly glad to see me, ready to ask about my wife and each of my children, and—what is more important—to listen to my replies. I must tell all the news of the family, before I have the chance to ask in turn about her husband and the fortunes of the pension.

“Oh, Monsieur was called on the thirteenth day of the mobilization. He went to Alençon. No, I have had no word from him. He was glad to go, and I am happy that I had a husband to send. The pension? There were a lot of Americans, but they have all gone.” Then followed the news of the habitués, whom I have known for years. All were gone: the women to their homes in the provinces, and the men to the war. Most anxiously I asked for the Law Student, who, six years ago, used to sit at our table and tell us about his thesis for the doctorate. Later, he was a dinner guest in our several different apartments, and, while we usually had another baby to show him, he was still on that thesis. Only two months ago I found him here at the same table, and he gave me the latest news of the thesis—it had not yet been finished. Poor boy, he was called on the second day, so Madame tells me, and said good-bye with the presentiment that he would never return. But he had not forgotten to leave a message for the Girl and me. It was there in one

FALSE HOPES

of the pigeon-holes over Madame's desk. Will he come back to finish the thesis? Or will he, too, be among the sacrificed for no purpose in this horrible holocaust of human lives?

We went into the *salle à manger*. What a contrast these few weeks have made! Fifty chairs are standing on top of empty tables; only two lights are burning; lacking are the animation, laughter, shrill voices and gruff voices, in several languages, provincial and American-French dominating. Louis, who could balance a dish on each finger of each hand, and serve half a hundred people twice a day without affording any one the opportunity to grumble over delay or cold food; Louis, most skilful of prestidigitateurs and waiters (the terms are generally synonymous) is fighting the Germans to-night instead of the cook. Two tall and gloomy American women of uncertain age, who look as if they held travelers' checks in the Hamburg-America line, are the only guests. Wonder of wonders, I am a clairvoyant. For that is the reason they are still here, Madame says. Only the checks are on the North German Lloyd, which is as hopeless these days.

We sit down at Madame's table. Madame's sister, whose husband is at the war; her sister-in-law, whose husband is at the war; Madame, whose husband is at the war; and myself. Because Louis is at the war, the women jump up and down, serving

PARIS REBORN

courses in turn. But is there any less of a meal than usual? Not a bit of it. And are the husbandless Frenchwomen gloomy, like the two moneyless American women? Not a bit of it. Good sports, all of them. We toast the absent loved ones in a dusty bottle of Beaune, and have Three-Star brandy for our coffee.

It is with no somber face that Madame calls the newspaper stories false hopes, and it is without losing their smile that the others agree with her.

Things are not going well. These women you cannot fool. The Battle of Altkirch and the triumphal entry into Mulhouse were the temporary successes of an abortive raid. The French-British forward march into Belgium is not, in their opinion, a forward march at all. For what happened at Charleroi?

As Madame's personality dominates the group, she is spokeswoman for them.

"We shall win. We shall win!" she cries. Her black eyes shine like her hair. "But many a sad day is coming for France before the victory is ours. The Germans are powerful. We know that. They have been checked at Liège, and we are told that Namur is still holding out. But it is an irresistible tide. For we are not yet prepared. The mobilization is just being completed. Defensive, and not offensive, warfare must be our rôle for the present.

FALSE HOPES

We have to give the Russians time, and we have to give the British time. While we are waiting for them, it is France that will suffer. We women of France are the ones who are making the sacrifice. We are willing to make it. What is more, we know that we have to make it."

The sentences come out, one after the other, crisp and clear, and almost tumbling over each other. I never knew any one to talk as fast as Madame. Her keen mind frequently works faster than the mobile lips. She is the despair of her American clients who are "learning French."

In her excitement, Madame filled up my empty cup with a dose of brandy that would have knocked down a horse, and accentuated her words with the hilt of the bread-knife on the table. The sister and sister-in-law got in an occasional *parfaitement*, *bien sur*, and *très bien*. Before I could intersperse even a *oui*, she would start on the next sentence like an Episcopal parson reading the Psalter.

"It does not make our burden easier but rather harder, to be cradled with illusions, from which the awakening will be rude. I think the glory of our sacrifice is in our readiness to make it. This readiness has been tested. Our loved ones have gone. Who dares to say that the women of France need the exaltation of false hopes to sustain them? We are worthy—we have proved our worthiness—to know

PARIS REBORN

the truth. Knowing the truth will help us better to bear our burden."

As I went home I bought a late evening paper. Across the top there was a huge headline:

LES RUSSES A CINQ ETAPES DE BERLIN

The Russians, according to the St. Petersburg correspondents, are only five days away from Berlin, and there has been a huge reward offered for the first soldier who enters the German capital. But there is no word from Alsace or from Belgium. Our salvation is in the Russians, then?

What folly has come over our censors and our journalists? If it is to reassure the women that they commit these *bêtises* and insult in this way the intelligence and patriotism of their readers, they show a sad insight into feminine psychology. Few women are courageous in anticipation. They shrink from a future evil. But most women are heroines in realization. When the blow falls, they have more than manly strength. There is something of God in them.

So let us know what happens when it happens. The women will take it all right.

VIII

THE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS

August twenty-second.

THE other day I was lunching with the Lawyer and the American-Journalist-Who-Loves-France at the home of the Modiste. To sit at the Modiste's board and have before you any dish at all that she has prepared, is a treat, but on the day of goose stewed with turnips—words convey no meaning here. You have to taste to understand.

Conversation turned to the foreign volunteers, of whose noisy demonstrations on the first evening of the mobilization I have written. That first enthusiasm has been checked—or seemed to be so—by the declaration of the Minister of War that no volunteers, French or foreign, would be enrolled until after the mobilization was completed. This was ignoring the axiom of striking while the iron is hot. Then it was announced that the only way open to serve would be to enlist in the Foreign Legion for the length of the war. Were privately organized bands of volunteers not to be accepted in the army as separate companies? Were there to be no regi-

PARIS REBORN

ments, no companies, with distinctive uniform, serving as units distinct from those of other nations?

The Lawyer and I were of the opinion that volunteering would suffer from this cold water which had been thrown upon it, and that when the 22nd arrived (the day after general mobilization terminated) there would be fewer volunteers than followed the flags bearing inscriptions of love for France on that memorable first Sunday evening of August.

The Modiste, being a woman, could not understand that we were discussing an academic question, and were not expressing how we should feel, were we ourselves contemplating the act of volunteering.

“General Messimy is right!” she cried. “What France needs is volunteers who go into the war just as Frenchmen go into it, with the complete sinking of self into the whole. If we are to win this war, God forbid that we should fall into the German idea of organization, and make our army a machine. We want to preserve our individualism, but we must at the same time show our solidarity. We cannot accept volunteers in separate organizations of their different nationalities. If they come to us, it is as individuals, who enlist because they love France and are willing to die for France. How is it that you do not understand?”

The Journalist had been silent. His eyes were wandering up toward the ceiling, and he seemed to be

THE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS

counting on the shelves the rows of pasteboard boxes that would not be used for hats this season. The Modiste's dining-room, under ordinary circumstances, is a busy workshop for catering to the fashionables of Paris. It is only on account of the war that it is suffering this unwonted masculine invasion. The Modiste's clients are not in Paris these days, or, if they are, they are not buying Paradise plumes. The Journalist's ascetic, super-refined face, true product of Puritan ancestors and Boston, had turned almost white. The long thin fingers were nervously crumbling bread. Then he spoke.

"You are talking just to thresh out the subject in your own minds, and, as usual, you are cynical. I should do the same, I should be the same with many subjects, but not with this. The impulse that drives foreigners to volunteer for France is too sacred to be dissected. There may be more than one motive actuating individuals, there is undoubtedly a large amount of disgusting self-advertisement on the part of many who are organizing Rough-Riders and other volunteer corps, but what you do not bring out is the fact of which you are as much aware as I, because in the bottom of your heart you feel as I do. The only *foreigners* in France are tourists or those whose egoism or lack of soul-life keeps them aloof and apart from the life of this country. Potentially speaking, every man in whose brain and heart is de-

PARIS REBORN

veloped the love of that which is beautiful, has two countries: his own and France. Potentially speaking, I say; and that is why I can make of this statement a universal proposition. For, no matter where he was born, no matter what his antecedents may have been, when the man with a soul comes to live in France, and by France, you understand, I mean Paris, he is at home. If he is not at home here, he has no soul. Then, it necessarily follows that we are patriotic Frenchmen in spite of being foreigners. If we volunteer—or, I ought to say, *when* we volunteer—it is because of love, and is not the test of love the willingness to give our lives?"

On the way back to work, the Journalist accompanied us. We left the Lawyer on the Boulevard des Italiens, and went down the Rue de Richelieu to cross the Pont des Saints-Pères. For my office as well as for my residence, I still hold to the Rive Gauche.

It occurred to us both at the same moment—or was it mental suggestion from his brain to mine?—to pass by way of the Palais Royal, where the *Herald* had announced there was a recruiting office of the American Volunteer Corps.

Under the arcade, crowded in between the shops of questionable jewelers and questionable booksellers, the wee American recruiting headquarters was marked by our flag.

THE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS

The Journalist clutched my arm as we entered. I could feel in the pressure of his fingers a suggestion of his struggle for self-control.

Two Americans, not of the Journalist's type, were running the office, and a dark-haired man, whose eyes suggested a Southern and un-American origin, was presiding over the table where the recruiting slips were to be had.

The two Americans not of the Journalist's type greeted us in the idiom which is well known north of Park Row where the Elevated runs. When they discovered that we were of the world that sent daily messages to the newspapers they were quite solicitous about our having all the information "going" of the American Volunteer Corps, and the full names and antecedents of those who were organizing it.

We made, of course, the perfunctory motions of taking down the names and details. I do not give them here, for the paper has been mislaid. What interested us was the tall boy of nineteen or twenty who was having some difficulty in filling out his recruiting slip. So we moved over toward the table at which the black-eyed man was presiding.

The volunteer had a puzzled expression on his face as the recruiting officer retranslated for him a question to which he must respond. It was a simple question. But simple questions do not always have simple answers.

PARIS REBORN

“Why am I volunteering?” stammered the boy.

I interrupted.

“Put down,” I said to the recruiting officer, “this answer: ‘Because I love France and I want to help in preserving her as the beacon-light of civilization.’”

“Say, that ’s all right,” remarked the relieved volunteer. “I did n’t know what in —— to give for that one.”

The recruiting officer, when the boy had signed his name, arose ceremoniously, shook hands with the new soldier of France, and said: “Now you must turn up here every morning at eight o’clock for drill. They ’ve given us permission to use the Garden of the Palais Royal, so we shall drill here.”

The two other Americans shook hands with the volunteer, and congratulated him. So did we. As he was going out, he hesitated a moment, turned his straw hat over several times in his hands, and then asked,

“When is the grub going to begin on this deal?”

“On the 22nd,” the three answered succinctly and in chorus. They were evidently accustomed to the question. He need not have hesitated. From the boy’s face I judged the 22nd seemed a long way off. The Journalist and I flashed a look at each other, and hurried out to give him something to tide him over. But the volunteer had disappeared.

THE FOREIGN VOLUNTEERS

So had the spell over the Journalist. At least I thought so for the moment. But he was holding fast to his thesis of the luncheon table. For, when we parted at the Quai Voltaire, he remarked simply without explanation, knowing that none was needed, "I must talk it over with my wife first."

The 22nd, for which thousands of others stranded like the boy at the Palais Royal had been waiting, has come. Since the American-Journalist-Who-Loves-France went home to talk it over with his wife, I have seen notices appealing to different categories of foreigners to volunteer under the auspices of a multitude of organizations. Recruiting has been carried on actively among rich and poor, fortunate and unfortunate, educated and ignorant. Student societies of the Latin Quarter have vied with the clubs of the Boulevards and Passy and the trades-unions of Belleville and St. Denis.

The result I saw this afternoon on the Esplanade des Invalides. The fourteen Crimean veterans and the twenty-three of the Solferino campaign were taking their usual sun-bath by the cannon on the talus. But this time before their eyes was being enacted a far different drama from that of August 5. Here was an offering of human lives instead of machines: here was an outpouring of the love than which no man hath greater. There were the same *bureaux de fortune*, the same pine tables, and the same three

PARIS REBORN

chairs. But it was a dealing in flesh and blood: how great the difference!

The foreign volunteers marched into the Esplanade, following the flag of the countries which they represented. I will not enumerate the flags. Just open a geography or almanac, copy down the list of the civilized nations of the world, and you will have the nomenclature of the volunteering groups. Even the subjects of Wilhelm II and Franz Josef were not lacking in the number of those who came to join the Foreign Legion.

They marched into the Esplanade, following their own flags and in distinct groups. They marched out soldiers of France, following the flag of France. It was the complete sinking of self into the whole, as the Modiste had said it must be. The motives of volunteering may have been mixed, but the fact remains that these men have volunteered, and that what they are offering is all they have to give. I am not a cynic, and I have no right to form a judgment contrary to that of the American-Journalist-Who-Loves-France. For he is of those who march, and I am not.

XIV

PARIS PRAYS

August twenty-third.

JUST three weeks since the war started! The mobilization is now completed. France is ready for the gigantic struggle. At least we are assured that she is ready. All that has been accomplished in these weeks—the absolutely essential preparations to prevent the invader from rushing into the northern and northeastern departments—makes one realize what would have happened had the Belgians allowed a free passage to the Kaiser's hordes. The Germans would certainly have been at the gates of Paris to-day.

The initial successes of the French, the bold dash into Alsace and the occupation of the crests of the Vosges, may have been exaggerated. But they have certainly given confidence to Paris. And then there was the immediate entry of Great Britain into the fray, the unexpected ability of Liège to hold out for ten days, and the neutrality of Italy.

These weeks of mobilization have witnessed a change in public opinion from dismay and dread to

PARIS REBORN

exultation and joy and faith. Fortunately, we are finding the mean. Who does not now realize that the war is just beginning, that the enemy is formidable, that a toll of human life will be exacted great enough to make our generation notable—and terrible—in history, and that victory will come only by straining every nerve and by being prepared for every sacrifice?

It is fitting, then, that this Sunday should have been a day of prayer and fasting. The scenes at Notre Dame, the Madeleine, St. Etienne-du-Mont, Sainte-Clothilde, Saint-Roch, and other parish churches marked a new era in the religious life of France. Some went, perhaps, to mourn the death of the Pope. They were *les fidèles*, whose feet are habitually turned to the houses of prayer. But the incessant procession in one door and out of the other was largely composed of those who are accustomed to go to church only at Easter and Christmas, or to a wedding or a funeral—and then not to pray.

To-day Parisians felt that they *had* to go to church. They could not help themselves. They went silently. They came away silently. There was silence in the churches. High mass, with choir and organ, had no place in the heart of worshipers. At the altar of every chapel, and at the high altar as well, priests were celebrating in a silence only broken by the acolyte's bell. There is much in com-

PARIS PRAYS

mon between a Quaker meeting and a low mass of the Catholic church. Men do not always need words or music to worship together in the beauty of holiness—for that is silence, is it not?

The kneeling multitudes were thinking of loved ones before Namur and Nancy. Conflicting emotions of fear and hope were seeking the relief that comes through renunciation.

One mother beautifully expressed the spirit of Paris at prayer, as she came down the steps of St. Sulpice this morning. In a low, clear voice, slowly but unhesitatingly, she said,

“My boys may come back to me. I do not know. That rests with God. But I can be loyal to my country, I can get peace this day, only if I am willing to give them up. Some must die. If I pray for the safety of mine—that is selfish, and does not lift the burden from my heart. But if I pray for strength for myself to feel proud that I have sons to give for my country, and for strength for them to do their duty in the hour of battle, then I know that the Other Mother who gave her Son has heard me, and there is joy even in tears.”

Usque ad aras. Since that idea has gained root, will those who hold it fail to endure—and win?

XV

THE FIRST DISILLUSIONMENT

August twenty-fourth.

I HAVE not been able to make head or tail out of the official bulletins since August fifteenth.

Ten days ago the French army entered Belgium by Charleroi and the British troops were disembarked at Ostend. The *communiqué* of the fifteenth said a decisive battle would be fought within a week. On the sixteenth we read that there was a great success at Dinant, that the Germans were demoralized, that many of them wanted to make themselves prisoners, that the soldiers captured declared the war absurd, told of protests and uprisings in many German cities, and complained of hunger. On the seventeenth the Germans were repulsed on the Meuse in Belgium. On the eighteenth they retreated in disorder from the Vosges, and the *communiqué* quoted General Joffre as saying that "the Germans were completely disorganized." On the twentieth Mulhouse was reoccupied by the French; and the Russians inflicted another "crushing defeat" upon the Germans, although there was this mystifying passage

THE FIRST DISILLUSIONMENT

in the *communiqué*: "Within a hundred kilometers around Warsaw there are no more German cavalry . . . Communication by railway between Warsaw and Kielce is reëstablished." This was the first we had heard of the French withdrawing once from Mulhouse and of the German invasion of Poland! On the twenty-first the Germans were reported to have fallen back in Alsace upon the Rhine, and only one small French village was in the enemy's possession.

But on August twenty-second, the change began to come in the news. The French army invading Lorraine "continued to fall back on Nancy before superior forces." On the twenty-third it seemed that Namur was partially invested, that the Belgian army had withdrawn to Antwerp, and the German scouts were advancing in the direction of Ghent and the French frontier. Last night's *communiqué* declared: "It is certain that if our losses in the course of these three last days have been serious, those of the Germans have been equally serious."

This morning Paris was stirred by the publication of an article in the *Matin*, signed by Senator Gervais, in which the French retreat from Lorraine was admitted. More than this, the reason given for the retreat was that a portion of the Fifteenth Division had shown cowardice and had drawn the whole division into a precipitate backward movement. Sen-

PARIS REBORN

ator Gervais specifically named the regiments from Toulon, Marseilles, and Aix as those responsible for the retreat. In conclusion, the Senator declared that severe measures of repression had been taken against the soldiers who had dishonored their country and caused disaster.¹

I walked blocks to buy a copy of the *Matin* this morning. Everybody was "out." All Paris was reading the *Matin*.

This is the first admission, from an authoritative source, that our armies have suffered defeat. After the rosy hue of the *communiqués* of the past few days, after the widespread belief in the collapse of Germany's house of cards, after the prophecies of a triumphal entry into Berlin before Christmas — what a disillusionment for us!

But the attitude of Paris in the face of this first bad news is admirable beyond expression. I believe that no people could have taken their medicine better. Considering that yesterday the talk was all about the invasion of Germany and that to-day the probability of the German invasion of France is before us, the acceptance by the public of the new situation with calmness and unflinching determination to believe still in General Joffre and his army makes

¹As a result of this ill-advised publication, the *Matin* has been boycotted in the cities mentioned. As late as Christmas the *vendeuses* of the *kiosques* in Marseilles have been known to handle roughly the unsuspecting traveler who dared to ask for the *Matin*.

THE FIRST DISILLUSIONMENT

one confident that Paris will keep herself in hand, come what may.

Aside from the fact that the letter of Senator Gervais revealed that all was not well with the French military operations, there was also a grave breach on the part of the *Matin* of the journalistic pledge to observe the policy of anonymity. A specific division was named and regiments of that division held up for disgrace.

It is bad enough for Senator Gervais to insult unjustly cities of southern France, whose soldiers are as brave as any who are fighting on the battlefields of Europe to-day. It is worse if "severe measures of repression" are taken against the survivors of the regiments that faltered. The psychology of battles is so delicate that what happened in Lorraine to these regiments might have happened anywhere to any regiments. Stampedes are often caused by accidents beyond the control of the will of the individuals caught in their vortex. It stands to reason that if both sides always, under all circumstances, stuck to their posts to the bitter end, armies would be annihilated and war would not be what it is.

Instead of being made examples of, what these boys of Provence need is an affectionate word from their commanding officers. More effective than shooting them down would be the arm of the officer around the frightened men, and a pat on the back

PARIS REBORN

to reassure them. There is no man who at some time in his life has not shown the white feather.¹ It is only when it happens twice, and by his own will, that he can be called "coward."

¹ For an example which shows the injustice of Senator Gervais to the soldiers of the Midi, the panic among the immortal brigade of the 5th and 7th Hussars of Lasalle in 1806 can be cited. These were war-hardened troops, of unquestioned—and many times tested—bravery.

XVI

SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK

August twenty-seventh.

IT has been a psychological mistake to feed us with news of victories, and to suppress news of reverses. Since last Friday, by one of those weird telepathic instincts to which people as a community are sensible, we have become anxious and depressed. We are irritated. From the boy in the passage by the Gare Saint Lazare who shines my shoes to the Senator of the Rue Babylone who sits among the *Immortels* every Thursday afternoon, I find the same sentiment of disgust with the censorship. "We are not children!" cries the bootblack. "We are not children!" echoes the Academician.

When the gong rang at five minutes of four this afternoon, I was glad to turn in the manuscript upon which I was working, and I noticed a similar alacrity on the part of other readers at the Bibliothèque Nationale. We all hurried out into the Rue de Richelieu, and made straight for the *kiosque* across the street on the corner of the Square Louvois. A dozen musty subjects of past centuries were forgotten in

PARIS REBORN

an instant. We spent our sous for the little single sheets they call newspapers these days, and turned as if we had been in long training to the column containing the last *communiqué*, as the official bulletin is called. *Rien de nouveau*—nothing new. This has been our chorus for days. Wait a minute. **NAMUR STILL HOLDS OUT!** Why, we did not know that Namur was besieged. **THE GERMANS DRIVEN BACK FROM MALINES!** Is not Malines near Antwerp? How could the Germans have got there?

It is something like this every day. And a dozen men, whose business in life is to find evidence that will overthrow the theories of some fellow who has written on their particular subject long ago and to gain a reputation by proving him wrong in the eyes of the world, go their different homeward ways, wondering if the present is n't as perplexing as the past, and whether the Censor does not afford as interesting an object of attack as the long-dead German scholars whose impeccability they are trying to destroy.

I take to the Grands Boulevards between four and five as an antidote to what I have been burying my nose in during the better part of the summer day. I fear sometimes that I may forget the truth and joy of *nihil humani a me alienum puto* more than that I may have to wear spectacles. So I take to the Grands Boulevards, spend an occasional hour in a *cinéma*, gaze into the shop windows and seek out an



At a kiosk on the Grands Boulevards. Buying the latest *communiqué*

SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK

apéritif-addicted friend who is no more interested in my fourteenth-century history than I am in his steel rails f.o.b. Pittsburgh.

I go the length of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Boulevard de la Madeleine without meeting any one I know. Paris is thinning out these days. The Artist had to go home to his wife. I reconciled myself to his departure because it was necessary. But how about those that deserted the ship before the first leak had sprung? How about the others who are getting ready now to desert it if the real news is what we fear it is? I can tell from the faces of those I pass that the old axiom of "no news is good news" has no acceptance in Paris.

Of the many cafés on the Rue Royale, the dullest of them all (before midnight) is the one best known to Americans. It is equally dull after midnight, because it is so evidently a "plant" for the stranger within our gates. But these days there is no after midnight. Maxim's is in the depths. Its terrace is never much frequented, so I am surprised to find the Pasha sitting there. His pasty face is expressionless; the fleshy bags under his eyes do not quiver a bit; and the curve of his nose is as mournful as a crow's in a cornfield before the spring sowing. He fingers his glass by its fragile stem, turning it around on the saucer, and gazes out into the deserted street as if there were nothing in his mind or there.

PARIS REBORN

Certainly there is nothing of interest in the street, usually so animated at this hour. Here I was, almost at the Hotel Crillon, and I had not been tempted anywhere to sit down. There was n't even a pretty girl carrying a box that unmistakably indicated its contents and her profession, whose looks and dress demonstrated her superiority and attraction to the demi-mondaine with rings that the honest toil of a milliner's lifetime would not suffice to purchase.

There was nothing in the street. But one would do injustice to the Pasha to believe that there could be nothing in his mind. A mystery of a parasitical and lazy stock, like that of the landowning Turks, is that it has given to the world keen, alert men who have failed to become giants in the domain of mind only by the hopeless lack of opportunity afforded by their governmental and social system. Some Pashas may be fools: but not this one.

This was not steel rails f.o.b. Pittsburgh, but it was just as welcome. So I greeted him.

"May I be permitted two questions, *Excellence?*" I asked, and without waiting for the permission continued, as I grasped a cordially outstretched hand: "A—Why do you sit in front of Maxim's, and B—What makes you look so much sadder than usual?"

"I shall answer A, and prove the sincerity of my answer by action while I answer," he said, rising

SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK

from his seat. "One alone might as well sit here as anywhere, but now that you have come, let us go on up the street to Weber's. When we get there, I shall answer B."

Weber's was full. No table. Ah! there was the Lawyer, shoveling ice into a *vermouth-cassis* with his left hand, for the right was gesticulating wildly under the nose of a French cavalry officer. Two more chairs were produced from somewhere, and the Pasha appealed to the Lawyer and the Cavalry Officer.

"Do I look sadder than usual?" he asked. "I do not object to the adjective, but only to the comparative degree. I lost the physiognomical ability of ever looking sadder when I sat with my soldiers in the trenches at Tchataldja, trying to prevent them from getting cholera by forbidding them to eat raw vegetables and at the same time to pacify the call of their stomachs by promises that bread would certainly come from Stamboul before nightfall."

The Lawyer and the Cavalry Officer looked at each other. "When your mind is agitated by something bad, there is always the relief of something worse that has already actually happened to comfort you," almost whispered the Cavalry Officer. The Lawyer shot him a swift glance of sympathy.

The Pasha continued: "This takes me back to those evenings at Tokatlian's in Pera less than two

PARIS REBORN

years ago when you used to come hovering around to get our interpretation of the *communiqués* of the *Agence Ottomane*." The Pasha was looking at me. "We did n't know what was going on, and you knew that we did n't know, and that nobody knew. Yet there was always the question—What do you think? Now here we are up against the same old problem in Paris. The *communiqués* do not communicate: *ergo*, rumors are breeding fast. The less news in the papers, the more *canards* in the air. Into these long blank places in our journals we read far more fantastic and disquieting things than what was actually there, struck out by the pencil of a foolish censor who was afraid that the truth might have 'a bad effect upon the people.'"

The Cavalry Officer got ahead of the Lawyer with a quick exclamation of approval. "If that was true for Constantinople, it holds doubly true for Paris. I know my people. There is no mean possible, unless we have both extremes at once. To keep us where we ought to be in frame of mind we should have good and bad news on the same page: God knows there are both in store for us at this very moment! A donkey, placed at equal distance from two bales of hay, could n't make up his mind which to tackle: so he stood still and went hungry. We need to be like that donkey now. Elation, whether justified or not, is dangerous at the beginning of a gigantic

SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK

struggle, such as this is bound to be. So is depression. To avoid both of these extremes, let us have good news and bad news at the same time."

I agreed.

But the Lawyer shook his head. He did more than that: he shook both hands, and brought them down on the table with a force that startled our glasses.

"On the contrary, on the contrary. All three of you are wrong. You don't understand. Let me explain. Your fundamental error is this. You assume that everybody has your brains, your training, your mental poise. You think of how you feel, and say I AM THE PUBLIC. You are not. You belong to an exotic one per cent., and have no more right to speak for the Public than you have to speak for the Germans.

"The Public is a child, a little child, a baby in arms, and if it has developed any instincts, any tendencies at all, they are feminine. You protect and shield a baby from shock; you feed it milk as you feed it medicine—in small doses. Anything pleasant, anything happy, you let the child see and share with it. If you possibly can, and to the last minute, you keep evil from the child. You talk about psychology. The Censor thinks more logically than you do. He knows well that harm is wrought not by evil itself, but by the anticipation of evil.

PARIS REBORN

Canards, less true than the facts, about what is going to happen, or more exaggerated than the facts, do less harm than the facts. Half who hear them say, 'Well, they may not be true—they're *canards*, after all.' The other half would get excited no matter what did or did not happen. But the facts, if unfavorable, work on the nerves of the Public, and, when the blow falls, the Public is less able to bear up than if the blow came unexpectedly."

I began immediately to muster up arguments to combat the Lawyer's position. But the Pasha and the Cavalry Officer were agreeing with him, and I could not get myself heard. These lawyers certainly have a way with them.

We four dined together. The conversation turned into other channels. The Pasha's story of what happened at Kirk Kilisseh and Lule Burgas I may repeat another time. It does not belong here. We were all of us thankful for the diversion. But I venture to say that the Lawyer, the Cavalry Officer, and the Pasha himself are going to bed to-night with the same questions in their head that I have in mine. WHERE ARE THE GERMANS REALLY? HAVE THEY BROKEN THROUGH? ARE THEY PARIS-BOUND?

For, on my way home, I read the latest *communiqué*. It says: "The Franco-British lines have been *slightly* brought backwards; the resistance con-

SILENCE: FOR THE CENSOR IS AT WORK

tinues. . . . In the meantime, the Russians are marching on the roads of Eastern Prussia, and Germany is invaded." And, more significant than the *slight* retreat of our armies is the announcement that the Cabinet has resigned, and that Viviani has formed a new Cabinet with Briand, Delcassé, Ribot, Millerand, Sembat, and Guesde for additional colleagues. This is certainly "a Ministry of National Defense." Is history going to repeat itself? After 1870, 1914?

Only six days ago, the official *communiqués* boasted: "It is pleasant to state that there is no longer a single point of French territory occupied by the enemy, save a slight bit at Audun-le-Roman."

But—"the Russians are advancing on Berlin." Cold comfort this. I do not believe it, and I find that I am not alone. As my concierge puts it, "It is not the Russian advance on Berlin, but the German advance on Paris that interests us."

XVII

THE AFRICAN TROOPS PASS THROUGH

August twenty-ninth.

I AM glad these days that I am living on the "Boul Mich." It is a direct thoroughfare from north to south, and is thus a favorite route for troops going to the front.

Last night I had hardly finished dinner when a hubbub in the street drew me to the door. For over two hours I stood on the sidewalk, with interest never flagging, as regiments from Africa passed, and received a greeting from the people of Paris. They started about eight o'clock to go through our boulevard. Long after I had gone to bed, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the asphalt, the jangle of harness and creaking of wheels of the gun-carriages, the laughter and cheers of the spectators, and the quick repartee of the soldiers.

I cannot help feeling that the French will regret the introduction of large bodies of African troops into the war on European soil. If the Allies are honestly anxious to avoid sullyng their arms with the atrocities of which they accuse the Germans, they

THE AFRICAN TROOPS PASS THROUGH

will not fail to see the mistake of this move. It is only dire necessity—and perhaps the desire to forestall an appeal of the Germans to Islam through their alliance with the Khalif at Constantinople—that could have dictated this move.

The Battle of Leipzig, which brought about the downfall of Napoleon's military power, has been called the Battle of Nations. All Europe was involved in that struggle. But 1914 is going to mark a new epoch in the history of the world, for the composition of the battle-line between the Marne and Aisne will see gathered under the British and French flags soldiers from every continent in the world.

Let them come in hordes, the volunteers from Spanish America and Canada and Australia. These are white men. They have the right to shed their blood in deciding the destinies of Europe. Europe is their mother, both as to blood and as to civilization. But what can we say of the Moroccans, the Berbers, the Senegalese, the Hindus, the Sikhs, the Sepoys, the Gurkhas, the Afghans, and the Burmese? It would have been well if the Hague Convention had forbidden Colonials, other than of pure European blood, to be employed in wars upon the continent of Europe. The French have always bitterly opposed this. Their corps of African sharpshooters did valiant service against the Prussians in 1870. Now, more than ever, does France feel that she must

PARIS REBORN

rely upon her African subjects to help in reducing her great numerical inferiority to the Germans. Great Britain, too, smarts under the handicap of her ridiculously small trained army, and seeks to increase her forces by calling in her troops from India.

Perhaps I am wrong. It may be the part of wisdom to use this opportunity for emphasizing the solidarity of all the elements—especially the Moslem element—in the Colonial empires of France and Great Britain. But God help the Germans when they fall into the hands of these Turcos! It may be a foolish misgiving. But I could not watch them pass towards the Gare du Nord without the fear that the flags of the Powers of western Europe may be dishonored before the year is over.

The Parisians are not thinking of such an eventuality. What I saw last night is sufficient proof of the enthusiasm with which this aid is being received and the confidence which it inspires. These are dark days, indeed, for Paris. Who knows but what the Turcos may prove a tower of strength in the defense of the city? When we come to the elemental considerations of self-defense, "Necessity knows no law."

There must have been two divisions, one of Senegalese and the other of Turcos. They were a sharp contrast to the regiments of reservists we have become accustomed to see. Instead

THE AFRICAN TROOPS PASS THROUGH

of the pale faces of city men, torn from the desk and the counter to shoulder arms, here were swarthy warriors, covered with dust and grime. They swung along with a gait, in which the nonchalance of their French officers was mingled with the suppleness of the savage, and the habitude of the professional soldier.

The delight at the ovation they received was that of children. Every one had something to give, tobacco, beer and wine in bottles, cakes of chocolate, flowers, and—where the purse was lacking—the heart of the *midinette*, more *gamine* on the “Boul Mich” than anywhere else in Paris, bestowed kisses regardless of color.

Officers smiled gaily, and waved their hand at every pretty girl. No sharp word was spoken when a soldier left the line and made a dive through the crowd to a door, where a beaming shopkeeper held out offerings from his stock. From the saddles of officers, from the barrels of soldiers’ rifles, bunches of flowers sprouted. On one soldier’s back cakes of chocolate protruded from his extra pair of boots. At another’s belt dangled a choice sausage, hitting his bayonet sheath at every step.

The Turcos made good use of their limited French. They were hoarse from responding to the *Au revoir*, *Bon courage*, *Bonne chance*, *Sus à Guillaume*, and other sentiments of the crowd. They assured the

PARIS REBORN

Parisians that they would "eat the Germans," and that Wilhelm's day would be over when they reached the front.

We do not know where the Germans are, but we are sure they are near. At any moment, the bombardment may begin. Before they attack Paris, however, they will have to fight a colossal battle. To us, accustomed to think of the march of soldiers as the monotonous routine of a machine, and of impending disaster as something that weighs down the heart and makes the face sad and words few, the scenes of the "Boul Mich" last night afford a revelation of character and of temperament far different from ours. The passing of these Turcos, going to their death at a critical moment in the history of the world—for I cannot too strongly emphasize my belief that Paris is France, and that France is the world—would seem to the Anglo-Saxon an event whose outlines were to be faithfully drawn only by a sober description of a silent and tearful reception.

That is not the way of Paris. The nature of the Parisian is eternal youth, where laughter and tears come in quick succession. The tears, however, are only the passing cloud, for Paris is always full of sunshine, full of hope. Death and disaster are borne with a spirit we would do well to emulate.

The superficial observer calls fickleness what is

THE AFRICAN TROOPS PASS THROUGH

really heroism. How much more life holds for the community that knows how to laugh, that does laugh, even when the tide is adverse, and leaves to the morrow its burden of suffering and horror.

XVIII

THE TAUBEN¹ BRING US NEWS

August thirtieth.

AT the time of the advance of the Bulgarians on Constantinople two years ago, we who were in the Turkish capital did not realize that the Turks had been defeated in Thrace until hordes of frightened refugees began to fill the streets of old Stamboul. They gave the lie eloquently and irrefutably to the official *communiqués*. We have some refugees in Paris. They are said to be all Belgians. Yesterday, however, I saw some who admitted that they had come from Lille.

But if we wanted proof that the Government has withheld news of reverses from us, it was furnished to-day in a romantic and dramatic fashion. Perhaps it has been accompanied by tragedy. That I have not yet been able to ascertain.

Shortly after noon a German aviator, flying at the height of six thousand feet, was seen appearing

¹ The *Taube* is a type of German aëroplane. The French have adopted the word.

THE TAUBEN BRING US NEWS

from the direction of Montmartre. He came over the city as far as the Gare du Nord, to destroy which he let fall three bombs. A pennant of the German colors, eight feet long and weighted by a sand bag, fell in the Rue des Vinaigriers. It bore the message:

“The German army is at the gates of Paris. There is nothing for you to do except surrender. Lieutenant von Heidssen.”

The Germans have devised a startling method for giving us information not yet published by our newspapers. Is it any truer than what our journals tell us? An aëroplane can come a long distance. The aviator may have started his daring flight in Belgium, for all we know.

Paris has taken this first omen of evil days with remarkable *sang-froid*. Among the people, I find neither depression nor nervousness. There is no tendency to attach importance to this raid.

To-night I dined in a boulevard café with two volunteers of the Foreign Legion in training at Revil. The Irishman, whom I had barely seen except in *tablier* or *redingote*, looked more like comic opera than stern reality in cowhide boots, baggy red trousers, flapping overcoat, and a *képi* that hardly covered half of the shock of black hair surmounting his engaging grin. You see my eyes have followed him from foot to head rather than from head to foot.

PARIS REBORN

But with the Irishman, one always comes back to the grin—that grin in which nose and eyes are indissolubly associated with the mouth.

If the Irishman looked out of fit in his French outfit, what shall I say of the Norwegian, who has been for so long the Irishman's companion-at-brushes in a famous little studio of the Rue Vercingétorix and who is now his companion-at-arms? The Norwegian (he comes from Iowa, if you please) has a northland face, on which is the stamp of southland refinement. If I did not know that he was a painter, I would take him for a college professor who fed on Emerson and Robert Louis Stevenson, and who could be accused of having a longer row of poets on his bookshelves than of the authorities in the field in which he professed.

There was no gloom in the restaurant. That was because every table was like our own. These were *real folks* eating around us, to whom the events of the day were matters of fact, to be accepted and faced, rather than to be rejected and run away from. They were folks who had work to do, and were doing it. They had not time to think of bombs falling upon them. It is only the empty head that has room for imaginary fears. Having done their day's work, these honest Parisians were enjoying the reward of it in a well-cooked and well-washed-down meal.



In the Garden of the Tuileries. A Taube had paid its usual six o'clock visit

THE TAUBEN BRING US NEWS

In such an atmosphere we felt at home, the Irishman, the Norwegian, and I. We read the evening *communiqué* which announced that the houses within the zone of action of the Paris forts were to be razed, and so to be evacuated within four days. Our military governor is certainly taking Lieutenant von Heidssen at his word, in so far as the first sentence of his message to Paris goes. But he believes, as we all believe, that, even if the Germans are at our gates, *there is something else to do but surrender!*

When we talked of the German aviator who dared to fly over Paris, the Irishman raised his glass.

"Far be it from one wearing the uniform that I wear to drink to the health of a German. But I cannot help wishing good luck to the first German invader of Paris. Mighty fine flying that! I admire the rascal's nerve, and am sorry that he had to be a *Boche*.¹ Here 's to him!"

The Irishman expressed the prevailing sentiment of Parisians this evening. Would n't Von Heidssen be surprised if he knew that those whom he came to frighten are surreptitiously toasting him?

September second.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—the German aviators have come to regard their visit to

¹ *Boche* is the slang word in Paris for Germans.

PARIS REBORN

Paris a part of their daily routine. We are getting to know the *Tauben*.

A few minutes ago, above the rattle of the typewriter as I was dictating a statement that the patrol organization of the Army Aviation Corps is now so well organized that further visits from German aëroplanes are impossible, I heard the unmistakable whirr of a propeller, followed by shot after shot. My secretary and I stopped short: we ran to the window. There, right above us, flying so low that we could see the two men piloting her, a *Taube* sailed calmly over the Boulevard Saint Michel. Above the Ecole des Mines the glistening machine made a beautiful turn to avoid the shots that were coming from the Val-de-Grâce, and flew back in the direction of the north.

There is still the unwilling tribute to the daring of the enemy's airmen. But I can no longer drink a toast to them as I did with the Irishman on Sunday night. For their exploits have included deliberately murderous bomb-throwing. No military advantage has been gained by these bombs. Innocent non-combatants, women and children, have been struck down upon the streets. Why did this have to be? Why has daring that wrested unwilling admiration from all been marred in this way?

Now that we see the reason for these raids, we despise the spirit which prompted them. We pity

THE TAUBEN BRING US NEWS

the mentality of those who planned and executed them.

These airmen have come over our city in order to scare us, to strike terror into our hearts, to cause the people to rise up and demand peace in order that Paris may be spared a bombardment.

But this purpose has not been accomplished. When the fourth daily visitor interrupted our work a few minutes ago, I put on my hat and hurried out into the street to see how the airman's visit affected the people. On the Boulevard Saint Michel, on the Boulevard Saint Germain, and on the quays, every one was looking towards the *Taube*, now a speck upon the horizon over Sacré Cœur. If there was excitement, it was because some claimed still to see the machine, and were soundly rating the stupidity of those who could not see it still and maintained that it had disappeared. What comments I heard were prompted by indignation and curiosity and by disgust for the inability of our aviators to prevent the raid.

Fear? I saw no signs of it.

When the aëroplane had *certainly* disappeared, the Parisians went back to their work or to their *apéritifs*. Newspapers were opened again, and fresh cigarettes lit. The *Taube* had gone. Why think more about it?

But this evening some have thought more—and

PARIS REBORN

will think more through the lonely years ahead.
For lifeless forms have been lifted from the streets,
and many a family, care-free an hour ago, is
gathered in the death-chamber of a loved one.

XIX

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES US

September third.

LAST night it was so warm that the Lawyer and I, who had planned to go out to the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré to see how the people around the Place des Ternes were taking things, got no farther than the Place de la Concorde. We waited there with the expectant crowd until a *Taube* had paid the usual six o'clock visit, and then went to sit in the Jardin des Tuileries beside the fountain of the larger basin. Dead leaves had already fallen on the ground, and despite the heat there was something of autumn in the air. Nurses had taken their charges home, and the only children around were the poor little devils who were trying to make a few sous selling *La Presse*, *L'Intransigeant*, and *La Liberté*.

After settling ourselves as comfortably as we could on the iron chairs the monopolists of Paris gardens rent to you, the Lawyer took out the *Temps* that he had bought at a boulevard *kiosque* when he left his office an hour ago. He had not yet unfolded

PARIS REBORN

it. We did n't expect anything new. The *communiqués* for several days have been works of art. What remarkable skill in the combination of meaningless phrases! They are worthy of the Sioux City dealer's description of a job lot of horses he had repatriated from a Chicago tramway stable, and was palming off as "just arrived from the ranch." So we opened the paper indifferently.

There was nothing in the *communiqué* except that the English had taken ten cannon from the German cavalry in the forest of Compiègne, that the Germans had "only a curtain of troops" in front of Belfort, and news from Belgium that parts of several German army corps were returning to Germany. Oh, I forgot! There was also a note that the Minister of War had visited the wounded at the Val-de-Grâce, and that the Russians had had another great victory in Galicia.

As has been our wont these days, we turned the *communiqué* upside down and inside out. The Germans in the forest of Compiègne looked interesting: that the German cavalry were traveling with cannon was more interesting. If there was "only a curtain of troops" before Belfort, why were they allowed to remain there, and where was the rest of the German army? The Minister of War at Val-de-Grâce? Oh, damn! A Russian victory in Galicia? Two damns!

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES US

The Lawyer and I were reading together. Simultaneously, when we had thus finished the *communiqué*, our eyes caught a large proclamation on the back page of the *Temps*, warning the population of Paris that gatherings on public highways and seditious cries would be punished to the full rigor of martial law: for Paris must remember that the state of siege is in force.

"*Tiens!*" I exclaimed. "To-morrow is the anniversary of Sedan. What mischief are they expecting?"

The Lawyer turned a cold but knowing eye from the *Temps* to me. "More likely the Government has skeedaddled or is skeedaddling this evening, and they want to break the news gently."

Three hours before, when the Young American Art Student told me in the *Metro* that the Government was going to Bordeaux, or had already gone, I asked him if he really believed a *canard* like that. I did n't ask the Lawyer. There is something about the Lawyer that makes you think he knows what he is talking about.

This morning my concierge called to me as I was going out for breakfast, "Look on the wall of the Ecole des Mines the first thing you do."

I crossed the street with a presentiment of something important. Had the Young American Art Student and the Lawyer been right?

PARIS REBORN

There it was, posted in characters as bold as the words they formed:

ARMY OF PARIS!

INHABITANTS OF PARIS!

The members of the Government of the Republic have left Paris in order to give a new impetus to the national defense.

I have received the order to defend Paris against the invader.

This order I will carry out to the end.

PARIS, September third, 1914.

*The Military Governor of Paris,
Commanding the Army of Paris.*

GALLIENI.

Quite à la Parisienne, there were other *affiches*. A long, high-sounding proclamation, signed by President Poincaré, Premier Viviani, and the members of the Cabinet; a proclamation of the Prefect of the Seine; and the reassuring announcement of some ass of a Deputy to the effect that, while others fled, he felt it his duty, like Casabianca, to remain on the burning deck.

It took some time to go through these *affiches*. While I stood glued to the pavement in front of them, other passers-by joined me in reading a new chapter in the history of France. They were all working people like myself, a pushcart woman on the way to the Halles Centrales, a butcher's boy, a

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES US

gardener in the Luxembourg, a wreck of an artist or professor (it is n't always easy in the Latin Quarter to distinguish), *ouvriers* in their blouses, loafers, and women of various kinds. From their remarks, as well as from the fresh paste, I gathered that the *affiches* had just been posted.

My *entourage* was representative of the Paris of seven A. M., which is the Paris that really counts. None was alarmed, none astonished, and, as I am trying here to record what actually happened and how people actually felt, I must state that work-a-day Paris pays little attention to the President's proclamation, and says *très bien* to the terse announcement of General Gallieni rather than to the verbosity of those from whom he received the "order to defend Paris against the invader." But the chief manifestation was hilarious amusement over the emulator of Casabianca, who signed himself
GEORGES BERRY.

September fourth.

Forty-four years ago to-day, the news of the crushing defeat of Sedan caused the overthrow of the Second Empire. By this sudden and foolish move on the part of the Parisian populace, France was weakened as much as if she had lost a second Sedan. How different the struggle might have turned out, if all parties had rallied loyally around

PARIS REBORN

the Empress-Regent Eugénie's Cabinet, in spite of its mistakes and the mistakes of the Cabinet it had replaced; how different if France had faced Bismarck and Europe united! Internal political strife, rather than the loss of battles, has been the cause of France's military weakness and of her diplomatic defeats. Perhaps it was the feeling that civil strife would again come to their help when their armies pressed victoriously towards Paris that encouraged the Germans to enter upon this war.

It would be foolish to deny the palpable fact that Frenchmen are at this minute divided by as deep and as bitter political feuds as they have ever known in the past. There are parties in opposition to each other, intriguing and interfering with the smooth running of the governmental machine at this critical moment. To what can we attribute the removal of M. Hennion as Prefect of Police? To what can we attribute the scarcely veiled criticisms of M. Clemenceau and others, as soon as things began to go wrong with the initial plan of campaign?

However, the Germans are going to be disappointed this time. If they have based their calculations on a revolution in Paris, the Government has anticipated this, and has gone to Bordeaux before it is really certain that Paris can or will be invested. For the first time in history—that is, since the days of Charles VII and Jeanne d'Arc—France has been

THE GOVERNMENT LEAVES US

clear-headed enough to dissociate the fortunes of the capital and the fortunes of the country. Paris, then, is not France. If the Germans come here, they will have as hollow and disastrous a triumph as that which awaited Napoleon at Moscow.

In the first place, patriotism has dominated political passions. There will be strife, perhaps an attempt at revolution in France, even if final victory is to France. But this political strife, I am glad to be able to say with conviction, will not come *as long as a German soldier is upon French soil*. All parties have determined, hard as it is for them to control their natural instincts, that they will stand by this present government until the invader has gone.

In the second place, it has dawned upon the French that their military and political fortunes do not necessarily stand or fall by the fate of their capital. This has been so often in the past the enervating cause of defeat. There are some who are wise enough, at this time, to advocate the sacrifice of pride and Paris. They say with sagacity and clairvoyance: "Let us not base all our hopes upon Paris, let us not make the pivot of our resistance to the Germans the keeping of them out of the capital."

Our natural instinct is to feel that the most sacred duty of the army at the present hour is the defense of Paris. But may there not be a superior tactical

PARIS REBORN

consideration which would forbid the risk of the shutting up of the French army in this city? Paris cannot well be defended unless the General Staff is willing to take this risk.

If, on the other hand, they are wise enough to withdraw across the Marne, keeping the army intact, the capture of Paris from the military point of view would hardly help the Germans: for its moral effect would be great upon the French *only if the French had beforehand set all their hopes upon the defense of the capital.*

In view of the stake which Russia and Great Britain have in common with France in this war, it is difficult to see how the capture of Paris would effect the general situation. Only one nation in the world is liable to be fooled by such a specious victory. That is Turkey.

If the Turkish Cabinet is influenced by the German march on Paris to cast in its fortunes with Germany and Austria-Hungary, it will be a step in advance for civilization. Turkey should commit suicide at this favorable time: for the carving of the bird can be best undertaken when the general European settlement is made after this war!



LE PONT MARIE

When the aéroplanes had certainly disappeared, the people went back to their work

XX

THE FROUSSARDS

September fourth.

WHEN I wrote that the Parisians took the coming of the aëroplanes calmly, I was, of course, speaking of *real folks*, of the million and a half or more who have work to do, and who would soon stop eating if they stopped working. I have refrained from mentioning the *froussards* until I had time to watch their antics and could express myself intelligently concerning that sad phenomenon, that manifestation of mob spirit, which some are declaring is a panic.

Unfortunately, the one scared man makes more noise and attracts more attention than the nine who are not scared: consequently, I suppose there is much in the American newspapers about the panic in Paris ever since last Sunday, when the first of the *Tauben* paid us a visit.

The overwhelming majority, *overwhelming majority, I say*, of the people who live in Paris have not been scared, are not scared, and will not be scared. If one limits his observation (as do most of our

PARIS REBORN

foreign newspaper men) to the region of the Etoile, the Place de l'Opéra, the Place d'Iéna, the Bourse and the Place Vendôme, and to the railway stations and streets leading to certain city gates, he concludes that Paris is very much upset these days, and that there is a mad rush to get away to safety. But if he walks, as I have walked, every afternoon since the so-called panic began, on the Rive Gauche between St. Germain and the outer boulevards, around the Bastille, Belleville, Buttes-Chaumont and other places where lives the Paris that is not affected by the income tax, he sees no sign—*none at all*—of panic.

On the Rue Mouffetard, the Rue St. Antoine, the Avenue d'Orléans, the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, the Rue de Belleville, the outer end of the Rue de Vaugirard—you see I am skipping all over Paris—it is not as on the Avenue Henri Martin and the Avenue d'Iéna. Instead of grave butlers handing powdered ladies, lap dogs, fat bourgeois *rentiers*, and a minimum of luggage which is more than the ninety-nine per cent's maximum, into luxurious limousines, the outdoor inspirers of *Louise* are crying all sorts of delicious vegetables and fruits, meats and dairy products, denizens of sea and air that no longer swim or fly. The Paris that works is buying, for the evening meal that will be cooked deliciously on the little gas stove or brazier and eaten as on any of the other three-hundred-and-sixty-four days of this or

THE FROUSSARDS

any other year, the wares in the pushcarts of the *marchandes des quatre saisons*.

But I am not writing to-day about the Paris that works. We take no credit for not being scared. If you have no money other than that which you earn from day to day, if running away from your job never enters your head because there is not the price of the railway ticket and because there is no other job (and a job you must have in order to eat) at the other and unknown end of the flight, are you brave or merely sensible?

This morning my secretary brought with her to the office another English girl who came to ask my advice about remaining in Paris.

I said to her, "Are you dependent upon your situation here for your livelihood?"

She answered, "Yes."

Then I asked, "If you go away from Paris do you think it will be easy to get another place?"

She answered, "No."

I did not have to hesitate in advising her. I gave her the same advice my secretary and I were both exemplifying. I said, "Stick to your job."

She is sticking. So are we, and so are a million and a half other Parisians. Our reason for doing so is patent. There is the whole thing in a nutshell!

I must get back to these *froussards*. I am not going to attempt to explain what the word means. If

PARIS REBORN

you don't know already, you will before you have finished this letter.

The newspapers have not told us where the German army is and what are the chances of success in repelling the invasion. One knows better in New York than in Paris what is actually taking place on the battlefield. But we have many other indications of the approach of the Germans than the silence of the newspapers. First of all it was the refugees. Their stories could not be censored. Then the daily appearance of German aëroplanes, and the withdrawal of the Government. Now the class of 1914, boys of twenty, and the older reservists are called out. France needs to-day every man that can handle a rifle.

We hear that the railway to England, by way of Boulogne and Folkestone, has been cut at Amiens. There is a notice in the newspapers that train services out of Paris have been quadrupled, and that there is ample accommodation for all who want to leave the city, except in the direction of the north and east. The way this notice is given is typically French. I quote:

“NOW THAT THE PERIOD OF MOBILIZATION IS OVER THE PUBLIC IS RESPECTFULLY INFORMED THAT THERE IS SUFFICIENT ACCOMMODATION AVAILABLE FOR ALL TRAVELERS,

THE FROUSSARDS

NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE NUMBER, WHO MAY DESIRE TO LEAVE PARIS TO-DAY."

So we are preparing for the investment of Paris. Those who live in houses on the ground within the area of the forts must leave and remove their possessions before Monday, for it is the intention, if necessary, to tear down these houses. The "unemployed" have stopped paving the streets and doing other public work, and are digging trenches for the final stand. On the heights of St. Cloud, Meudon and St. Germain, which dominate the city, the great forests have been made impassable by miles and miles of barbed wire, strung from tree to tree, and of heavy copper wire which will be charged, when the need comes, with a deadly current of electricity from the city power plants.

Of course this does not mean that Paris *will* be invested and that a desperate final stand *will* have to be made. But the Government is very wisely taking no chances. Hoping for the best, we prepare for the worst.

In the last two or three days, I have seen a revival of the scenes that occurred at the beginning of mobilization, before the resistance of Liège and the offensive movement of the French arms led the Parisians to believe that the German plan of coming to Paris had failed. Crowds are again gathering round

PARIS REBORN

the large grocery stores, and once more dry provisions and canned goods are being laid in. "Why once more?" you may ask. "What has happened to the supplies bought four weeks ago?" It is a curious fact that, as soon as Paris began to be relieved of its apprehension, people ate up what they had laid in. For two weeks rice and beans and dried fish formed the *menu* of every meal, amidst much good natured joking, while the fish and vegetable markets were filled to repletion with stocks that spoiled.¹

There is nothing half way about the French *bourgeois*. Either the armies are winning glorious victories or all is lost. We have had our period of exultation; and now the depression and pessimism is, as an American farmer would express it for want of a better phrase, "something awful." You cannot get a cab to-day. All are bound for the railway stations, where refugees leaving Paris meet refugees from the north coming to Paris. The confusion is indescribable. But the railway men seem to possess an unusual degree of *sang-froid* for French officials. They are getting out of Paris in very quick time every one who wants to go.

The spirit of panic has not been confined to the French themselves. If I saw one American yester-

¹ So serious were the losses of perishable food stocks that the Prefect of Police issued a poster in the middle of August, calling attention to the sufficiency and cheapness of food at the Halles Centrales, and urging the people to buy fresh meats and vegetables.

THE FROUSSARDS

day who was "up in the air," I saw a hundred. They do not know where they are going; but it is *anywhere* to get out of Paris! For tourists, leaving the city at this time is undoubtedly sensible. It is not only an elementary precaution, but also an act of kindness and thoughtfulness to the Parisians. In case of a siege, feeding idle and useless mouths is simply adding an unnecessary burden. But American residents have no reason whatever to leave their homes. They will only be going from Scylla to Charybdis, and will find themselves much more uncomfortable, and exposed to much greater danger in the country than they are in the city, no matter what may happen.¹

If tourists are leaving one has only to commend

¹I have never heard any explanation of the "Official statement" given out by the American Embassy through the columns of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, advising "all Americans resident in Paris" to leave the city. The least one can say is that it was unfortunate. Without the knowledge of the Ambassador, subordinates in his office, taken by panic themselves, did their best to spread the panic to all whom they met. At this time there was in Paris a volunteer American committee, composed in part of well-intentioned men who were no more than tourists or casual visitors here themselves, but who did not hesitate, in the ante-rooms of our Embassy chancellery, to speak *ex cathedra*. They succeeded in frightening very few. Let it be said to the credit of a majority of the American residents that they resisted these semi-official tendencies to panic, and stayed in their comfortable homes. They had the satisfaction not only of avoiding unnecessary expense and discomfort and business inconvenience and loss, but also of giving a splendid and loyal example of moral support to their French neighbors.

PARIS REBORN

their good sense. But it is totally different for those foreigners to whom Paris is home, and who have their business here. I cannot understand the spirit which prompts a man to leave his work when he is facing difficulties and, perhaps, danger. It would seem that this would be the challenge to him to try to surmount them. It would seem, too, that no duty could be higher than that of the defense of one's home. The writers who are continually telling us that the French have no word for home are simply repeating a "bromide." There is a word that has around it the most sacred of associations; it is *foyer*. Where the hearthfire burns, there is home. To us of foreign birth who have enjoyed the pleasures of Paris in its days of joy and prosperity and who have gained inestimable treasures of precious memories by our life and our association with one of the noblest races God has ever created, it is little fitting to be unwilling to share the days of trial. For there is much that we can do by simply staying here and continuing our work, and, if need be, by taking our places with our fellow-citizens in the trenches to defend the city we love.

So great was the rush on Monday to leave Paris that the police found themselves in the physical impossibility of writing the necessary *laissez-passers* which, under martial law, are required for every one who leaves the fortified camp of Paris. Bending to



The Place Vendôme from the Rue de la Paix. You could not get a cab.
All were bound for railroad stations

THE FROUSSARDS

the inevitable, it was announced that these permits would no longer be demanded, and that all who cared to leave the city could do so without any formality whatever. The train services to the east and north have been suspended. So the fleeing Parisians are congested in great masses at the railway stations which lead to the west and south of France. It is a case of precipitate flight.

The panic is limited to the well-to-do classes, those who have money and are afraid to lose it, those who have luxuries and are afraid to be deprived of them.¹ Yesterday on the Boulevard des Italiens great crowds gathered before the Crédit Lyonnais waiting their turn to get into their safe deposit boxes: each had a handbag or suit-case. It was a mad rush to withdraw their valuables. For the *rentiers* have heard (and believe it to be true!) that the Germans looted the vaults of the banks in Brussels.

Some of the banks have closed their doors entirely. Most of the wholesale houses are shut. One can go through street after street in the wholesale districts, that are usually humming with industry, and find not a shutter open, not a truck standing before the warehouses, not a single husky drayman with his hook loading bales and boxes.

¹ I know one who declared that he was not afraid of a bombardment, but shrank from facing coffee without milk and bread without butter!

PARIS REBORN

While those that have were worrying about the treasures they had laid up on earth, the far larger class of those who have not—and I am glad I belong to them, because it gives me nothing to worry about—were looking skyward at a particularly audacious German airman who had come down pretty close to earth. In the Place de l'Opéra, several British soldiers were taking pot shots at the aëroplane. They were immediately stopped by the policemen, who with the true spirit of red tape which permeates French officialdom, informed them that it was forbidden by the *ordonnance* of February 29, 1819, or some such ancient date, to discharge fire-arms in the streets of Paris. Their note-books were out, and they were taking the names of the soldiers with the intention of serving them with a *procès verbal* for breaking this regulation. The soldiers were quite bewildered, as they did not understand French. I suppose they thought that their names were being recorded in order that the Cross of the Legion of Honor might be bestowed upon them. In the meantime, the aëroplane, flying up the Champs Elysées, was the object of a lively bombardment from the rapid-firing guns on the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe.¹

That was yesterday.

¹ As I learned later, probably from the lower garden of the Trocadéro.

THE FROUSSARDS

This evening, there is only one place in Paris for taking your *apéritif*. Most people who have time and money to take *apéritifs* these days, and who are not engaged in packing their bags, do not know of this place. We were glad of this, the Lawyer and I, when we got out of the Gare de l'Est-Montrouge tram and made our way through the crowd of outward-bound vehicles to the terrace of the café opposite the Porte d'Orléans. For we could get a table in the front row of the terrace facing the fortifications. The spectacle afforded to the observer in this one spot and on this one day of the twentieth century was, *sui generis*, unique.

Paris is dull around the Opéra and the Place Vendôme and the Madeleine. Paris is empty, or emptying, in the *de luxe* business and pleasure quarters of the Rive Droite. At this hour of sunset no one is in the shops and no one on the streets. Pedestrians have no reason for being there. Taxi-autos and cabs are busy dumping *froussards* at the Gares de Lyon, des Invalides, d'Austerlitz, and du Montparnasse, to join the miles-long lines of claimants for standing room in freight-cars, or at the Quai d'Orsay for the river boats to Havre, run by an enterprising American who believes in *Carpe Diem!* and is getting rich in a week.

But the Porte d'Orléans has never known a busier day since Chauchard's funeral. This is the exit of

PARIS REBORN

the élite who are spending thousands instead of hundreds of francs to get away. An inextricable mass of motor and horse driven vehicles, even of *voitures à bras*, blocks the streets, waiting their turn to pass from Paris. Outside, automobiles and carriages and wagons are heaped with boxes and bags: inside, they are heaped with *froussards*.

It is against human nature to sit long over our *five-o'clock*¹ this evening. We must get nearer and see the fun. So we dive through the jumble—or jungle!—avoiding with difficulty axle-grease, and treading on horses' hoofs. A single gate is open. Pedestrians pass out at will, but even bicycles and pushcarts must present the magic *laissez-passer* to the gendarmes on guard. They are looking particularly for automobiles and chauffeurs who may have failed to pass the council of revision during the days of requisitioning and mustering. We could not help wondering what would happen if a motor-car were held up. Turning around would have been impossible, and backing equally impossible. For on both sides, and in the rear, vehicles of *froussards* swarmed as far as the eye could reach.

Outside the gate it was possible to breathe air not tainted with gasoline. We gulped and sniffed with

¹ *Five-o'clock* is the elegant French expression for afternoon tea, and has nothing to do with time. I have seen the sign "*Five-o'clock à toutes heures*," and there is the verb, "*je five-o'clock—nous five-o'clockons*."

THE FROUSSARDS

delight, and looked to see if our clothes were still intact. A taxicab chauffeur who had just received the precious stamp allowing him to pass the outer line of pickets was bending in front of his machine to crank up. A head appeared at the window. Joy of joys, a newspaper man (excuse me, I ought to say journalist or magazine writer) who had come to Paris especially to find "local war color." We accosted him, and were presented to his fellow-travelers, two Frenchmen of the fop type and a Brazilian coffee merchant. He could hardly talk to them. They had picked him up, or he had picked them up, at the Bodega. A waiter had arranged the deal between them.

"Sharing this auto to Orleans with these friends here," he explained. "Would come pretty high alone—my fourth comes pretty high as it is. But the Brazilian had the pass, and we others are lucky, don't you think?"

"Why?" asked the Lawyer, promptly.

"Don't know about the other chaps, old man, but I am in luck. Pretty dead here in Paris just now, and I can't risk, anyhow, having my stuff held up. Must go through this week. Then I have a hunch that there is a good story in the stranded Americans being embarked for England and America at Havre. I can always get back to Paris, you know, even if I have to come through the German lines to do it."

PARIS REBORN

Wh-r-r-r. Chunk-chunk. The engine had started. A hand was waved through the window. "So long!" he cried.

"How long?" I cried back. But I think he did n't hear me, or, if he did, he hardly appreciated my repartee.

The next car beside the *octroi* window was filled with a Papa and his three daughters. I offered to bet the Lawyer that the Papa's bag contained a comfortable pair of bedroom-salon combination slippers. The Lawyer answered that he was not giving away his hard-earned money.

But, while we were sure of the slippers, we wondered how much the Papa had paid for his taxicab. Orleans-bound too. We were sure of that. Too many Uhlans on the direct road to Rouen. *Ma foi!* The Lawyer went up to him, and asked. I took off my hat apologetically to the girls. They giggled.

The Papa did not take offense. "Twelve hundred francs, the robber," he answered almost lifelessly, even to the denunciation. As we thanked him and were turning away, he put a detaining hand on the Lawyer's arm.

"*Dites donc,*" he demanded anxiously. "Is it true that the *Boches* have already cut off the road to Orleans? Do you think it safe to go through? Had we not better go to Pithiviers from Etampes, and try to get to Auxerre?"

THE FROUSSARDS

The chauffeur saved us an answer. "I'm going to Orleans," he announced briefly, and started the machine. The girls giggled again. It was easy to see that the Papa was the only *froussard*. There were no shades of horse-meat in 1870 to bother the girls.

Others were coming along. But it was dinner-time. We had seen enough. We walked down the Avenue d'Orléans and the Avenue du Maine, in the midst of a perfectly normal evening Paris crowd, who were buying from the pushcarts with their flaring lamps and from the outside *rayons* of the shops. The bell of a moving-picture show was ringing persistently, and a "barker" was assuring the passers-by that they would remember this evening's films for a lifetime. "Latest *actualités* from the battle-front!" he cried persuasively. No sign anywhere of anything out of the ordinary.

It is the salvation of Paris, of France, of the world, that most people do not cross bridges until they come to them. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

XXI

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

September sixth.

NOW that we have got rid of our pessimists and the wealthy panicky element, the spirit of uneasiness and of unrest has left Paris. It would seem as if we had been exorcised, and the devil having been cast out, we find ourselves calm and peaceful and clothed in our right minds. We are accustomed to the fact that the Government and some of our newspapers have gone to Bordeaux, that the Bank of France and the other great establishments of credit have taken their gold and fled, that our armies have been thrown back in confusion to Chantilly, and that we may at any minute hear the German cannon renewing the tragic and humiliating days of 1870. We are quite accustomed, also, to daily visits of the German aëroplanes.

The soul of Paris presents a most interesting study to the psychologist. On the surface there is all the effervescence, the excitability, the fickleness, the changeableness, and the mad rush after pleasures.

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

The tourist sees, and the general reader hears, only of this side of Paris. This is natural, because it is the side in evidence. But the more one lives among Parisians, the more one sees that underneath this exterior, which attracts and disgusts as well, there is a solid substructure of purity, of industry, and of devotion to higher ideals. This comes out in the hour of trial.

Never, in our generation, has Paris been put to the test that it faces to-day. Deep disappointment has followed several weeks of exultation. A week of uncertainty is now followed by the knowledge that overwhelming disasters have attended every effort of the Allies to check the German advance. In spite of this, and in spite of the suffering and anxiety from which not a single French family is free, Paris, the supposedly excitable, fickle and careless, is showing to the world a coolness and a *sang-froid* that no other city could surpass.

This morning I woke with a start, and jumped out of bed. A heavy rumble, quite different from that of a tram going up the hill on the Boulevard St. Michel or of a train in the Sceaux-Robinson subway, made me tingle with excitement.

"The German cannon at last!" I exclaimed as I hurried into my clothes. "The great days are beginning."

But I had forgotten to look out of the window.

PARIS REBORN

The fig-trees in my little garden were passing on raindrops to the ground, scattering, fitful raindrops, but large ones. In my little patch of sky above, I could see the clouds marshaling for an assault. Thunder! I had been deceived. What you are expecting, you see, you hear, you feel, you taste. The senses are deceivers, slaves of the brain rather than its masters.

I dressed more slowly after I had made up my mind what the rumble really was.

But the old idea kept coming back. Perhaps it was both thunder and cannon. *I wanted it to be both!* A hot flush of shame and confusion came over me when I made this confession to myself. Who wants to see the Germans beaten more than I do? And yet, I would like them to come within sight of the goal, and then lose out. So much greater the punishment for the covetousness that prompted the crime. That is the excuse. Is it the real reason of my secret wish?

As I went to the terrace of the Café du Panthéon for my morning coffee, the Druggist, whose three sons are at the front, hailed me.

“Did it fool you, too?” he asked.

“What?”

“That unusually deep thunder.”

“Yes, it did.”

“I was disappointed when I found I was wrong.”

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

declared the Druggist. "If only we could have had the satisfaction of beating them right here!"

I felt better. Was the Druggist more honest, though, in his reason than I? The craving for excitement, the love of being in a tight place, is innate. Did you ever see a child chuckling with the fear of his delight, afraid of the dancing bear and yet irresistibly drawn towards it; putting his hand a second time on the stove; crying with disappointment when the big dog from whose bark he shrank ran away without coming near; continuing to tease an older child although fully aware of the rising indignation that would bring upon him condign punishment? Some childish traits we do not outgrow. At least I do not. Nor does the Druggist.

While I am deciding whether my glass of coffee needs a second lump of sugar, two artists come up, bubbling over with the story of how they were painting in the Valley of the Ourcq when the Germans appeared. They were among the refugees who arrived in Paris while the *froussards* were leaving it.

"Have you been out to the fortifications to see what they are doing against the coming of the Germans?" asked the Artist with the Vandyke beard.

"A man in my line has to work daylight hours to earn a living and has n't time like you painters to go gallivanting—"

The Artist with the full-moon face, who has no

PARIS REBORN

more hair on the top of his head than he has on the front of it, broke in.

"You ought to go," he said succinctly.

After lunch, I thought of taking a nap. Sunday afternoon is the one blessed time for that. But the words of the Artist with the full-moon face came back to me. "You ought to go," he had said. I felt certain that there was little to be seen: for I had waved aside the stories I had been hearing for several days of cutting down the Bois de Boulogne and of blowing up houses. Nor could I figure out just what good a system of defense at the inner fortifications would do. And the nervousness about spies made me feel that an attempt to survey the outer fortifications was not just the restful Sunday afternoon occupation I wanted after a hard week's work.

Versailles! The inspiration suddenly came to me that the Dentist was at Versailles, mobilized for Red Cross service, I had heard. Versailles it would be. I might see more there than at St. Cloud or St. Germain-en-Laye and I should have a valid excuse for wandering into forbidden precincts. I tried the Gare du Montparnasse: no trains. Then I went to the Gare des Invalides: no trains. So I thought of the tram from the Louvre. Five minutes in a taxi, and I was there.

One minute at the end of the tramway line suf-

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

ficed to destroy my hopes of getting out of the city Versailles-ward to-day. There were at least a thousand waiting in a line that extended to the Pont Neuf—not a thousand serious-minded investigators, but a thousand gay, laughing, Sunday-attired Parisians. The men were mostly grandpas or boys, but the women were of all ages from seven months to seventy. They had baskets and boxes for the Sunday evening meal, and I heard numerous expressions of hope that they would get near enough to hear the *Boches*, if not to see them.

“Just think,” exclaimed one Parisienne in her twenties, the size of whose three girls showed that she must have married very young; “we may see the Uhlans coming in, and my children will never forget that as long as they live.”

I took the *Metro* to Porte Maillot, with the thought of St. Germain-en-Laye. In front of Luna Park, there was another crowd of the same hopeless length, *en queue* for the St. Germain tramway. No hope here.

As I turned away, I collided with the Archæologist. What luck! The last time I had seen him, he was showing me the walls of Jericho that had not been thrown down at the blasts of trumpets. He had unearthed them. There they were. The Bible was wrong. Through years I have remembered the look of disgust on his face, as he stood on the hot

PARIS REBORN

plain of the Jordan, running a handkerchief over his forehead, and shrugging his shoulders with despair at the stupidity of one whose faith could not be shaken.

“You here in Paris!” he exclaimed. “Where are your Turkish friends?”

“You here in Paris!” I echoed. “Where are your Austrian friends? I should think you had lived and dug with them long enough to have become Viennese by now.”

“For coffee’s sake, I would be Viennese until death,” he answered. “Not in Jericho, you understand, but on the Graben. But Paris is the old love, even if Marguéry is dead, and Voisin’s *menu* without prices is far more dangerous than it used to be. I was having some plates for my new book made here when the war broke out, and I have stopped on, waiting for a chance to do Red Cross field work. They don’t seem to want me, in spite of my M.D., which I have resuscitated out of the past. So I am waiting, just as Paris is waiting. How long, and for what, I do not know.”

The Archæologist had also in mind St. Germain-en-Laye. We spent half an hour wandering around Neuilly to find a taxi for the trip. Three chauffeurs would not go—at our terms. So we decided to do the inner fortifications on foot.

Right at the Porte Maillot, before our eyes, we

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

saw the elaborate preparations that we found afterwards to be practically the same at other gates. I suppose the same work has been done at all the fifty-eight. The gate is closed and boarded up. Little holes for inspection and rifle barrels have been cut every few inches. Outside the gate ditches have been dug for a distance of a hundred feet zigzag across the road. In the intervening spaces rows of iron X spikes, whose presence is concealed by branches of trees, form another barrier. On the sides of the road trees, cut down whole, have been placed ready to be thrown across the road at the moment of alarm. In the mounds of dirt formed by the excavations from each trench and the displaced paving stones, posts have been planted. These are connected by a tangle of barbed wire.

We walked along the fortifications through the Bois to the gate at the end of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The trees that had grown up in profusion over the talus have been cut down. At every angle, bags of cement are piled up to shelter the pickets. On the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne we found a taxi that took us around the fortifications as far as the Porte d'Orléans.

At the Porte d'Orléans several stone houses opposite the gate have been blown up to prevent their possible use as a shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters and machine-guns. The little ticket office and

PARIS REBORN

waiting-room for the Bourg-la-Reine steam tramway, that used to stand hard under the bastion wall at the left of the gate, has been demolished. The windows of the *octroi* bureau are bricked up. Barbed wire is lavished on the water-main that makes an unintentional bridge across the moat not far from the Porte d'Orléans toward Gentilly, and a solid wall of masonry is being built where the main reaches the fortifications. *Meurtrières* are being left in this wall. On either side of the gate itself, bags of cement give a crenelated form to the top of the talus.

We walked around at will, poking our canes into the foliage that concealed the X spikes, discussing the efficiency of the cross-fire that could be directed from the top of the fortifications, and then followed the holiday crowd up to the very bags of cement behind which our soldiers are to shield themselves. A good-natured policeman shooed us away. We walked a hundred feet farther along, and climbed up behind the policeman's back. He was merely "keeping the crowd moving." When he went to one spot, the crowd was entering the forbidden zone at the place he had just abandoned.

"Like all policemen the world over," I commented.

"No," said the Archæologist. "Leave out Germany. Fancy if this were Berlin preparing for a



At the fortifications. A tangle of barbed wire

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

siege. Do you suppose a couple of foreigners like you and me, and all this holiday crowd, would be allowed to inspect the defenses this way? If we persisted, after we had been warned off, we should find ourselves at the *Hauptquartier* and in a very unpleasant pickle. A German crowd would know better than to try to climb up this slope to these defenses. It would never enter their heads!"

"*A quoi bon? A quoi bon?*" a huge grandfather, who might have been a piano-mover in earlier days, was muttering near us. He hit the cement bags with his stick, and then turned his palms heavenward in an eloquent gesture of contempt. This is the Parisian way. Be skeptical, but never unpleasantly skeptical. The grandfather was not scowling when he spoke. He was smiling. As he went away, he stooped to pick some dandelions.

"Evidently," said the Archæologist, "the authorities are going to take no chances. They know as well as our *citoyen* there that these defenses have n't the ghost of a show against artillery, but they have studied to advantage what has been happening in Belgium, what probably is happening now in our own northern cities. These defenses are against *automobiles blindés* and Uhlans. A sudden dash through a city gate, a few soldiers once inside—what could the two millions of Paris do? If they killed the soldiers, the Germans would claim that the civil-

PARIS REBORN

ian population had fired upon their troops. That would give them all the excuse they needed to bombard the city. I find the preparations very sensible. Lucky for Paris that she has these old fortifications."

I agreed heartily with the Archæologist. There is some good in these elaborate preparations at the gates of the city, and I see how, in a totally different way from their original intention, the deep moat and walls are a blessing to the city. For they make us secure against German trickery.

Only two months ago I was writing an article in warm commendation of a scheme presented to the Municipal Council to do away with these obsolete fortifications in order that a boulevard encircling the city might be constructed in their place. "These ditches and stone walls are laughable," the Paris architects maintained. "They have absolutely no military value, and the space they take, together with the zone beyond them to which our military law forbids the granting of free title, deprives Paris of hundreds of acres of valuable land. We shall tear down the walls and fill in the moat, and use the space for a boulevard and for cheap dwellings for workingmen." "Amen!" all Paris cried. Some such similar agitation among architects has been going on for years about the Eiffel Tower. But to-day we say, "God bless the old landmarks: they are still our bulwark and our defense."

PARIS PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE GERMANS

I mentioned the architects and the Eiffel Tower to the Archæologist, and that put it into our heads to go over to the Trocadéro to see if by any chance the *Tauben* would be resuming their evening visit at six o'clock.

When we got there we saw that thousands of others had thought of the same thing. The quays on either side of the river, the Pont d'Iéna, and especially the garden of the Trocadéro, the best vantage point—everywhere Paris *endimanchée* was in evidence, Paris chattering and laughing, Paris searching the heavens. Enterprising boys, with opera glasses to rent, reaped a rich harvest. Half a dozen French aëroplanes were making circles around the Tower. We could not deceive ourselves into believing that they might possibly be *les Boches*.

We waited an hour, ever hopeful, ever watching for specks on the horizon that might grow larger until they took the form of shining *Tauben*. All around us were expressions of disgust. Up to the approach of dinner-hour and darkness, there was still the ardent hope, "*Pourvu qu'ils viennent!*" If they would only come!

This is how Bernhardt's policy of "frightfulness" has affected Paris.

XXII

WAITING

September eighth.

I HAVE never seen the garden of the Luxembourg Palace so lovely as it is to-day. August was hot: so the cultivated wild flowers around the walls of the Palais du Senat are a riot of color. Fountains are playing, and gardeners are turning over the earth with their trowels and tenderly pruning rebel branches.

I am sitting near the waffle-kiosk, trying to read between the lines of the niggardly news dished up to us in the morning papers. The wind is blowing from the east, and I fancy that I hear the rumble of distant cannon. The big battle is being fought out there twenty-five miles away to decide the destiny of the city. Is it not also the destiny of the world that is at stake?

How beautiful, how inspiring, how soothing, is this brilliant revelation of nature, a few feet from those asphalted streets, cañons of man's making, where trees seem exotic and the sky is doled out to

WAITING

the city-bred in patches! It seems incredible, the distant *coups de canon*, punctuating the sentences as I read, and forming a sinister background to the merry cries of children rolling hoops, sailing boats and playing *cache-cache*. For the load of anxiety, the terrible dread never absent these days, does not prevent the mothers from bringing their children to play while the fathers are facing death out there in the distance where the cannon are booming.

This is the patriotism that counts, the faith that enables our soldiers to hold the enemy in check to-day, *that will enable them to conquer him to-morrow*. If these splendid mothers had taken their children and fled, if all Paris had followed the pampered, the idle, the empty-headed, the "despairers of the Republic" on the road to Marseilles, to Bordeaux, to Havre, the city would be an empty shell, an anticipatory reproach to, and confession of lack of belief in, the armies that had not yet made the supreme stand.

"Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Here are the treasures, these wives, these children, these babies, who knit and play and babble. They are not afraid. The fathers are out there, and the grown sons are out there. The women hold the fort here. *And, because there is knowledge that the fort is being held in perfect loyalty and trust*, ordinary men, not soldiers by profession but citizens

PARIS REBORN

of the state, are fighting like lions with a superhuman strength to justify the faith of which they are the object. Can this fail to bring victory?

I hear the children playing soldiers. "Papa Joffre," they say. *Papa Joffre*—there is the secret of the absence of fear. The French army is part of the great family, the stronger part defending the weaker part. "Oncle French," they say. Uncle French—the British army are the *parents*, the cousins, helping to defend the family.

A newspaper man tried to get me to go to Meaux this morning. But I have seen enough of carnage to be cured of curiosity, and enough of military operations to know that what I might hit upon by chance would give me no clue to the ensemble, and be of no benefit to me or to my readers.

I am getting more light into the secret of the French resistance, and more boldness to prophesy success, in the Luxembourg than I would get in dodging and trying to fool sentinels on the road to Meaux.

September ninth, 10 a. m.

The news from the line of battle to-day is more encouraging than at any time since last Sunday. The allied armies seem to be not only holding their own, but driving back the Germans over the Marne. However, preparations are still being made for a

WAITING

possible siege of the city. The number of the German forces is not unknown, and it may be that, in spite of their heroic efforts, the Allies will once more have to fall back before superior numbers.

We received this evening the result of the census that has just been taken. Over two million people are still within the fortified camp of Paris, which includes the nearer suburbs. As the census of last year reported a population of nearly two million nine hundred thousand in the same area, this shows that some eight hundred thousand are away from their homes. The deficit of population is almost wholly due to the war. About half a million Parisians are generally out of the city during the summer months, but this is offset largely by the refugees from Belgium and the invaded departments, and by the moving in of the inhabitants of the outer suburbs. If we take into consideration the fact that two hundred thousand Parisians have been mobilized, it is probable that not more than a hundred and fifty thousand fled from Paris.¹ These are for the most part of the wealthy class, but there have also been many destitute working people, originally from the provinces, who have been repatriated by their regional associations.

¹I found out subsequently that I had been wrong in my calculations here. Over four hundred thousand left Paris between August 30th and September 9th.

PARIS REBORN

If the Germans besiege Paris, we have sufficient food supplies to last us for many months, before we need to take a census of the horses and dogs and cats and rats. I doubt if there is any city in the world more abundantly provisioned than is Paris to-day. Not only are the great warehouses filled to overflowing with dry groceries and canned-goods, but the Government has taken special pains to see that there is fresh meat and fresh milk for invalids and children. The Bois de Boulogne is full of cattle. The city has organized a brigade of dairy workers. Every invalid and baby in this great city has been registered. More than that, late summer and autumn vegetables are being planted in the vacant spaces within the line of the forts.

We are beginning to have a gleam of hope to-day that the Germans will not be able to come, and that the cannonade from the direction of Meaux is all that we shall hear of actual fighting. Perhaps we are wrong! But we are prepared for the worst.

September ninth, 10 p. m.

Is it the thunder showers and the gloomy skies, or the sickening anxiety over the fate of our army in the battle that is still raging near Paris? A sudden change has come over the soul of this great city. This morning it was sunshine and smiles: this evening it is the deepest sort of gloom. We see no more

WAITING

soldiers. Even the few regiments which guarded the public buildings and the famous Garde Républicaine, pride of Paris, have disappeared.¹

The distant cannonade seems to have ceased. But a nearer and louder boom tells us that they are dynamiting the houses near the forts, and that the final arrangements are being made to receive the Germans, should they come. *Should* they come. There's the rub! It is not the fact of victory or defeat which wears, it is not the test of life or death, it is the uncertainty that wears upon Parisian nerves.

"Give us some news—anything but the same old story of the Russians marching on Berlin, and the panic and high price of food in Vienna!" is the cry of Paris waiting. We do not know whether to hope or despair; but we want to do one or the other.

There have been three ominous signs to-day, if we have to judge by signs. The public schools, which were reopened, have been closed again. The train service in all directions has been temporarily suspended "to allow the military government to keep in touch with the outer forts." The police have come to take a census of the provisions we have in store.

The spirit is not worry. *Paris is incapable of that*

¹ I was mistaken here. The Garde Républicaine did not leave, and the 22d Infantry Regiment was still in the city.

PARIS REBORN

sensation. Nor is it fear. The frightened have already left. It might rather be called sulkiness, this spirit which makes so unnaturally for gloom. I say *unnaturally*, for gloom and Paris are words that do not go together. But what can we expect when the Government has run away and left us, when our best newspapers have gone to Bordeaux, when our streets are not lighted brilliantly of an evening, when we cannot sit down in front of a café for our after-dinner coffee? No music or theaters since the war began, no open-air life, no drives in the Bois, no business, no money, no news, no more German aëroplanes even to break the monotony!

One really feels now that there would be bitter disappointment and disgust if the Germans did not try after all to come to Paris. For we have suffered much inconvenience on account of them. To be without diversion is the acme of suffering for Paris. And, now that we have prepared our minds for an attack, and have made every preparation to give the Germans a warm reception at our forts, even at the inner obsolete fortifications, if it has been for nothing we shall feel like the hostess who prepares an elaborate meal and waits in vain for her guests.

September tenth.

I have never had the good fortune to come across charming ladies taking an afternoon sunbath under

WAITING

birch trees on a grassy and flowered couch. But I know a man who has. Else how could he have put on canvas the contrasts of flesh and sunlight and shadow spots that have brought him fame, if not yet fortune? I had heard that he was in town, and was going to see him this afternoon to talk things over. For he is interested in more than his paints and brushes, and I find his comments on Parisian character as keenly analytical as they are delightfully appreciative.

On the Boulevard Raspail, at the corner of the Rue du Cherche Midi, they are building a new apartment house. The work has gone on steadily, day after day, through this week of crisis. There is a slender, graceful crane (can the French put up an ugly thing, even when it is a question of a utilitarian machine?) whose mobile arm floats a hundred and fifty feet over the lot on which the building is rising. The huge stones are lifted from the ground and put in place as easily as I lift my baby to her high chair at the table. This operation never fails to fascinate passers-by. I always stop, for I am as interested in the budding stories of that apartment house as is the owner, perhaps more so. For I do not have to pay the bills, and I do not have to worry over whether the completed apartments will bring in the exorbitant rentals dreamed of, as the reward of courage in diverting money to a venture of faith that might

PARIS REBORN

have been placed in the new issue of five per cent. Argentines, six per cent. waterworks-bonds of Seattle or Saskatchewan, or that attractive Peruvian railway, which offers the chance of drawing a *gros lot* of five hundred thousand francs.

The work has stopped to-day—Thursday half holiday—but high up there on the crane in the little box where the levers are manipulated, I see a man planting a row of geraniums. The red flowers are outlining the edge of the wooden box against the sky. The Germans may have turned away at Meaux for good, or they may not. But the flowers must be planted. I suppose they were cheap at the market, and they are very pretty. A shell from a German “420” may bring down this crane next week; God only knows that. To-day the crane is there, and the workman will be happier for his flowers. He is a Parisian.

The painter of siesta-taking ladies has gone to the Club. I shall see him there later. In the meantime, I take a turn through the Bon Marché and through Sadla’s near-by, at the corner of the boulevard and the Rue de Sèvres. These are reliable barometers of how Paris is feeling and going to feel. The aisles of the Bon Marché show plenty of buyers. At Sadla’s, good things displayed in their usual profusions, dry groceries and canned goods, fresh meats and vegetables, fish and game, cheese and

WAITING

pastry make me look at my watch to see if dinner hour is near.

The barometers register fair weather. No storms for Paris.

XXIII

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

September twelfth.

THE anxious week is over.

I would be the last in the world to claim that it has not been an anxious week. The Paris that works, and that stuck bravely to its work, did not lose its grip. Nor did it lose its original traditional lightheartedness. But the lightheartedness of Paris is not indicative of the feelings that lie beneath the surface. To be good-humored, to be cheerful, to be happy, is a habit. The Parisian is incapable of not smiling, of not feeling that the world is good and that there is, in spite of every reason to think otherwise, an overflowing *joie de vivre*.

There has been reasonable ground for believing that the Germans might come to Paris, and that the defense of the city would have been impossible. We knew that von Kluck had passed through Compiègne, through Creil, and through Chantilly. Then we heard the cannon at Meaux.

This was the first indication that something had

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

gone wrong with the German raid, or that the plan of attacking Paris had been for the moment given up. Rumors were plentiful; news was scarce. What were the Germans up to? We could only make surmises: we knew nothing.

Last night, at the *Closerie des Lilas*, I dined with the Lawyer and the Officer of *Zouaves*, who had been wounded at Charleroi and was impatiently waiting for the order to rejoin his regiment. The soup was excellent; the *bifteak aux pommes* done to a turn and no more; the *camembert* just ready to overflow like the Seine after the melting of the spring snows in the uplands; and the pears and peaches—oh, what a summer this has been for fruit! To be eating a meal like this, and the Germans only thirty kilometers away—it seemed incredible. But why borrow trouble? Siege rations begin only when the siege comes. We have had more than enough these days, thanks to the *froussards* whose sudden disappearance since the beginning of the month has resulted in a supply greater than the demand in the Halles Centrales.

The Officer of *Zouaves* insisted upon showing his patriotism in a less convincing manner than he had done at Charleroi, if we could judge from the eloquent testimony of his arm in splints and the huge pieces of court plaster sticking out from bandages which covered half his head. He raised glass after

PARIS REBORN

glass to the health of General Joffre and the men who had ceased retreating and were making the stand on the Marne.

“Why did von Kluck turn aside at Chantilly? Why did he go to Meaux instead of coming in to St. Denis? He was afraid. He is a big bluff, like all the Germans. He does n’t know what he ’s doing! But Joffre knows, and he will save Paris, God bless him!”

The Officer of Zouaves called once more for the *garçon*.

The Lawyer has been my daily companion at the evening meal this past week. We have no longer our *Temps*: for the *Temps*, too, has gone to Bordeaux. So newspapers in whose dispatches he and I have faith, are lacking. Consequently, there has been little for us to “go on” in talking of the campaign, and we have grown tired of disagreeing with each other.

Now I saw the old gleam of combat come into the Lawyer’s eyes. He raised his eyebrows, dilated the pupils of his eyes, and wrinkled his nose to readjust his eyeglasses. This is the habitual gesture that heralds a judicial announcement.

“God bless General Joffre! I say that too. And I believe that he has the situation in hand and knows what he is doing. He left Paris undefended because he knew it ought not to be defended. But

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

von Kluck was not afraid to come here. Nor was his march to Chantilly a bluff. He could not come, because there was that French and British army falling back towards the southeast, standing much better between Paris and the Germans than if it had stupidly fallen back upon the forts of the city."

"You are right," I commented. "General von Kluck could have come to Paris. He could be here with his army at this very minute, and we know well enough that nothing would have stopped him. As you say, General von Kluck knew that if he came, leaving General Joffre's army intact in the field, he would have been caught here like a rat in a trap."

"That 's understood!" cried the Lawyer. "But, if it's understood, what do you mean by saying he *could* have come?"

"I mean that the way to the city was open before him, and that no power could have prevented his entry here during this last week."

The Lawyer eyed me with cold disgust.

"That's the way you've got it in your head, is it? You stand on the balcony of your apartment, and look down into the Boulevard du Montparnasse. You could jump off into the boulevard instead of going down the staircase. You could, all right, all right."

The Officer of Zouaves, who claimed to have learned English once in Canada but had forgotten

PARIS REBORN

all of it as far as I could ever find out, looked up with a gleam of intelligence. He knew the Lawyer's last words *all right*.

"All right, all right!" he exclaimed. "Let us have another drink."

Serious conversation was no longer possible.

This afternoon, as the Lawyer and I always try to take a half holiday on Saturdays, we planned to go out of the city. Neither of us had been farther beyond the fortifications than the Bois de Boulogne since the war started. Firmly opposing for once the Lawyer's bachelor habit of keeping in a rut, I led the way to the Bois de Vincennes.

"I am tired of the same old thing," I remonstrated. "We are not adventurous youths any longer, and I am not thinking of the battle-field. But at least we can take some suburban tramway to the end of the line, and we may get within hearing distance of the fighting. No, that has receded now—at least we shall be nearer things than sticking in the city."

Outside the Porte de St. Mandé, we found a train for Champigny that took us through the Bois de Vincennes. We passed acres of cattle pens. Thousands of cattle and thousands of bales of hay were in the Bois beyond the fort. If there were to be a siege, fresh milk and fresh meat had been provided for us by the military authorities.

At Champigny, scene of the celebrated battle in

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

the war of *Soixante-Dix* and of the annual pilgrimage of Deroulède, we found the people just as uninteresting as they always are in these little towns on the outskirts of Greater Paris.

When we crossed the bridge toward the railway station, we stopped to speak to the *octroi* man. We asked him about the fighting, concerning which information had been so meager in Paris.

“Cannon heard here? *Bien sûr*, very plainly, and only fifteen kilometers away. But that was six days ago. You ought to have come out last Sunday afternoon. We were just full of Parisians then, and the rear guard posts of our army were only three kilometers away. They were n’t busy looking after the Germans, but after the Parisians. They had to turn them back to keep them from trying to walk out towards the battle. *La-la*, but that was a day! Why did n’t you come then? We were expecting the Uhlans to walk in any minute, and this bridge on which you are standing would have gone up in smoke at the first alarm. But now the Germans have been pushed back over the Marne. They have had their chance, and could n’t make a go of it. That I am sure of.”

We felt that the *octroi* man was right. Every slight indication that had come to us through the *communiqués* during these days of tension pointed to a German reverse, to an *irretrievable* check.

PARIS REBORN

At the railway station we inquired if there were a train back to Paris, and found to our delight that, while the suburban service was not running, an express train from the direction of Compiègne was expected after another hour.

It was a cold, chilly afternoon, and we welcomed the thought of a hot drink at the café across from the station. There we sat, watching train after train of soldiers pass, and trucks loaded with cannon and mud-bespattered munition wagons. When the train stopped at the station, Red Cross girls and Boy Scouts gave the soldiers hot coffee and sandwiches. The supply seemed unlimited.

We *felt* victory in the air. Talk about telepathy! The Lawyer and I were just bubbling over with happiness. So was every one round us. *Something good had happened somewhere!*

While we waited, a train from Paris passing by dropped bundles of the afternoon papers with the three o'clock *communiqué*. Talk about your crazy, frenzied mobs. I had never been in anything like it since the Bowl-Rush of college days.

To get a paper, I abandoned my change. My eyes sought the *communiqué*. Joy of joys! Like a madman I ran back to the terrace, where the Lawyer, wiser than I, had already bought a *Liberté* from a *camelot* that had not tried to sell to the crowd.

It was Victory!

AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

The battle of the Marne was over. The Germans were in full retreat. Paris was saved!

We went home that night on a train that started from Montdidier. Most of the compartments were full of wounded soldiers, who had been able to escape from the battlefield near Noyon, and found this train for Paris. They had not yet heard the result of the engagement between the Marne and the Ourcq. In exchange for our news, they brought us the good word that the Germans had been checked also on the north, and had fallen back from Amiens. The battle was still raging less than two kilometers away from where this train started. There was no time-table. The train had started when it was filled. The stop at Champigny was from habit, luckily for us.

At the Gare du Nord, our elation suddenly left us. We had been full of the joy of victory. Now we came face to face with its cost. In our compartment the soldiers were only slightly wounded, but from other compartments in the same train inanimate forms were being lifted. Doctors, nurses and orderlies were so few that the unfortunates had to be laid out upon the station platform to wait for attention. Baggage trucks were commandeered, for stretchers were lacking. The cries and moans that had been hushed by the movement of the train were now audible. Many were in agony. Others must have come to the end of their sufferings while we, in the same

PARIS REBORN

train, were joyously laughing and talking of victory. Blankets, hastily pulled from knapsacks, covered those who had given their life from the profane gaze of those for whom the life had been given.

We went to Kepler's in the Place de Clichy for dinner. The salons were filled. The victory of the Marne was being boisterously celebrated by the unfit who, not having had to suffer, were oblivious of suffering. All joy is born of pain. Why is it that those who experience the joy are not always those who have experienced the pain?

XXIV

PARIS AT NOTRE DAME

September thirteenth.

THIS afternoon, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris prayed for the welfare of France and for the soldiers engaged in the great battle which is still, despite the German retreat, raging near the gates of the capital. It has been a wonderful day in the history of France—the reconciliation of the Church and State after many years of bitter conflict. Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, upon his return from the election of the new Pope, issued an appeal to the clergy and people of Paris “to assemble in the Cathedral of Notre Dame on the afternoon of September thirteenth to pray for the safety of France.” The result was far beyond expectation.

When I read the notice I said to myself that I must be sure to get there a full hour before the time set—three o'clock. But as all Paris seemed to be moving towards the cathedral, I cut short my lunch, and reached the Parvis a little after one. Never have I seen such a gathering. Worshipers coming

PARIS REBORN

by the thousands blocked every street. The cathedral, beyond the sea of human heads, seemed very far away. It took me half an hour to work my way forward to the doors. Arriving at the iron fence, I found the gates closed. It did not need the assurances of the police on guard to tell me that there was no hope of entering. Inside the gates, under the porches, thousands were crowded. The three massive doors were wide open. But those so near were yet as far away as myself.

Long experience has taught me that when the front door is closed, there is always a side door, and, failing that, a back door. I had come to see the ceremony. It took twenty minutes to work my way back to the nearest breathing-space, by the statue of Charlemagne. Then I tried for the side door, leading into the yard between the cathedral and the *archevêché*. This was worse than the front. Instead of getting forward, I was gradually pushed sidewise, until I found myself seated on the parapet of the quay, looking down into the Seine, and wishing for a swim. The back door alone remained.

Around by the side of the archbishop's residence is an iron gate—servants' entrance, I suppose. Here there were few people for the moment, and those that entered were priests of the city, who had been quietly given the tip. I got in among them, but, when I reached the gate, a policeman loomed up in front of

PARIS AT NOTRE DAME

me—or rather, I loomed up in front of a policeman. For I am not small.

“You,” he said, in a tired voice, “are the seventy-fifth thousandth person who has, since noon, thought of this dodge and compelled me to be rude. Stand back, please, and let their reverences pass!”

“Surely,” I responded, “there ought to be a premium for number seventy-five thousand and one. And it will relieve your tired feeling to pass me in—just for the sake of a change.”

“You are right,” he exclaimed, letting fall the arm that barred the way. “Go in, but I warn you that, once inside, you are still far from the cathedral.”

A narrow stone staircase, leading from the court of the *archevêché*, is the entrance to the sacristy. Here, to my astonishment, among the priests jostling each other in an effort to enter, I saw several hundred other outsiders like myself. Making a passage for several nuns enabled me to get to the steps, where a soldier of the Twenty-second was standing guard.

“I am sorry for every one here,” he said to me. “I would let all in, but there is no room; the cathedral is full.”

“What a pity,” I answered. “You are not in your first year in the Twenty-second, are you?”

This question seemed to surprise him. For there

PARIS REBORN

was a query in his voice when he admitted that his term of service was just about up.

"It 's such a shame," I remarked, "that your regiment should not be at the front. I remember last year what a wonderful showing you made at Long-champs on the Quatorze. Is n't it tough that you have to be here keeping order in Paris? Such a wonderful regiment as yours!"

His face glowed with pride. "So you noticed our regiment then? We did do credit to ourselves in that review. If you wait, I'll just step inside, and see if there is one more place."

So I got into Notre Dame.

From the sacristy door to the choir there was an open space, preserved with difficulty for the passage of the privileged ones admitted to the choir. Naturally, coming from the sacristy, I was privileged, was I not? I reached a position not far from the altar, where I could look straight down through the choir and nave to the open doors. As far as the eye reached, up to the prefecture of police on the other side of the great square in front of the cathedral, the worshipers were massed. If ever Notre Dame held more people in all its centuries of history, either the cathedral was larger or men were smaller in other ages than in our own.

On his throne sat Cardinal Amette in brilliant red robes. The stalls were filled with the clergy of

PARIS AT NOTRE DAME

Paris. Hundreds of chairs, placed in the choir, were occupied by high officials of the government and the city, and by officers and soldiers of every branch of the service. Most of them had bandaged arms or heads. Only invalid soldiers had time to pray to-day.

After the evening service had been sung, the great congregation was invited by the cardinal to sing the hymn, "Sauvez la France!" Far out into the *place* it was taken up by a hundred thousand throats. Priests and laymen were crying all around me. They were not ashamed of their tears. Nor was I of mine. There was something sublime in that cry, "Sauvez la France!"

From the steps of the choir, standing on a high dais erected for the occasion, Cardinal Amette preached a simple, earnest sermon. His theme was that no country could prosper without the blessing of God, and that the supplications of the faithful were absolutely necessary for the success of the armies in the field. He ended his peroration by lifting his arms, and crying, "God with us! *Vive l'Eglise! Vive la France!*" The cry was taken up, echoed and reëchoed, and then the vast audience burst again spontaneously into the hymn, "God save France!"

The relics and treasures of Notre Dame and of other historic churches of Paris were paraded down

PARIS REBORN

the nave, out through the crowd on the *place*, and back to the choir. Among them were many reminders of the country's history and traditions, relics of King Clovis, St. Geneviève, and Jeanne d'Arc. They were carried by soldiers, and followed by a number of guilds with their banners. During the procession, the patron saints of the city and the nation were invoked. Like the sougning of pines came the responses, "*Miserere nobis*" and "*Ora pro nobis.*"

It was six o'clock before I got out into the open air. A victory was being cried by the newsboys. "The Germans retreat!" "General Joffre sends a message from the army!"

But there was no exultation among the departing worshipers. For news of success could not brighten the faces of those who, during the hours of prayer, had been thinking of loved ones out on the battlefields of the Marne. Before their eyes was not the victory, but the price that had been paid. How many were widows and orphans, but knew it not!

XXV

THE CAFE STRATEGISTS

September seventeenth.

VIOLENT newspaper attacks on "*les embusqués*," as M. Clemenceau calls the hosts of seemingly able-bodied men who are not at the front, have made thousands of sincere patriots very uncomfortable. It is true that you see constantly in the offices of the various ministries men of military age performing tasks that might possibly be left to those whom physical disability or age bars from the army. You see them in the police bureaus. You meet them in every post-office and at every railway station. Most bewildering of all, the streets are fuller of young men than under normal circumstances.

I put to one side the soldiers in uniform conducting automobiles for ladies travestying the Red Cross uniform. There are yellow dogs in every kennel. But, for practically all the men between twenty and thirty-five who do not wear the red trousers there is undoubtedly a good excuse. Few men in France are shirking, or want to shirk, their duty to-day. If

PARIS REBORN

they have not gone to the front, it is from no lack of will on their part.

Post-office and railway employees are retained against their will. They feel their position keenly. They beg in vain to be transferred from a desk-stool or a train to the battle line. They are told that the work they are doing for France could not be done by untrained men, and that they are aiding the national defense as effectively as if they had rifles in their hands. They are given official *brassards* (arm-bands) to show the world that they also are serving the State. But when the invader is in France, a *brassard* is a poor substitute for a uniform to a young man with red blood in his veins.

Then there are those who cannot show the *brassards*. If the streets are more alive with young men than in ordinary times, it is because work is scarce, and they have nothing to do. Should they stay at home? Should they hide themselves because circumstances beyond their control have kept them out of the army?

When one sees on the street a young man under thirty-five without uniform or *brassard*, it may be taken for granted that he is either a foreigner or physically unfit. The police drag net was out during the three weeks of mobilization. No man in Paris was able to escape challenge as to why he had failed to respond to the call to arms. Many a time I was

THE CAFE STRATEGISTS

stopped, and asked to show my papers. There were gimlet eyes at every corner.

It takes a time like this to make one realize how hard it is to detect physical unfitness. The tailor and the bootmaker do wonders to remove signs of deformity. Disabilities of heart, of lungs, of ear, and of eye are not generally noticeable. Often even the one impaired is not always himself aware of his disability until a physician has carefully looked him over. Foreigners are comparatively few. I frequently feel uncomfortable under the scrutiny of questioning eyes. It seems to me that they are asking, "What in the world can be the matter with that man?" The multitude of the rejected is a revelation of how many there are in the world who are not *integer vitae*. Those who are fit are blind to the fact that there are others less fortunate than themselves, and never think of their own freedom from handicap as a boon to be thankful for. They accept health as a matter of course. Let us pity the man not at the front—and learn the lesson of his being still in our midst!

But what about the man who is fit, who never felt better or stronger in his life, who never *was* in better shape, and who is not called to aid in the national defense merely because he happens to have celebrated a certain number of birthdays? A man between thirty-five and sixty, say the military authori-

PARIS REBORN

ties, makes a fine officer. But they don't want any soldiers over forty! In the name of heaven, why? It is a stupid notion, stupid because it is false. I know many a father who is the physical equal of his grown son. Even if he is n't, he has more sense, and that helps a lot in fighting.

When the Germans drew nearer and nearer to Paris, and the reason given was that they had a larger army, a hundred thousand men in Paris answered, "If that be true, take us!" They began to volunteer, but were discouraged when they found that volunteering would mean being sent to a garrison town in the Midi.

Perforce the fathers have to join the grandfathers in becoming café strategists. This is the distraction *par excellence* of Paris to-day. The official *communiqués* are devoid of information. The people of Paris know absolutely nothing about the operations whose end is to defend their city. When one has no news he invents it. When one is kept in the dark he makes light for himself.

In a café where I usually dine, there is a large map on the wall. Gathered around several tables are some of the habitués. They have appointed themselves an extra-official "General Staff" of the French army. Pencils sketch on the marble table-tops what each considers should have been last week, and ought to be next week, the proper line of march.

THE CAFE STRATEGISTS

After we have listened deferentially to the résumé of General Joffre's errors of the previous day by the Veteran of 1870, who always has the first—and generally the last—word, the discussion becomes eloquent and heated.

This evening I got a little tired of "If only General Joffre had done this," "Now if only General Joffre would do this," and, "I wish General Joffre could realize how wise it would be to make this move."

I retired for relief to my *Figaro*. My eye caught a citation from Livy. It was the speech Livy put into the mouth of Paulus Æmilius, before his departure to take command of the Roman army for the campaign that ended in the victory of Pydna, 168 B. C.

"In every gathering, and may the Gods pardon me, at every meal, one finds people who are deciding upon the march against Macedonia, who know in what places we ought to camp, what positions it is good for us to seize, at what moment and by what pass there is the best opportunity to penetrate the country, how we shall transport our provisions by land or by sea, the circumstances in which it is necessary to take the offensive, and those in which it is better to remain inactive. And, not only do they sketch the plan of campaign to follow, but of everything that has not been done according to their idea

PARIS REBORN

they make a crime, accuse the Consul, and almost establish themselves a court to judge him.

“It is not that I pretend that the generals do not need advice, but this advice must be given by men who have some practice and knowledge of military affairs, who are on the spot, within reach of seeing the enemy and the opportunities, and who, so to speak, are embarked upon the same vessel and are sharing the same dangers. But if a man believes that the quiet and peace of the city are preferable to the fatigues of a war, let him not have the presumption to want to hold the rudder while he rests on the bank.

“The life of the capital offers enough subject for conversation. Limit to this domain your gossip, and know that the advice which we receive from those in the camp is sufficient for us.”

Is there anything new under the sun?

XXVI

THE DESECRATION OF REIMS

September twenty-first.

WARM weather has come again after the cold snap of the past week, and the first morning thought, after rising from a comfortable bed, must be to others, as it is to me, a feeling of thankfulness that our soldiers in the trenches will have better days. I stepped out on the balcony, and looked over Paris just waking to the day's work. The mist was rising, and the sun fell full upon the white basilica of Sacré Cœur. Paris was at my feet, from the dome of Val-de-Grâce to the Eiffel Tower and the Great Wheel. How happy my family will be when they come back from Finistère next week, and see how well I have fared in hunting for a new apartment!

When I went downstairs I was thinking of the difference it makes in life to have one's loved ones around one. The anticipation of reunion almost compensates for months of separation. We know things in this life only by contrast. As the black-board is needed to make visible the chalk, so pain is needed to make sensible joy.

PARIS REBORN

The face of my concierge brought me rudely back to earth.

"What is it?" I exclaimed. "Surely there is not bad news of your boy?"

"Have you seen the paper, Monsieur?" he asked, with tears in his voice. Or was it rage? He disappeared without enlightening me.

I hurried to my newsdealer. Some event has affected my concierge more deeply than the report of battles lost and thousands slaughtered.

The newspapers are not allowed these days to display a headline more than two columns in width. So they cannot feature out of the day's harvest one item that the eye catches with a glance. There is much the same story in the paper this morning, the usual Russian and Servian victories and the Germans at bay in their entrenchments on the Aisne. In the official *communiqué*, however, I notice that the Germans had destroyed the Cathedral of Reims by bombardment. This is, of course, a shock to me; but I look still further for the cause of the concierge's agitation. No, the military situation seems good on the whole, and no new developments stand out in the day's news. It must be the desecration of Reims.

And then I remembered the attitude of a peasant who had come to Paris from the neighborhood of Senlis at the time of von Kluck's march three weeks

THE DESECRATION OF REIMS

ago. He heard the news of the destruction of his home and his corps with indifference, but when he was assured that none of the historic monuments of the town itself had been injured, his face lit up with joy. "Thank God, thank God, thank God!" I wondered what there was to thank God about in the recital of the calamities that had fallen upon him. This wonder found expression in words. He answered simply, "God has not allowed the barbarians to harm our Cathedral."

Only one who has lived in the Old World can realize the Old World's affection for monuments of the past. I have never had this more strikingly impressed upon me than to-day. Often the affection is local, for the monument is local. But the Cathedral of Reims has around it the historical memories and religious affections of the French nation. The Cathedral of Reims was built to commemorate the spot where, through St. Rémy, the Franks received the Christian faith. Here the kings of France were crowned from the time of Clovis. Jeanne d'Arc made it a matter of vital importance that the French army undertake the journey to Reims across country held by the enemy in order that Charles VII might be made king of the nation by sanction and unction.

The Germans have destroyed the Cathedral of Reims, in spite of the fact that one of their princi-

PARIS REBORN

pal newspapers, fearing this vandalism, pleaded against it. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, on September 8, declared:

“Let us respect the French cathedrals, especially that of Reims, which is one of the most beautiful churches of the entire world. Since the Middle Ages it is particularly dear to the Germans. For the master von Bamberg gained from the statues of its doors the inspiration of several of his figures. The cathedrals of Laon, Rouen, Amiens, and Beauvais are also masterpieces of Gothic art. All these cities are at this hour occupied by the Germans. We shall regard with veneration these superb churches, and shall respect them as our fathers did in 1870.”

Just three months ago, the Artist and I were in Reims. We had drifted in from Dormans over the narrow-gauge railway on a rainy Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning was flooded with sunshine, and there was in the air the smell that the earthworm loves. It was one of those days when you prefer the preaching of Dr. Greenfields to that of any city parson. But our train for the valley of the Ourcq did not leave till after lunch, so we wandered to the cathedral. I urged a plate of the front of the cathedral. The Artist demurred.

“Reims is so overdone,” he said, but not with finality. For already his eyes were half-shut, and his head bent slightly to the left. I knew what that

THE DESECRATION OF REIMS

meant. He had discovered something attractive in the scaffolding erected for the refection of the left-hand tower. And scaffolding goes well in copper-plate etching. I knew he was good for two hours at the least, just as good as if actually fettered to the spot where he stood. So I went inside the cathedral.

It was the Sunday after *Fête-Dieu*, and high mass was being celebrated in all the grandeur of the grandest church of France. Amidst the fragrance of the flowers and the soft light from the old windows, reflected upon those tapestries that were of the rarest treasures this world possessed, I listened to Cardinal Luçon plead against the dangers of prosperity.

Was that only three months ago? That splendid pageant, that picture of ecclesiastical dignity, of the Christian spirit in the hearts of men, that venerable figure clothed in purple! What a change! It was an old man this morning, just returned from the conclave in which the new Pope was elected, and detained in Paris by the interruption of railway communications, who sat with bowed head, nervously clutching at his sleeve and buttoning and unbuttoning the front of his cassock. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and the words came amidst convulsive sobs:

“I have just come back from Rome. I have not been able yet to get to my diocese. I knew already

PARIS REBORN

that the venerable church of St. Rémy had suffered much, but I hoped that the destruction of the cathedral, cradle of Christian France, bound up with so many souvenirs of our national history, would be a burden of woe and anguish spared to my white hairs."

There were no words of comfort that could be said to a broken-hearted man.

"To God will be the retribution: in His hands are the scales of justice," were the phrases he muttered over and over again. "I must go home, if I can. But would to God I did not have to see Reims!"

Are we in the twentieth century? Is German *Kultur* only a veneer of civilization? Louvain was bad enough, but it did not strike the heart of France. Parisians feel to-day just as Americans would feel if an enemy should come and burn down the Philadelphia State House and throw the Liberty Bell into the Delaware River. The breach between France and Germany is now too wide to be healed. Much could have been forgiven, or at least forgotten. What happened in Reims on Saturday and Sunday has made a gulf that cannot be bridged over, even to the third and fourth generation.

September twenty-third.

In my appreciation two days ago of the feeling of the French in regard to the destruction of Reims



Reims Cathedral

This plate is probably the last etching of Reims Cathedral made directly on the copper from the subject. It was drawn in Reims shortly before the bombardment

THE DESECRATION OF REIMS

Cathedral, I understated its significance, even though what I said was rather sweeping. With every hour indignation, or rather the wild rage of anger, has grown.

Ever since the beginning of the war one has had reason to believe that the Germans have no appreciation whatever of "psychological effects." They have thought that the exhibition of brute force, of vandalism, and heartless repression would terrorize non-combatants, paralyze the activity of the French army, and make the city of Paris willing to surrender. In order to bring about this effect, they have not hesitated to incur universal condemnation of their actions. But they reveal a woeful lack of understanding of human nature, of Gallic nature particularly. For the more barbarous they have shown themselves, the more they have inspired the French to resistance.

Take the cathedral at Reims. It was probably destroyed in order to give the Parisians an example of what they may expect if the Germans are successful in the present battle and come again to attack Paris.¹ The cathedral stood in a position where it

¹ It was not until some days later that we learned that the cathedral had not been *wholly* destroyed. From photographs it appears that the destruction was only partial, and not, perhaps, irreparable. The tapestries, too, whose loss I have inferred, were removed to a place of safety. Nor, when I wrote this, did I have before me the German justification for having turned their cannon on the cathe-

PARIS REBORN

could be seen for twenty-five to thirty miles from the south and west. It has been a landmark on the horizon for the French armies since they started the present battle along the line from the frontier to Compiègne. As long as the cathedral was intact, the instinct of a chivalrous race rendered unwilling homage to the intention of the Germans to respect their most precious treasure. The moment the cathedral disappeared in flames and smoke, the Germans gave to the French army an incentive, an inspiration, an impulse to fight, far more valuable than the reinforcements of a quarter of a million of fresh troops.

The Germans have thought to strike terror and dismay. Instead of that, they have aroused a spirit of determination, that cannot fail to bring about their defeat. If the destruction of the cathedral at Reims is a token of what we may expect at Paris, every Frenchman on the battle line, having this warning, says to himself that it is only over the bodies of a million dead men that the German cannon will now get within range of Notre Dame.

dral. But I do not revise what I have written, nor presume to pass judgment on the bombardment as an impartial writer with the facts to guide him. These letters are merely an *impression* of Paris from day to day as things looked at the time of writing.

XXVII

“ON DIT”

September twenty-second.

IN war time (is it any different in time of peace?) there is nothing more astonishing than what “they say.” When news is suppressed, rumor naturally takes the place of fact. This frequently brings serious consequences. We have already seen that in Paris. But there are many rumors that grow alongside of fact to embellish it, even when there is no suppression of news; and while some stories are evolved from a kernel of truth, others are manufactured out of the whole cloth.

From the very first days of the war, I have been reading in the newspapers and hearing by word of mouth stories of German atrocities in Belgium. Undoubtedly many of them are true. No man can play at war. Killing awakens evil passions. Men become brutes. I have had the opportunity of observing how the sight of blood awakens sexual passions. I have seen men of naturally good instincts transformed into devils. As the appetite grows in eating, so the madness of destruction gets the better

PARIS REBORN

of those who destroy. Destruction may begin for a reasonable and definite purpose. It generally ends in wantonness.

It is a curious fact, however, that practically every story of German cruelty and destruction I have heard before. During the wars of the Balkan peninsula, "they said" the same stories. I mean the stories in their *exact form*, just as they are being retailed to us here in Paris! There are the boys whose hands are cut off in order that they may not, when grown to manhood, bear arms against the conqueror; the little fellow playing "sodjers" with a toy gun shot because he was taken "with arms in his hands"; the men crucified at the cross-roads; the women shot as they were kneeling in prayer; the father struck down when holding his child, and the sword killing both with the same blow; the baby thrown in the air and caught on the point of the bayonets; the woman and children forced to march in front of advancing columns to stay the fire of husbands and fathers in the ranks of the enemy. I refrain from mentioning other stories far more horrible than these. Like jokes, they can be traced back. Frenchmen can read some of them in Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime*, in the lurid and scathing account of the actions of French soldiers in Paris at the time of the *coup d'état* that placed Napoleon III in power. But Victor Hugo is modern. We can

“ON DIT”

pursue our research with success back to Herodotus and Livy.

I do not mean to express my belief that these stories are untrue. Only, it is human nature repeating itself and not German nature. If true, they are the exception. But “*on dit*” transforms acts of vandalism and barbarism into common practice.

I have often wondered during these past weeks if, after all, the only truth is that “all men are liars”! Are we victims of hallucination, are we easily self-deceived, or do we deliberately state what we know is not true, and come finally to believe what we say by frequency of statement? Is our sincerity a matter of practice, and does exoneration come through habit?

I have noted, “just for fun,” the occasions during the past few weeks in which women engaged now in Red Cross work,—women for whom I have the highest regard—have taken me aside and told me confidentially of the “horrible thing that has happened in our hospital.” They have a wounded Turco. He came to them with a package from which he refused to be separated. They opened it—for obvious reasons—and found the head of a German. The fair dame vouches absolutely for the authenticity of the story. I have recorded seven different hospitals where the same thing has happened *in exactly the same way*. Generally this story is coupled with an-

PARIS REBORN

other to the effect that "we cannot have any more German wounded in our hospital, for the Turcos get up in the night and strangle them." I first heard this story told about a Bulgarian soldier in a hospital at Sofia: the graphic details were the same. But you never meet the actual eye-witness. The story always comes at second hand.

Another kind of "they say" stories, passing from mouth to mouth with wonderful rapidity, is the "inside track" news. One never knows where it comes from, but it seems to get everywhere. One person says, "Have you heard . . . ?" and the other person, "Yes, and have you heard . . . ?" Here are some of the examples of the stories that were told me with perfect gravity by men in responsible official positions in Paris. I heard them all within two hours, when I was taking my daily "constitutional" at the end of a late August afternoon.

It seems that "they were saying" that President Poincaré and the Cabinet had already moved to Bordeaux; that the Bank of France had taken all its money to Havre where ships under steam were ready at a moment's notice to transport it to England; that there were five hundred alive out of a hundred thousand British troops; that the French army was practically annihilated; that the German army would be at Versailles that very evening; that at Compiègne the French drenched the trees with petrol, set the

"ON DIT"

whole forest on fire and burned alive a division of the Germans; that thousands of Germans have been killed by the new French bomb which on exploding lets out a gas that asphyxiates every one within a hundred yards of it; that on the way to Bordeaux the Cabinet, in session in a special train, decided to give up the city without a struggle; that the Eiffel Tower was mined at its four corners and would be blown up before the Germans entered the city; that the supplies of petroleum and gasolene which the Government could not carry away from Paris had been dumped into the Seine. So it went!

Around the most unlikely stories of the "whole cloth" variety grow with the telling all the earmarks of truth. This is most strikingly illustrated by the universal belief in Paris of the coming of the Cossacks. From my concierge, from the *femme de ménage* who comes every morning to look after my office, from the friends I meet in the street or restaurant, from the clerk at the Embassy who has "inside official information, but you must not quote the source," even from the army officer on the General Staff, you have the positive assertion of fact.

The Government is suffering from the mistaken policy of having magnified victories and suppressed the news of reverses. The policy of silence, if adopted, should work both ways. As it has just as bad an effect upon the public to raise their hopes as

PARIS REBORN

to cause them anxiety, good news presents the same difficulty as bad news, especially when there is some of both to give out.

A great deal of the unrest in Paris during "the week" was due to the lack of wisdom of the newspapers. From the very beginning of the struggle, we had heard that the Germans were fighting without any spirit whatever, that their officers were driving them into battle at the point of the sword, that their infantry marched poorly, that their artillery fire was wild and that their cavalry was absolutely lacking in the qualities which had been claimed for it. The news of the Berlin press agencies has been pilloried to show how the Germans are carrying on a campaign of lies to convince the outside world that they are winning. All the while, the facts seem to controvert these reiterated statements of our press. The forts of Liége were not still holding out; Namur was taken; the Germans occupied Brussels *sans coup férir*; and they passed their immense army into France while we were reading that "their game was already up"!

If it is true that neither their infantry nor their artillery nor their cavalry can be compared for a minute with that of the French and that their soldiers are fighting without any spirit whatever, how is it that the Germans have been able to penetrate large portions of northern France and have come near

“ON DIT”

Paris itself? If it is true that they do not know how to use aëroplanes—and this is one of the most frequently reiterated statements of the press—why did we have the daily visits over the city of Paris?

I am merely reporting here the questions which the Parisians, after reading their newspapers, have asked themselves. It was pretty cold comfort to pick up your paper in the morning and find absolutely no word about the military movements in France, but long enthusiastic articles telling how the Russians were advancing on Berlin.

As the Germans marched through Belgium and France towards Paris, we were fed daily with this story of the Russian advance on Berlin and with the wonderful things the Russian army was accomplishing. The newspapers continue to publish telegrams from their Petrograd correspondents about the colossal numbers of troops that Russia has called into the field. The most reliable papers in Paris state for the comfort of their readers that Russia has six million men under arms, that four million reservists are assembling in their provinces, and that another two million are coming from Siberia and Central Asia. These hordes are expected very soon to fall upon Germany.

When one considers that railways are few and that money is not very plentiful, the putting of an army of ten to twelve million men into the field seems

PARIS REBORN

an impossible undertaking. Where could Russia find ten million modern rifles? Any one who knows Russia and has become acquainted with Russian administration and the intellectual condition of the country sees the absurdity of figuring on an army of this size.

A good army must have an officer for every ten men. If all the educated men in Russia of military age were at the front, the Russians could not officer efficiently an army of more than four millions. Even on a peace footing, Russia has always had extreme difficulty adequately to officer her army. The absence of a great educated middle class is the explanation of this. It is extremely doubtful if there are more than two million Russians in the field, and if, when the mobilization is complete, Russia can muster more than three million men fit for offensive warfare against Germany and Austria-Hungary. Some of her best regiments must be kept in Central Asia, and the attitude of Turkey does not allow her to draw from her standing army in the Caucasus.

I suppose it was because the Russians have in popular imagination so many more soldiers than they need to face both Germany and Austria, that the story of the Russian Cossacks coöperating on the battle-fields of France and Belgium has been able to gain ground.

For the past month I have been hearing most cir-

"ON DIT"

cumstantial statements concerning the arrival of these Cossacks. There are not less than fifty thousand of them, each with his horse from the Tartar Steppes, who had already arrived. They had actually been seen disembarking at Aberdeen. "An Oxford professor," "my mother-in-law," "my uncle's sister by marriage," "a traveling salesman who is the husband of my sister's old friend at the convent school," are the authorities for this statement. There have been letters received, even telegrams, confirming the transportation of these Cossacks across England. Travelers have seen them landing at Ostend, Dunkirk, Boulogne, Rouen, St. Malo, and Brest. Seventy-five trainloads passed through Rouen, holding up the traffic for hours. A British officer on the Avenue de l'Opéra was heard to tell that they were encamped near Versailles. Wounded soldiers, coming from the front, and refugees have described minutely—and variously!—how they were clothed. They wore beaver busbies, copper helmets, and brilliant red fezes. The most narrow questioning could not shake the faith of those who told these stories. My informants have been as sure that the Cossacks had come as that the sun would rise tomorrow morning.

So persistent have been these rumors, in England as well as here, that the British Official Press Bureau has found it necessary to deny them.

PARIS REBORN

Last night I had a copy of the London newspaper containing the sweeping denial that any Cossacks had been landed in England, Scotland, France, or Belgium. "No Cossacks have come: no Russians of any branch of the army are expected," reads the official statement.

At dinner I showed this newspaper to a friend of mine, a captain in the Ninth Zouaves, who is recuperating from wounds received at Charleroi. I read the official denial to him. He shook his head. "Of course," he explained, "they say that because they do not want the Germans to know. But a friend of mine came yesterday from Chantilly, and he said that the station master told him that—"

And so the belief remains. They *will* have the Cossacks here. Next it will be the Japanese!

XXVIII

A CITY SUFFERING

September twenty-third.

THE hardships of American tourists and their disappointment over the spoiled summer vacation, their worry over lost trunks and uncashed checks, their wrath over missed steamship passages, are no longer even a memory—except for themselves. When one thinks of the million in Paris to-day without work, without men folks, who face starvation with a smile and with the heroism of those who know that they can give something else than their blood on the battle-field to sustain their country in the hour of need, there comes the realization of the difference between *real trouble* and petty discomfort, of how the former brings out a nobility of soul in welcome contrast to the meanness produced by the latter.

Now that Paris is beginning to become accustomed to the state of war, and has passed through the crisis of a German attack, the economic effect of the war is being felt more keenly. Excitement and uncertainty of the immediate future no longer pre-

PARIS REBORN

vent us from giving first thought to what is in the larder—and what is not there!

Contrary to the general impression that seems to be voiced by the American newspapers, the war has not as yet caused any increase in the price of food-stuffs. Prices are virtually as they were before the war started. There is a splendid supply upon the market of every kind of comestible that Paris is accustomed to have under normal conditions. I have noticed no difference either of price or variety in restaurant menus. The public services in the city have not been seriously disarranged since the first days of mobilization.¹

The problem is not, then, one of food, of means of transportation, of light and heat. *It is the problem of getting the money to pay for these things.* The mobilization has taken to the front so many men from Paris, and the money stringency has reduced so greatly the number of buyers, that retail houses, if not closed entirely, can offer no employment to those who are seeking places. In wholesale business and in manufacturing, lack of credit, of railway transportation, and of raw material has compelled almost every firm to close its doors. So a great part of the population of the city finds itself out of work.

¹ Except the motor-busses, which were commandeered for army service on the first day of the mobilization.

A CITY SUFFERING

The Government is giving, for wives and children of soldiers, and for mothers where they can prove that they are dependent upon their sons, a daily sum just sufficient to keep body and soul together. But there are hundreds of thousands of people in Paris who cannot claim this aid. Boys under military age, men over military age, or who, for some physical defect, have been rejected for army service, women and girls who have been wage earners, can earn little or nothing. There are few organizations to which they can apply for relief. Winter is coming. Who sees any immediate prospect of the ordinary economic life of the nation being resumed?

Were it not for the fact that virtually every wage earner in France has "something in the stocking," their plight to-day would be pitiful beyond words. But these savings, put aside to buy interest-bearing investments, will not, among the poor, last very long. What is to be done then?

The Government has already taken into consideration the question of rents. No one can be dispossessed for non-payment of rent until January.¹ All you have to do is to go before a Justice of the Peace, and declare that you cannot pay the rent.

¹ This moratorium, limited to modest rentals, has since been prolonged indefinitely, and widened in scope to include places of business whose annual rental does not exceed 2500 francs.

PARIS REBORN

Ninety days of grace are given, beginning October first. But rent is always an important item of expense with the working man in the city. He depends upon his daily earnings to meet this dreaded quarterly obligation. Those who are without work now, and who find it difficult even to get food to put in their mouths, can regard the moratorium for rents only as a measure which puts off the evil day. The wage earners who are in the army and who are earning nothing will be confronted with this problem of paying arrears of rent when they come home. We are just beginning to see the horror of the economic disorganization caused by war. In a country where there is universal military service, each week makes matters worse.

So, in the opinion of the thinking men in France, the work of providing for the resumption of industrial life, with the receding of the wave of invasion, is equal in importance to that of national defense. Steps must soon be taken by the Government to encourage, and, if necessary, to force, the return of normal economic conditions through the reopening of factories and of business houses, upon which the great bulk of the city population depends for its daily bread.

This uneasiness concerning the future is beginning to be felt. It is reassuring to know that the German armies are retreating. It is equally reas-



The markets are full of food-stuffs

A CITY SUFFERING

suring to be told every day that the markets are full of foodstuffs. But the anxiety caused by the war becomes daily keener in most homes of the nation. It is hard to give your men to the army, and not to know whether they are alive or dead. But when the additional burden is placed upon them of getting bread to put in their children's mouths, we can realize what the war means to the women of France.

September twenty-fourth.

For nine days the greatest battle in history has been raging between the Aisne and Oise in the midst of the equinoctial storms. There is no great anxiety in Paris about the outcome of this battle, upon which depends the fate of the city. It is felt that the crucial moment has passed, and that the star of German militarism is on the wane.

No matter what the Germans may succeed in doing on the Aisne, they are, and will be, in spite of any temporary successes, upon the defensive from now on in France. The legend of the invincibility of the Germans was destroyed in the battle of the Marne. Having once seen the Imperial Eagles in retreat, the French soldiers know that the trick is possible, and are confident that they can repeat it.

But, in spite of the confidence, there is no exultation here. Rather we are in the midst of an

PARIS REBORN

anguish and sorrow more poignant than any that has yet been felt during this unhappy war. For it is now known that the battle of the Marne was won only at stupendous sacrifice of life, and we realize that every kilometer gained along the Aisne means a hecatomb of the youth of France. The modern engines of war, while they have not been able to stop the assaults of armies one upon the other, have proved themselves far more destructive than anything that has yet been seen in the history of the world.

The French do not attempt to calculate their losses. They gave that up some time ago. How many are killed we do not know. We cannot even guess.

October tenth.

Here we are well into October, with the military situation very favorable, and the confidence of the people in the success of our arms greatly increased during the past two weeks.

And yet, Paris is still dull. Business is still paralyzed. It shows more than ever as winter approaches. In the summer time, you rather expect things to be dull: but to go down the Avenue de l'Opéra, in the middle of an October afternoon, and to meet neither automobiles nor horsedrawn vehicles in the whole length of the street seems incredible.

A CITY SUFFERING

Many establishments have announced their reopening, but few of them have done so. We still have to admit that there is little prospect of things "picking up in the near future."

Paris is so much the city of pleasure and amusement, where the light side of life is shown everywhere, that the closing of cafés and the absence of theaters and music halls deprives the city of its normal aspect. A number of attempts have been made to reopen the theaters, but without success. Were it not for the cinematograph, we should have no form of diversion. Since the beginning of the war, I have not heard a single band. One does not play the piano.

There are two reasons for this stagnation of affairs, now that it can no longer be laid to the door of the German invasion and the lack of confidence in the success of the armies.

In the first place, our dullness is the dullness of death. The slaughter of the battles has been so fearful that no one has the heart, even though the Parisian nature cries out for it, to be merry. If it seems a sacrilege to play the piano, what would it be to go to the theater? When there is not a single family in this great city, which has not one of its members killed or wounded, when our armies are still in the field exposed to terrible dangers, is this to be marveled at? The Frenchman cannot help ef-

PARIS REBORN

fervescence of spirits. He laughs through his tears.¹ There is no glumness in Paris. You do not feel the weighing down of a great sorrow. But there is silence, and it is a silence that all the world respects. Never a day passes without numerous funerals of soldiers. And yet, for every one that is buried here with his family following him, a thousand have been thrown hastily into trenches or left to rot upon the fields.

The second reason is that people have no money to spend, or, if they have, do not enjoy spending it. The war has brought about such overwhelming disaster to the majority of the people that their money is sufficient only for the barest necessities. In the midst of this financial stress, those who have money feel a delicacy in spending as they do in ordinary times. One does not want to flaunt luxuries in the face of so great misery. As Paris is the city *par excellence* for luxuries, it is natural, then, that this cessation of buying has paralyzed almost every industry.

Some of the palatial cafés have closed their doors because the people will not buy highly priced dishes and highly priced wines, and they cannot afford to keep open on the basis of serving simpler fare. This

¹ Very shortly after this was written, music-halls and theaters began to reopen timidly with programs censored by the Military Governor, and the order to close promptly at eleven o'clock.

A CITY SUFFERING

same thing is true of the shops which, under normal conditions, do a thriving business in the sale of wearing apparel and articles of luxury.

It is noticeable already that the styles for the coming winter are going to be very simple. The milliners from whom ordinarily one could not buy a hat for less than two hundred and fifty francs, are offering their creations for sale at one-fifth of that price. The dressmakers who have kept open are selling the simplest kind of gowns for little money. One does not see in the streets beautifully appointed automobiles with handsomely gowned women. The wealthy woman of yesterday is the modest *bourgeoise* of to-day, riding in a horse cab, and wearing clothes that at the most could be bought for five hundred francs from hat to shoes.

The commission for the reopening of industries is doing its best to bring about the return of normal life. The railroads are beginning now to transport fuel, merchandise and raw materials to make this possible. I have heard of several large factories lately which have notified their workmen to return the middle of October.

Athletic organizations of Paris are encouraged to resume their outdoor sports this autumn. The Minister of the Interior has declared that it is a sign of patriotism to play football and tennis, and that everything that can be done by the athletic clubs to

PARIS REBORN

resume their activities will help towards reëstablishing the spirit of normality so rudely interrupted at the beginning of August.

As the tide of battle rolls away from Paris, back into Belgium and towards the Rhine, this great city is bound to resume its usual life. Far from being hurt by the war, Paris will be benefited. We all look to see Paris enter upon a period of tremendous prosperity, not only in business, but also as a center of study. Victory in this war will increase the prestige of the French, and will make Paris more than ever the Mecca for students in every field of human knowledge and from every corner of the globe.

October fifteenth.

At last prices are beginning to show the effect of the war. During August and September fresh food products, such as vegetables and fruits, were cheaper in Paris than at any time during the past five years. The reason for this was that so many people had left the city, especially of the classes which buy in large amounts, that the consumers were fewer than the products put upon the market. After the mobilization was over, transportation facilities for victualing Paris were restored to the normal schedule. Even in the matter of milk, the supply has been ample and the price stationary.

But now the general market is beginning to feel

A CITY SUFFERING

the protracted abnormal conditions, resulting not only from a state of war, but more particularly from the presence of the German army for so long a time in the north and northeast of France. Since the last week of August, the Germans have held firmly the angle from the Belgian frontier, to Compiègne, to the German frontier. They are still within fifty miles of the capital, and dominate the railways of northern and northeastern France.

After the Battle of the Marne, it was fondly hoped that the Germans would be driven out of France, or at least away from the immediate vicinity of the capital. But the fall of Maubeuge, followed now by the occupation of Lille, has given the Germans as strong a position in northern France as they have in Belgium by their occupation of Liège, Namur and Antwerp. In the past week, they seem to have been able to extend the battle front by the way of the English Channel. The winter will open very inopportunately for France, if the Germans actually control all the coast line from Antwerp to Calais.

Food supplies, of course, can reach the city without interruption from the west and south. Even if prices are a little higher, a serious deficit of food supplies except salt and sugar is not to be feared. But it is a different matter in regard to fuel. Lately it has been virtually impossible to buy coal or wood. I have had to wait eight to ten days after

PARIS REBORN

giving in my order to get even a small quantity of wood. My coal has not yet come.

The burden, as usual, will be borne by the poor. A slight increase in the price of food means to them the difference between being able to get along and starving. As for fuel, those who can afford to buy only in small quantities bear far more than their share of the loss and the difficulty in getting coal, coke, charcoal and wood for cooking and for keeping themselves warm.

Only an overwhelming victory of the allied armies within the next month can prevent a winter of extreme deprivation and suffering in Paris.

October twenty-second.

In every great city, there is a large class of people, unskilled laborers, who live from hand to mouth, and who are always on the verge of poverty. They know how to manage on little, and, when the misfortune of illness or of unemployment strikes them, how to find aid to tide them over the evil days. Every one knows people of this sort who are always at the very end of their resources. But they never starve. They manage to get sufficient for themselves and for their families—just how is a mystery, and they don't explain. This class does not find itself at the present moment in a situation different from that with which it has coped for years. The



QUAI AUX FLEURS

The Quai aux Fleurs. As the tide of battle rolls away from Paris, this great city resumes its usual life

A CITY SUFFERING

war, in fact, has made means of subsistence more plentiful for them!

But the people who are to be pitied are those who have never before known what it is to be actually "up against it." They are skilled laborers, or people of the middle classes whose business affairs have always brought them in sufficient for their needs during times of peace. When they found themselves suddenly left without employment and without money by the outbreak of the war, they were able at first to get along by using the money they happened to have in hand. But now no money is coming in, and, even if they have savings, the moratorium prevents their drawing money from the bank. There is no market for the sale of bonds or securities they may happen to possess. Banks are not lending money. I have met many people with comfortable homes, well dressed and prosperous looking, who are absolutely without means.

In talking the other day with the wife of one of the successful art photographers of Paris, I discovered by accident that all the money she had in the world was two francs. She had recently adopted a baby, and now has nothing for feeding it. Refusing to beg, she had been living by selling at absurd prices things in her apartment. She went one day to try newspaper-selling. Being well dressed, she had a terrible experience. When she started to sell,

PARIS REBORN

she was accused by the newsboys and newsgirls of wanting to rob them of their only means of subsistence, and was insulted until strength and nerve failed. She had to give up. This is one of thousands of cases, of which one hears only by accident. In my experience, I have generally found that the person who is without money through no fault of his own is the last person in the world to ask for help. Almost invariably, opportunities for charity which come to one through the solicitation of the object of charity are merely invitations to waste your money.

The classes that are hardest hit in Paris to-day are the theatrical people and the artists. No theaters or music halls or cafés are running. There is not in Paris the opportunity for a singer, an actor, a dancer or a musician to make any money at all. This class is generally helpless in every other way. Children are trained for the stage and for music from an early age, and know nothing else. An effort is being made to prevent these thousands of helpless theatrical people from starving by the establishment of *cantines*, where meals are served for a few sous on the presentation of a card from a committee which has carefully investigated each case. The Jardin de Paris on the Champs-Élysées has been turned into a huge refectory.

Artists and art students are proverbially poor.

A CITY SUFFERING

A great many of them are dependent upon remittances from their families or the occasional sale of a picture. This applies even to those who do very good work. Remittances are not coming to Paris now, and pictures are not being bought. In the Montparnasse Quarter, there are many *cantines* for artists. A committee has been formed to help those who find themselves now in destitution. It is hoped that this work will result in the elimination from the Quarter of a horde of incapables, who have for years been using art as an excuse for loafing. The committee knows these cases. Argument has always failed heretofore to prevail upon the idlers of the Quarter to go home or get a job. Now the opportunity has come to enforce the point of view of their friends upon many who have been posing as students or as artists just about to "arrive."

Art students are not the only foreigners who have been inconvenienced by the sudden outbreak of war. Paris is full of students from every country of Europe who depend upon a monthly remittance from home. The remittances have stopped. Men students can enlist in the Foreign Legion. But women are "up against it" in the very toughest sense of the phrase. I have seen many girls, especially from Russia and Poland, who have nothing to eat and no friends. They cannot benefit by the measures of public relief which the Government has

PARIS REBORN

taken for its own women and children without resources, and by the *cantines* established for special categories of sufferers. They are too proud to beg and too good to do worse: so they starve. What it must be to be a stranger, starving in Paris!

Every tragedy has its lighter side. The wards of the Chinese Government studying in Paris are mostly sons of mandarins—young men who find themselves absolutely helpless when the monthly remittance does not arrive. They have applied to their embassy and to their consulate in vain.

In the old aristocratic Rue de Babylone (hidden by a wall unless you know where to look for it) is a wonderful Chinese pagoda—I use the word for want of a better one, and plead ignorance as to its proper use here. At any rate, beyond that wall in that queer oriental house is the home of the Chinese Ambassador to France. Last night a party of sixty hungry students went to see their country's representative. They did not listen to the protests of the concierge, and he was not quick enough in trying to shut the door. They got inside, invaded the Embassy and found a delicious meal in the dining-room awaiting His Excellency. Not only did they eat everything on the table, but, being sixty, they filled out a good round banquet by raiding the pantry.

While the students were thus occupied, the Am-

A CITY SUFFERING

bassador returned. Hearing from the concierge what was happening inside, he decided that prudence was the better part of valor, and retired to a nearby restaurant for dinner and to telephone the police.

It took more than words to get the students out. I understand that the police did not go at their task very strenuously. There is nothing that a Parisian enjoys, even though he be an officer of the law, more than a good joke.

Before he slept that night, His Excellency sent a wire to Peking for funds. The telegraph operator declares that it was marked "Urgent."

November eighteenth.

There are two grave questions disturbing the already disturbed economic condition of France, and nowhere are they more clearly seen than in Paris to-day. A large number of workingmen and employers are profiting by the state of war to take advantage of each other.

The most fit in the nation have gone to war. Those that have been refused for army service are either unfit from the standpoint of some physical defect or are beyond the age of conscription. Consequently, even in the limited amount of industry that is being carried on, it seems impossible for the employers of good faith to get capable workmen or to make it profitable for them to carry on their busi-

PARIS REBORN

ness. In most industries, it is less of a loss to the employer to keep shut up entirely than to carry on business shorthanded or with incapables.

But there are employers who have the yellow streak in them, and are deliberately using the war as an excuse for cutting down the salaries of their employees to the lowest possible point. Many manufacturers who are still doing good business have reduced the wages of those who work for them fifty per cent. Of course, no blame can be attached to the employer who finds himself embarrassed by the war, and unable to give employment at all, unless he does so at reduced wages. But there are a good many lines of business that the war has prospered.

An investigation by some Paris newspapers of the wage rolls of factories where war supplies are being turned out has revealed the fact that employers have been getting work out of their workmen for half pay, when they themselves are earning more than under normal conditions. This exploitation has been called to the attention of the military authorities. The workmen's unions argue that the Government is justified in establishing a minimum wage where it is ascertained that the employer has not been affected adversely by the war, just as it has established a maximum price for foodstuffs.

On the other hand, much fault lies with the workmen in this large city who have not been called

A CITY SUFFERING

to the army. Many thousands of them take the present situation as an excuse for not working, even when there is work for them to do. Every day workmen are advertised for, and more and more positions are opening to men, as available men become fewer. And yet, if you go at meal-time to any one of the thousands of charitable agencies in Paris, you will see any number of husky looking men, standing in line with their kettle for soup. They are taking the war as an excuse for a protracted period of rest. They find they can get enough soup and bread to keep them going. Why then work?

It takes a situation like this to show people how difficult is the problem of alleviating human misery. It is easy enough to say that there are plenty who are in want, and to gather money and clothing and other things for distribution. But it requires an unusual amount of ability and perspicacity to be a successful worker among the unfortunate and poor. For the distribution of relief is a hundred times harder than gathering funds for relief. One never realizes how hard it is to get in touch with real want until he tries to distribute relief funds.

XXIX

THE REFUGEES

September twenty-fourth.

IT was just four weeks ago that they began to come, bringing the first news of defeat. Refugees are the heralds of the enemy's triumph. It has been in Paris just as it was in Constantinople after Kirk Kilissé and Lulé Burgas. Only the names of the scenes of disaster are different. Are they Charleroi and St. Quentin? We are still in the dark. For even since the tide turned the Government has not allowed the publication of the events so nobly redeemed from the Marne to the Aisne, in the valleys of the Grand Morin and the Ourcq. At the end of October, 1912, the Seraskerat, busily engaged in packing its precious papers for Brusa, gave out the news that "all was going well on the front." But the refugees came pouring into Stamboul. Irrefutable denial of the official statements! At the end of August, 1914, the Rue St. Dominique, busily engaged in packing its precious papers for Bordeaux, gave out the news that

THE REFUGEES

“all was going well at the front.” But the refugees came pouring into Paris. Irrefutable denial, again, of official statements! Tchataldja saved the Turks and confounded the Bulgarians; the Marne saved the French and confounded the Germans. How history repeats itself!

But in Turkey the eleventh-hour victory, or check to the forward march of the enemy, did not save the refugees. In France it has been the same. Sacrificed, perhaps, to strategy in the latter case, though certainly not in the former, the war to the refugees has been all horror from the beginning, and has brought no day of joy and exultation in the sudden turn of the tide.

We thought in Constantinople that we should never live to see a repetition of the heart-rending scenes (I use a hackneyed expression for once correctly) of aged and infirm, of women and children, without clothing, without food, without shelter, wandering through the streets of a great city, their faces stamped with a fear that was fresh and not yet allayed, with a grief for members of the family killed or missing, with a hopelessness that alms and kind words of cheer could not lift. For the disaster of husband and sons shot, of homes pillaged and burned, of crops destroyed, of business ruined, of exile in utter destitution, puts the refugee beyond the comfort of the sympathy of one who can say, “Yes, I

PARIS REBORN

know: for I have suffered as you are suffering." For none can say that who has not himself been a refugee from war, from fire, from flood, from earthquake, from pestilence.

No, I must qualify this statement: I must limit it to *refugee from war*. For fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence—these are sudden calamities which pass as suddenly, and are accepted with resignation, because they are beyond human control. But war does not pass quickly. It follows the victim: the fear remains. And it is not accepted: there is no resignation. For war is man-willed and man-made—a breaking out of primitive passions that civilization has not conquered. It is man in collusion with the devil who fights. God has nothing to do with it. The victim suffers—and continues to suffer.

The French refugees hope soon to go home. For many the hope has already been realized. The Germans are retreating. Most of those who stay do not feel exiled. Paris is home to every Frenchman.

But the Belgians! However much may be done to minister lovingly to the wants of these poor people, the alleviation of their mental suffering is impossible. Nothing grips one's heart more than to see little children still under the spell of the terror of the awful scenes they have witnessed. To talk to children who had been driven from burning

THE REFUGEES

homes, who had been spattered with the blood of father and brother and mother, who even carried wounds on their own little bodies, was my sad task in Asia Minor during the Adana massacres. But this is Paris. This is Europe. This is the Christian world. And yet those old painful memories live again, and I see once more baby faces to which a smile cannot be coaxed.

Think what it must mean to have no husband, no grown sons, no home, no possessions, no money, no chance to work, and, placed against that, the responsibility of several little mouths to feed. To all of us, perhaps, at one time or other in our lives, the past has been naught and the present black. But the Belgian refugees have no future. We can give them no hope. When they ask, "When shall we be able to go back to our homes?" there is nothing to do but to turn aside and pretend that one has not heard the question.

Say what they will about anticipation of another's intention, about necessity, about imperative considerations of national safety, the men who ordered, and the men who obeyed the order for, the invasion of Belgium will never be able to explain, will never be able to justify themselves. For the Belgians, ghosts, prisoners and exiles, have already come before the tribunal of world-wide public opinion. The German cause is lost before it is pleaded,

PARIS REBORN

lost before it is fought to a decisive issue. And, as if there were not Belgians enough to accuse and condemn, there are the three-times-within-a-century-similarly-sinned-against people of Northern France.¹

When we first saw the refugees (and one well understands that they must have come in great numbers before they were noticeable in a city like Paris), they were all supposed to be Belgians. We took it for granted. We had reason to: for they were of the unmistakable Flemish peasant type. Their French, if they could speak the language at all, was halting. But soon we began to notice the Lillois. Then they came from Arras, from Amiens, from Soissons, from Senlis, from Beauvais, from Com-

¹ Aside from the incalculable and irreparable material damage done to Reims, Soissons, Senlis, Albert, Arras, and other towns, and to communes of lesser importance, the Germans have levied severe war contributions in cash and army supplies upon the cities of Northern France. They have destroyed factories in the region of Lille and Maubeuge, and have carried away raw material. Most of the cities and communes that are suffering these losses were victims of the German invasions of 1814 and 1870. *A number of communes are still paying off the loans contracted to meet the German war contributions of 1870.* And now they have been mulcted again! The most striking illustration is the city of Amiens, which owes still, as a municipal debt, over three million francs, due to meeting the contribution of war levied upon Amiens in 1870. The citizens of Amiens have been paying ever since 1870 a *per capita* tax in interest alone of fifty centimes per year for the purchase of immunity at that time. I read that they are now saddled with another million!



In the Latin Quarter. *En queue at a soup cantine*

THE REFUGEES

piègne, from Château-Thierry, from Chantilly, from Meaux.¹ As the German invasion spread and drew nearer Paris, the refugees appeared in our streets with their carts, their salvage of household goods, their cattle, their barnyard fowls. As the refugees poured in, the *froussards* poured out. The two streams met at the railway stations and the city gates, each fleeing before the Germans—but in a different direction!

The big heart of the larger and nobler Paris, which showed no fear for personal safety, no anxiety for personal comfort, no worry for “the treasures laid up on earth,” has been devoting itself these past four weeks to the wounded and the refugees. I have always loved the “French of the people” that one sees exemplified so worthily by the population of Paris, the French who work hard for their living and get more out of life than any other people in the world—the real Parisians, sober, industrious, cheerful, warm-hearted, generous without advertisement, moral without cant. I rejoiced in the unparalleled example of civic courage they gave to the world during the Great Flood of 1910. But I love

¹ I speak of these cities and towns as centers of regions. Most of the refugees were, of course, country people from isolated farms and hamlets. The city people thought they had nothing to fear. In all instances, alas! their optimism was not well founded. There has been a difference between 1870 and 1914, not to the credit of the latter.

PARIS REBORN

them more now, and I am glad that it is my privilege to have my home and raise my family among such a people.

The Parisians have had no time to think of what might have been—of what might yet be—in store for them. They have forgotten their own sufferings, their own cares, their own financial burdens, in the face of the greater suffering that has been so suddenly and so abundantly revealed to them. While they waited for the wounded, who, for some mysterious reason, have not come, they have ministered to the refugees.

Each *arrondissement* of Paris is vying with the others in providing clothing and warm food and shelter, in caring for the sick and the babies. There is more than generosity. There is tenderness. What a reflection upon our modern Anglo-Saxon civilization that we have taken the original King James' version meaning out of the word *charity*, and have limited it to something impersonal, and, since impersonal, *ergo* repellent! In French, *charité* is still defined as love of God and fellowman. So there is more than generosity. There is tenderness. I could fill a book with what I have seen in my own *quartier* of the poor helping the poor, of the charity that means taking the object of charity into your own home and sharing with him your crust. When you go among the common people of Paris, you find

THE REFUGEES

that every one has done it, and has done it as the perfectly natural thing to do. It is not only a civic duty, it is a civic privilege.

Who wrote that the French were a degenerate race? Oh, the presumption of ignorance! I wish I could take the slanderer around Paris to-day.

I wish I could show him the Cirque de Paris, whose arena is famous in the world of sport, turned into a hospice for the refugees, where none applies in vain for a roof over his head, for medical attendance, for food, for clothing. The Government has made no appropriation, nor has the municipality. Out of the gifts of the people of the neighborhood all who come are ministered unto. It does not matter how many come. There is enough for all. And the first service rendered to them is the cutting off of shoes and rags, and the washing of the weary bruised feet *by women volunteers*.

I wish I could take the slanderer to the old Seminary of Saint Sulpice, which is soon to be the new Luxembourg Picture Gallery. There other refugees find a haven. The mother, footsore and desperate from the baby's continual cry for milk and the other children's cry for bread, is met with outstretched arms, and greeted with brimming eyes, brave smile and a kiss. The kiss does more to renew her courage than food. But there is food, too. And do you know, Mr. Slanderer, how that food has

PARIS REBORN

been cooked? Across from the Seminary is the *Mairie* of the Sixth *Arrondissement*. The policemen, attached to the *poste* there, are giving up in turns their rest and meal hour to do the cooking. When the influx was greatest, and the soup portion would have given out, the policemen contributed more than their meal hour. Their meal, too, was slipped into the pot, and none knew but God.

XXX

SPIES

September twenty-fifth.

DURING the first week of the war, I saw a number of man hunts. Frequently it was an altogether innocent person that was mauled by the crowd; in more than one instance, in fact, I saw Frenchmen—Parisians who had never been out of the city and had never spoken to a German in their lives—badly beaten. One could not reason with the crowd.

After all, the excitement and the nervousness were not unnatural. Germany let loose the war, and even before it was declared her troops were over our borders. They were boasting that they would be in Paris in a fortnight. The knowledge that there were thousands of Germans in the city sending out information to aid the invaders made Parisians suspicious.

It is curious how suspicion works. When you are thinking hard about a thing or looking for it (that is, anything except money) you see it all around you. Whenever I am waiting anywhere

PARIS REBORN

for some one, I see him a dozen times in the crowd before he really arrives. In our mental processes, we habitually jump to conclusions. It is a wonder that we hit things right as often as we do. I remember in those first few days how I would sit on the terrace of a café, looking at my neighbors and scanning carefully the faces of those who passed. I could swear that every other man was a German. I was positive of it. The Gallic type of countenance seemed to have disappeared. When I got over thinking about Germans and spies, I never suspected any one I met of being a "*Boche*."

So it was with all the Parisians. The mad period of man-hunting was a phase that passed quickly. There were other things to think about. We heard no more about the Germans in Paris. Some had been expelled from France; others had been sent into detention camps; but the majority of them remained and prudently kept under cover. Only if a neighbor had a personal spite against some one and denounced him at the police station, was a German molested.¹

¹ More than fifty thousand Germans were living in Paris at the moment the war broke out. Many who did not conform to the order of the Government to report to their police station within forty-eight hours of the beginning of the mobilization were hunted down mercilessly, and haled before courts martial as spies. At the moment wild rumors gained credence in Paris that German spies had been shot. The most persistent *canard* had it that the proprietor of a fashionable hotel on the Champs-Élysées was caught

SPIES

That was while we thought we were winning. When we woke up to the fact that we were not winning and that Von Kluck was on his way to see us, there were more engrossing subjects for the Parisians and the authorities to think about than the question of what to do with the Germans who had been granted *permis de séjour* to remain in Paris.

These two weeks that have followed the Battle of the Marne have witnessed the growth of a feeling of bitterness and hostility toward the Germans as a nation naturally translated into a hatred of the Germans as individuals. This hatred is different from the effervescent demonstrations against the Germans during the first week of the war. Nothing effervescent is serious. The more the effervescence the less the effect (of course, I except champagne!). So the rowdyism of August second and third had no consequences.

We heard about the atrocities and the destruction wrought by the German army in Belgium in August, and we were as indignant as it was possible to be over the sufferings and misfortunes of others. But we know how superficial that indignation was when we contrast it with the way the suffering of our own receiving the messages from the Eiffel Tower by means of a wireless installation upon his roof, and shot on the spot. This was afterwards formally denied. No German spy was killed in Paris: none was condemned to death.

PARIS REBORN

people, the destruction of our own monuments stirs us up. The German who harmed the Belgians was a bad fellow: the German who harms the French is the devil incarnate. So it goes.

Since the Battle of the Marne, the newspapers have done their work. They have spread far and wide the news of what has happened to the people and to the cities of northern and eastern France. Every German in Paris is anathema. He is a spy: and if there is n't proof enough to court-martial him, he can at least be shut up in prison.

But why a spy? Germans who have been living here for long years, whose interests and associations are wholly in Paris and with the Parisians—ought they to be treated as spies? Is not prejudice and passion at work? Ought noncombatant Germans to suffer for what the armies of their country, for which they are not responsible, have done? Is there any rhyme or reason in the wholesale arrest of thousands who have given no ground for suspicion, and many of whom can hardly speak the language, if they speak it at all, of the country of which they are technically subjects?

If I did not live in Paris, if I did not understand and appreciate the motives underlying the arrest and sending to detention camps of all German subjects, I might, as other correspondents have done, write in protest against the wholesale decree that is result-

SPIES

ing in so much suffering for its innocent victims. Many of them are innocent victims.

When it comes to the individual case in which my personal sympathies are enlisted by personal acquaintance with the victim, I have protested. I have called the law an outrage because it does not discriminate.

For example, a young woman whom I knew came to me in great distress, and begged me to intercede for her. Married to a German who is a chauffeur in England, she is a Parisian, daughter of a veteran of 1870, granddaughter of a colonel in the Duc d'Aumale's glorious Algerian army. She had in her hand her *acte de naissance* to prove that she was French, and the papers to substantiate her statements about her father and grandfather. I went with her to the *commissaire*. He was obdurate. Her marriage to a German was sufficient to apply the decree against her. "Nothing to discuss, Monsieur," he said, and when he saw that I did not take this as final and was about to continue my plea for her, he got up and slammed his fist down upon the desk, and cried in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the room, "Were you the Minister of War himself, you could not succeed in keeping this woman from going into the detention camp!"

The *commissaire* was right. There could be no

PARIS REBORN

exceptions, and the innocent would have to suffer with the guilty.

It is easy enough to urge that Great Britain and Germany are showing no such intolerance, and have not molested the women and children of alien enemies. *But neither Great Britain nor Germany is invaded.* The case is not analogous. There has been spying here, and plenty of it. It has been carried on in the most unbelievable ways, with the most uncanny and devilish skill, and by the most unsuspected persons. This spying has aided the Germans during the past month. It is aiding them now. France is fighting for national existence. Paris is still the objective of the German armies. There is no way of separating the sheep from the goats. All must go.

So the Germans of Paris, women and children as well as men, are leaving us. The scenes in the different *commissariats*, where they were called for the revocation of their *permis de séjour*, awaken pity for these victims of the war, most of them poor, honest folk, whose whole life is being ruined by the war. They are leaving by trains from St. Lazare. They do not know where they are going. The future is black. Most of them love France—at least, they love the Paris that is home to them—far more than they do Germany. But they must suffer for the sins of their countrymen: they must suffer for

SPIES

the base treachery of those among them, safe from detection, who have eaten the salt of Paris while betraying Paris.

There is something dramatic about their exit. For, as the German spies and suspected spies leave Paris, they pass at the railway station the refugees coming in from the north. In each pitiful line, going out in terror and coming in from terror, there is the same succession of husbandless women with children and babies. Their men are fighting at the front, against each other mostly. The lines pass, and there is hardness of heart on both sides. You see it in the faces. You see it in the weary shoulders, drawn up for the moment in scorn and defiance, in the attempt to prove oneself unbroken, in the attempt to prove the other the transgressor. But sinner and sinned against, the suffering is the same. This is war.

XXXI

THE NEW KULTURKAMPF

September twenty-sixth.

“**T**HE Germans have been instilling, little by little, their poison into the hearts of all peoples. If it is true that the soul of a race is in its language, this is still more true of its music. Listen to the songs of Naples, Spain, Russia, Sweden, and Arabia: are they not the very portraits of these peoples? Do they not tell more about their nature than all the commentaries? We have no more use for the German language, we do not wish to speak it, we do not wish to learn it, we do not wish to *sing* it. And yet some are saying that we do not need to give up Richard Wagner. How many times will it be necessary to repeat that this music, without the language that accompanies it, is incomprehensible, and that those who think they understand the music without the language are greatly deluded? But this delusion pleases them: this chimera attracts them. It must have taken upon them a very strong hold if they dare to say *at this moment* that they are held by the spell of Parsifal.”

THE NEW KULTURKAMPF

My hand, stretched out for the honey while I read my morning paper, falls back on the table. My *café au lait* grows cold. Breakfast loses its interest. For this is Camille Saint-Saëns, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, daring to express over his signature that unbelievable phenomenon, the growth of which I have been noticing since the war began. Let us read on.

“I have said what I think of this impenetrable work, where the sublime rubs elbows with the ridiculous in the midst of an atmosphere of boredom, whose most beautiful pages accompany the sacrilegious parading of the ceremonies of Catholicism, where one sees the Holy Spirit Himself descended from heaven as a dove, suspended on a thread. Thirty years of waiting and advertisement have made it an enormous success. Will the French people finish by perceiving that this work, whatever may be its merits, is not made for them? These long-drawn-out scenes, this heaviness, these obscurities, this false mysticism, this unwearying prolixity, what have they to do with our French soul which loves only frankness and clearness?

“Before Richard Wagner, all the greatest composers wrote honest music. It was he who, unfortunately, gave fashion to charlatanism.

“After the massacre of women and children, after the bombardment of hospitals, after the destruction

PARIS REBORN

of cathedrals, after the desecration of burial places, after the cynical confession of hate for France, how can there be found a single Frenchman to demand the music of the 'fakir,' whom Germany has considered for a long time its national genius? The morality of individuals is not that of nations. We may forget the injuries of nations—perhaps that is a virtue—but Wagner was of those who insulted the French people. The forgetfulness of such an insult is a fault. Would you go to applaud a marvellous singer if he had insulted your mother?"

This piece of stupidity is in keeping with the movement of which we hear from London to bar from concert programs the works of Germans, and to replace them by the productions of loyal British, French, and Russians. Ye Gods! Is this war to deprive us of the great masters? Is it treason and denial of country to listen to Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner, Schubert, Handel, Liszt, Meyerbeer, and Strauss?¹

Saint-Saëns in the field of music is only one in-

¹ The most popular concerts—and yet of a very high grade—in Paris are the Concerts Touche, on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. I have taken at random one of the weekly programs of last winter's season. During the week December thirteenth-eighteenth, 1913, eight concerts were given. In every one of them, except a *soirée* devoted exclusively to the works of Beethoven, Wagner's name appeared at least once on the program. Once it appeared three times, and two other times twice. Of the seventy-five numbers played, thirty-five were of German composers.

THE NEW KULTURKAMPF

stance of how the French are writing against all forms of German *Kultur*. The starting-point has been the response of the five famous academies to the manifesto of the ninety-three German *intellectuals*. They have dropped from active and corresponding membership all subjects of Wilhelm II and Franz Josef on the ground that these learned men have defended the barbarism and maintained the righteousness of their country in the present war. Then—how human nature does show itself to be primeval!—it has only been a step from this action to the questioning of the reality and worth of the scholarship and genius of men who could belong to such a nation as that which burned Louvain. The German *Kultur* defended the burning of Louvain. These men are exponents of that *Kultur*. So, Wundt is not a good psychologist, Eucken is a poor philosopher, Ostwald a chemist of mediocre attainments, Roentgen rays are valueless, Deissmann's Greek might be better, Lasson is a humbug, and Harnack is insane.

If the *Kultur* of the present generation in Germany is a bubble, pricked in Belgium, how about that of the fathers and grandfathers? Nothing good ever could have come out of such a race of barbarians! I have been reading literary men on Goethe and Schiller, philosophers on Kant and Lötze, naturalists on Humboldt, historians on

PARIS REBORN

Mommsen and Ranke, and so on, until I find the idea insidiously put into my head that, after all, Frenchmen and Britishers have really been supreme in every field of intellectual endeavor. But when it comes to music—well, I let my coffee get cold.

Heretofore, we have regarded the productions of the human soul and the human intellect to be far above the clash of human passions and human greed. Genius has been international, and the one to whom has been granted the gift of song, of poetry, of color, or of insight into the secrets of human nature and the laws of God, has been proudly claimed as a citizen of the world, belonging to, and a benefactor of, the whole human race. But now we must ask where a man was born, if he be dead, or to show his passport, if he be living, before we read what he has written, or listen to the message he has to give.

I shall wait for the protests against the new *Kulturkampf*. But I feel sure that they will not come now. Never struggle of race with race was bitterer than this one. Who would have thought that in the twentieth century the highest musical and intellectual leaders of France would be advising and advocating a national boycott of the great masters, and of the contributions to science that have made Berlin and Vienna, Jena and Heidelberg, Bonn and Leipzig, foyers from which every student and

THE NEW KULTURKAMPF

thinker the world over has taken inspiration for a great deal that is best and highest in his life?

This new *Kulturkampf* is more than an indication of the bitterness and hatred the German struggle for world supremacy has called forth. It shows to what a depth of folly war instincts let loose can bring down the wisest and most gifted of men.

XXXII

AND THEN THE HANDELSKAMPF

September twenty-eighth.

I WENT into my stationer's this morning for some of my favorite carbon paper, and when he told me that he had no more of it, and would have no more, because it is manufactured in Vienna, I started to grumble. The Stationer was amused, and gave his usual deprecatory, propitiating gesture of shoulders and hands working in unison. He knows well enough that French carbon paper is very poor, and that the antiquated method, inherited from remote ancestors, of packing the English brands dries out the sheets before they reach the customer in a foreign market.

But the General Staff Officer, who was ordering some visiting-cards, answered me back.

“What right have you to raise a fuss over a perfectly natural and patriotic state of affairs?” he demanded. “If you love France, as you profess to do when you are smoking my cigars at the Club, you would pat the Stationer on the back. More than that, you would tell him, as I have done several

AND THEN THE HANDELSKAMPF

times in the past half hour, that he ought to throw out of his shop every article he has in stock of German and Austrian manufacture."

The arm that was more accustomed to brandishing a billiard cue than a sword was agitated in an increasingly eloquent marking time to words as the General Staff Officer demonstrated that the hour had come for France to rise up in her wrath and boycott everything "made in Germany."

"I tell you," he shouted, "that we have been fools—fools, I repeat it, my friend—to allow the Germans and Austrians to come into France and capture our markets. Why should our good money go to the barbarians? It makes me boil to think of how we have been pouring out our gold, through pure *gentillesse*, through our careless and mistaken notions of courtesy and politeness, to build up German factories, and increase the power of our enemies to fashion their hellish Krupp cannon to strike us when they got good and ready. O fools, fools, fools, we French have been!"

With this the General Staff Officer blew out of the shop, and was lost in the crowd entering the gate of the Luxembourg opposite before I had time to recover my breath, and before his orderly, who had been trying to find a substitute for absinthe at the café next door, was able to pay for his drink and hurry after him.

PARIS REBORN

"Feels pretty strongly, does n't he?" I said to the Stationer.

The Stationer looked disgusted.

"Sounds patriotic. He is the great I AM, and he thinks he has found THE GREAT IDEA. Do you know, I am one of the largest purveyors to the *Etat-Major*. The War Department of France has been for years a consistent buyer of German and Austrian goods. They always want the best of everything, and, in my business at least, that best comes from Vienna."

The Stationer took my arm, and guided me to his show cases.

"Then look at these novelties. Practically everything I have in this line, things that are attractive in themselves, that are time-saving, that are clever, that are practical—the little articles that you feel you want the moment you see them—all these things here are made in Germany. For instance, take this inkstand. It has a heavy base, and appeals to you as sensible. For you have always been upsetting inkstands. *Voilà*, here is one that will not upset. You buy it. The Germans study the art of supplying the market with what customers want. We buy their goods because they sell well. You Americans have novelties also, but they cannot compete in price with German goods, and then you have no conception of how to sell on

AND THEN THE HANDELSKAMPF

credit. It is only in novelties protected by a rigid French patent that you get the better of the Germans. As for us, we French are indifferent, and the English are stupid."

I was interested, and the Stationer warmed to his subject.

"That General Staff Officer is typical of the asininity and injustice in vogue in Paris since the war began. He wants me to throw out my German stock, does he? And three months ago he and all his kind would come into my shop, and ask for a certain well-known article. German, of course. If I did not carry it, and offered him a substitute, I would find him sliding out of the door before I finished my sentence. To run a high-class stationery business in Paris, stocking German and Austrian goods has been a *sine qua non*. Three months ago, if I had not been carrying a large line of goods from Germany and Austria, I would have failed. Today, since I do not burn up the fifty thousand francs of goods bought by me because the public wanted them and would have no other, I am unpatriotic."

So the *Handelskampf* has followed the *Kulturkampf*. It is just as senseless, and far more cruel, because it is affecting thousands of shopkeepers whose fault is that they have been good merchants and have tried to please their customers.

There is only one way in which French manufac-

PARIS REBORN

turers can profit by the war to supplant German and Austrian industries in their own markets and in the markets of the world, and that is by manufacturing articles just as good, just as cheap, and just as attractive to the public. In some fields they may succeed. In other fields they will inevitably fail. For we are living in an age of international distribution of labor, and it is as unreasonable to suppose that the manufacturing and commercial genius of the German race is any more reproducible than its musical genius. Just at this moment I am fully as alarmed about the prospect of a winter without Vienna carbon paper as I am about the blank months ahead without the *Opus 28* sonata of Beethoven.

Boycott measures are boomerangs. I have never seen them fail to inconvenience, to injure, the boycotters as much as the boycotted. The *Kulturkampf* and the *Handelskampf* will succeed in Paris only on that day when Parisians are able to boast that nothing essential or desirable to satisfy the material and intellectual and spiritual needs of the French race comes from across the Rhine.

XXXIII

RED TAPE

September twenty-sixth.

I WAS on a tram this morning going from the Gare Montparnasse to the Etoile. Opposite me was a wounded soldier, who was evidently not accustomed to crutches, and had great difficulty getting to his seat. As he had a bag to carry, he could not have done so without help. When the conductor came for his fare, the soldier looked surprised and stammered something that I did not catch. The conductor insisted. Others, sitting beside him, intervened, and paid the conductor. The soldier was greatly embarrassed. He began to tell his story. We gathered that he had been wounded in the Battle of the Marne, and "evacuated" to a hospital in the west of France. When he was discharged, he was sent back to Paris to appear before the Council of Revision, which sits at the Ecole Militaire. Only when given a certificate of incapacity would he be allowed to return to his home.

"How long were you on the train?"

"Thirty-six hours."

PARIS REBORN

"And have you had nothing to eat?"

"No: I have no money."

"But when they discharged you from the hospital, did they give you no money?"

"No. You see, I was in a military hospital, and they discharged me with a ticket to Paris. In the regulations there is a provision only for a ticket to the point where one must rejoin his regiment or pass before the Council of Revision of the district of his enrollment."

Here was red tape with a vengeance. I have gathered so many instances of "applying the rule" that my heart is sick. This soldier in the tram is typical of the machine-like way in which bureaucracy deals with human beings. The poor fellow had been discharged from a military hospital. *They applied the rule*—a ticket to Paris! If the man next to him had not intervened, the conductor on the tramcar would have had to apply the rule, and put him off to stumble along to the Ecole Militaire the best way he could.

It never fails. The routine life of a government office invariably stultifies the initiative and judgment of the unfortunates who are chained to desks and bound in their every action by rule. Apply the rule! That is officialdom in a nutshell.

The illustrations of how "the letter killeth" are most striking when gathered from the dealings of

RED TAPE

officials with the women to whom sorrow and suffering have come through the war.

Recently the wife of an officer, who had fought with great heroism in defending Maubeuge, could get no information as to his fate. After weeks of the anguish of uncertainty, an employee from the accounting department of the Ministry of War arrived at her house with the following note:

“Dear Madam, we have just been notified that your husband was killed at Maubeuge on August ——. On our books, we find that he had received an advance of salary up to September —, and that he owed for a leather revolver case. Will you kindly give to the bearer, the sum of — francs due to the Government for the advance of salary to your husband from the date of his decease until the period to which he had been paid, and also — francs for the revolver case charged against him.”

I know of other cases where women have gone to the local office where the daily amount allowed to the wives and children of men at the front is paid, and have met the crisp, matter-of-fact statement, “Your husband is dead; your name has been struck off the list.”

The wives of officers in the departments of the North which are occupied by the enemy are finding it impossible to secure the portions of their husbands' salaries that were set aside by agreement at

PARIS REBORN

the beginning of the war to be directly paid to them each month. For, when these departments were invaded, the Government ordered local paymasters to withdraw, taking with them the governmental cash boxes. Many of these women are wholly dependent upon what they draw of their husbands' salaries.

One officer's wife has four children. Her husband has been cited for bravery in the "Order of the Day." She is without private resources. When Madame —— went to the local officials who remained in her town, and asked them if there was any way in which money due her could be paid, they replied that she would have to make the request on stamped paper, and send it to Bordeaux, where it would be passed upon by a special council. Then, when the paper came back, they would be able to pay her out of the general funds of the municipality. This would constitute a lien against the Government, to be collected later.

"How long will it take?" she asked.

"Such a request will probably be returned here with the budget papers on October 1."

"But what shall I do in the meantime? Can you not telegraph for the authorization? I and my children will starve before then."

The employee shook his head. "Rule 189, Madame, formally forbids a request for special authorization of funds to be made by telegraph."

RED TAPE

“This is vital to me.”

“The rule, Madame, has no exception.”

There was nothing left for the officer's wife to do but to ask alms to prevent her children from starving.

I could multiply these cases to show how the inflexibility of public officials is causing a wholly unnecessary burden of sorrow and anxiety. It is not the destitute who are suffering most. They have known in times of peace what it is to be without means, and have learned how to get assistance. It is the women of the middle classes who would rather die than ask for private help, that are suffering all over France.

In the meantime red tape reigns supreme.

October thirty-first.

The most pitiful feature of the war, as we see it in Paris, is the state of uncertainty in which most people are living. Is the husband, the son, the brother alive, or is he dead? If he is wounded, is it seriously, and where is he? If he is cold in the trenches, is there any certainty that he received the warm clothing mailed to him? If he is a prisoner, will he get the money sent to him?

Poor mothers and wives and children of the soldiers! Suffering women of France! The haggard and drawn faces that one sees on the streets

PARIS REBORN

are due to this failure of the postal administration more than to any other cause.

A soldier was wounded on September thirtieth. By accident his wife learned that he had been wounded. She had no official information, and has none yet. On October ninth, she met an officer of her husband's company who told her that her husband had a bullet through his shoulder and had been removed by a field ambulance to some base hospital. On October first, she sent him a registered letter; on the third, a registered package; on the seventh, a registered package; on the tenth, a registered letter; on the seventeenth, a registered letter; on the twenty-third, a money order; on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, telegrams. These communications were all addressed, following the official direction, to the garrison town where he had joined his regiment at the time of mobilization.

The soldier's wife is poor, and has deprived herself of necessities to pay the postage. She has had absolutely no word of any kind either from her husband or from the military authorities. She says, "I am brave, and I am ready for every sacrifice. I did not weep before my husband on the day of his departure. I showed him that he could go peacefully to do his duty, that my courage and my reassuring words would never fail. But to think that he is suffering in some far off corner of France, per-

RED TAPE

haps dying, without having a word from him, is more than my heart can bear.”

November twentieth.

The Mayor of the village of Pont-en-Royans has seen his hair turn white during the past three months. Loyalty to the administration has kept his lips sealed as to the cause of his troubles. But the last straw has been placed upon the camel's back. M. Hennebert has finally burst forth into public print. He does not care now whether he loses his job or not. He has all he can stand. I am going to let him tell his story.

“In my official position, ever since the beginning of the war, there has not been a moment that I have not been besieged by families who have tried to obtain news of their children at the front, and who, in some cases, have not heard from their loved ones since the end of August.

“Full of confidence in our official machinery, at the beginning I wrote to the proper authorities, who at the end of fifteen days answered me: ‘No information; presumably in good health.’

“And I used to say to the families: ‘Every evening they sound the call, and in each regiment they gather the names of those who have been killed and wounded. If a soldier does not answer eight days on end, then they report him as disappeared. In

PARIS REBORN

this case, he may be either dead or prisoner, but, at any rate, at the end of eight days, if he is no longer with his regiment, his name is written down and sent to the Ministry.

“Then, since the name of your child has not been given to be sent in to the Ministry, it is because he is with the others in his regiment; that is why they write to you ‘Presumably in good health.’”

“Alas! I have for a long time lost confidence in the information given by the Ministry. One day, I received concerning a certain soldier the customary information, ‘Presumably in good health.’ Six days later, I was informed by the Council of Administration of this regiment of the decease of this soldier, ‘Dead a month and a half ago.’

“For another soldier I receive the ordinary printed slip, ‘Presumably in good health.’ I tell his wife. Eight days after, his wife receives from him a postal card from Germany, announcing that he has been a prisoner for five weeks!

“I could go on *ad nauseam*, but this is enough to show you what my situation is when mothers come to ask about their boys. Ought I to continue to write and fool them by these printed slips, ‘Presumably in good health’? Here is a story to top off all the rest.

“Officially, on the twenty-ninth of September, I am told to notify the family of the soldier Régnier

RED TAPE

of his decease. Officially, mind you. So I go to their home to break the news. In the midst of their tears and their cries, the family show me the last postal card from the young soldier which was received that very morning, and dated September twenty-seventh, that is, two days before. But the notice of decease is that he died on September seventh. I say to the father: 'I would not give you too great hope. Your child must have died the twenty-seventh, perhaps suddenly, and the secretary charged with transcribing the letter I have received must have forgotten the cipher. Instead of the twenty-seventh, he must have put the seventh. But for all that, a doubt exists. Don't worry too much. I am going to find out the truth of the matter.'

'I write to the Council of Administration. They answer: 'There has been no error. The official notice of decease carries indeed the date of September seventh. If, then, the soldier has written the twenty-seventh, it is that he is not dead. We shall notify the Ministry. On your side, you ought to write to the hospital where he was in treatment and from which his death was reported.'

'I write to the chief physician of Besançon—no response. I send him a telegram with answer prepaid—no response. So I write him a letter, this time a little hot. Finally I receive a telegram: 'We do not know one Régnier at the hospital.'

PARIS REBORN

“I am still holding this telegram in my hand when there comes to my office with smiling face the sister of the dead man, who holds out to me a letter: ‘Monsieur le Maire, my brother has written to us again.’ I take the letter to examine it. There is no error. The dead man had written on October second.

“‘Very well,’ I say to the family. ‘Now you are reassured.’

“Several days afterwards, I finally receive from the hospital of the Red Cross a letter giving me news of Régnier, telling me that there are several hospitals in the city, that they have only just received my letter, etc.

“I thought no more of this affair until October twenty-third. Then I received a notice from the Prefecture of Besançon begging me to advise the family of the soldier Régnier that he had been wounded, and was being treated at the hospital at Besançon.

“Finally, I thought that this affair was indeed closed, when, to-day, October thirtieth, I received a telegram sent to me by some one—I don’t know by whom—which informs me that the soldier Régnier is unknown in the hospitals at Besançon.

“Oh, my head! My head! I do not care what happens if I send this story to a newspaper. Anything is better than having to give false news, and

RED TAPE

to play in this farcical manner with the affections of those who are giving their children for the salvation of France.”

XXXIV

SHARING THE GLORY

October second.

I REMEMBER having heard M. Emile Faguet say some years ago that the French are, individually, the most jealous race in the world of each other's attainments and achievements. The statement is true, when it is limited to the intellectual classes—except that M. Faguet forgot the Italians. But, while incompatibility (to use the euphemistic term) is common among men of talent working in the same field, strangely enough it does not hold equally true if the man who is doing the same kind of thing you are doing is a foreigner. The Frenchman does not brook the other Frenchman who dares to rival him, but he extends a hand to the competitor of another nation.

If there is no more jealous race than the French in their relations with each other, at the same time there is no more generous race in their praise of outsiders. I have friends who do not agree with this opinion, and who bring up proofs from their own experience to refute it. But the instances they cite

SHARING THE GLORY

are the exceptions that prove the rule. I hold to this opinion since the war began more strongly than ever before. And I have good reason to do so.

The spirit of generosity and the lack of jealousy shown by the French press during these past three months in regard to the exploits of their allies is wonderful.

From the very first moment of the war, the British Expeditionary Corps, although comprising only a tenth of the forces in action, has received the warmest praises from every newspaper in Paris. There has never been a word of criticism, even after the disastrous retreat from Charleroi to Compiègne. Full credit has been given to the important part that the British played in the Battle of the Marne, and in the present struggle along the Aisne.

The same spirit has been displayed towards the Belgians. The French have been untiring in their praise of the heroism of the Belgians at the moment of the German invasion, and have not hesitated to admit that the defense of Liège probably prevented the capture of Paris by the Germans. We read constantly in the papers about the exploits of the Belgians and the British, and I have never once seen the suggestion that the Allies were after all a negligible factor in the defense of France.

The colonial troops from Morocco, Tunis, and Senegal have also had a good press. In fact, they

PARIS REBORN

have been spoken of as the most daring and most efficient element in the offensive movements in Alsace, Lorraine, and Belgium at the beginning of the war. It is reported that the Germans are more afraid of them than any other body of men among their opponents.

Space also has been devoted to the movements of the Russian armies in Russian and Austrian Poland. It has been pointed out that the advance of General Rennenkampf, although it did not end successfully, was of very great service to the French army, because it compelled Germany to send many of her best regiments from the French field of action to stem the tide of the Russian invasion. One able French critic has declared that the way the Russian campaign has been managed from the very first day of the war has helped more in the salvation of France than if the troops engaged there had been actually united with the French army in repelling the German dash on Paris.

I contrast this admirable loyalty and generous spirit of praise which France has shown with the despicable spirit of all the Balkan allies during their war with Turkey. Their self-conceit and jealousy prevented Bulgarians, Greeks, and Servians from seeing the importance of what other armies than their own had done. The spirit of France is an excellent augury of harmony in the settlement of

SHARING THE GLORY

the issues of the war. Germany cannot hope that those who are opposing her will fall out amongst themselves.

November twenty-sixth.

The French press is growing very restless over the continuance of the severe military censorship, which maintains its rule of brevity and anonymity in reporting the events of the battle-fields. There is cold comfort for the journalists to have to publish, and for the people to have to continue to read daily, about the wonderful progress of the Russian armies against Austria and Germany, and the important part played by Russia in preventing the total concentration of the best German troops between Paris and Calais.

Bitterer still is the fact that the British newspapers seem to be given *carte blanche* to reproduce in the smallest detail the operations of their Expeditionary Corps in France and to give credit to individuals for exploits of war. In default of information of the movements of their own army, the Paris newspapers reproduce the accounts written by British journalists, and are naturally full of what the British army is doing.

The result is that when we open our newspapers at the breakfast table, we have every day glowing and detailed accounts of how the British bulldogs

PARIS REBORN

are holding back the Germans on the Belgian frontier and saving the day for France. One would think that the French army was standing by and looking on while the British and Germans fought it out between them. The same thing is true of the aviation corps. We hear continually of daring raids of British aviators into German territory and of the dropping of bombs on Zeppelin sheds one hundred and fifty kilometers from the French frontier.

The French are getting restless. They would be inhuman if they were not. They reason: we have ten times as many airmen as the British, and our army in the field is five times as large as that of the British. Our losses since the beginning of the war—although we have no definite information—have certainly exceeded the total number of the British forces engaged. Are the deeds of our soldiers and of our airmen to pass in silence and go into oblivion, while those of our allies are held up to us daily in glowing reports?

But while they are eager to hear of French feats of arms, they do not translate this eagerness into jealousy of their allies. The military writers continue to give unstinted praise to the British and Russians, and to acknowledge the essential aid of the Belgians. The policy of silence and anonymity is burdensome, but it is being borne. In private conversation as well as in the newspapers, the re-

SHARING THE GLORY

strait is splendid. There is glory enough for all. The French are giving it to others, and waiting patiently for their share. Could there be greater glory than just this?

XXXV

THE CENSORSHIP AGAIN

October third.

THE censorship in France has never been more strict than during these trying weeks of continual conflict on the Aisne. There is no newspaper which is edited with sufficient care to avoid the displeasure of the censor. Even the semi-official *Temps* has blank places on every page, and some of its leading articles have so many lines left out of them that the sense is completely gone. This morning the résumé of the situation in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* has been entirely cut out, leaving the upper left hand corner of the first page blank.¹

One can understand and appreciate the reasons for the severity of the *military* censorship. It is a mistake to suppose that the blanks signify places

¹ Since the very first day of the war, the Paris edition of the *Herald* has been a source of pride and comfort to Americans resident here. It is first with the news, brilliantly edited, and loyal to France in an intelligent as well as fearless way. Always optimistic, with an unwavering faith in the armies of France and Great Britain, it was certainly not from the *Herald* that any American got his reason for becoming a *froussard*.

THE CENSORSHIP AGAIN

where information had been printed unfavorable to the French arms. The allied armies are winning: of that we are certain. But the censor is still severe. For, though we have no news of defeat to hide, there is still the necessity of preventing the revelation to the enemy of the movements of troops.

Suppressing unfavorable news is stupid. Forbidding the publication of news that would give the slightest hint to the enemy is wise. The trouble is that the French authorities have not made a clear distinction in their policy. At times it has been dictated by the first consideration, and at others, by the second. So the people are suspicious, in spite of the fact that every straw points to a succession of victories along the whole line of battle.

There is a third form of censorship which has been exercised to some extent, and that is, suppressing the expression of political opinions. This is a very dangerous game, and yet the Government at Bordeaux has been led into the mistake of adopting it. One may rightly question the good taste of bringing up political issues at the time the enemy is invading the country, but repressive measures against the liberties of the press do not cure this feeling. On the contrary, they aggravate it.

The most striking instance of political censorship is that which has been directed against M. Clemenceau, the former Premier, who is one

PARIS REBORN

of the most able political leaders in France. His newspaper, *L'Homme Libre* (The Free Man), was suspended by a decree from Bordeaux. M. Clemenceau started another paper which he called *L'Homme Moins Libre* (The Man Less Free). This paper in turn was suspended on the second day of publication. M. Clemenceau persisted in his effort to get his personal opinions before the public by trying a third time with *L'Homme Enchaîné* (The Man in Chains). We have just heard that all the copies of this paper have been seized in the railway stations. The result is that every one in Paris wants a copy, and *L'Homme Enchaîné* cannot be bought for love or money!

XXXVI

THE EIFFEL TOWER

October fifth.

A WEEK ago, when the telegraph boy brought me a little blue slip, he looked at me with contempt and pity when I gave him a franc for a tip. I suppose he went down the stairs shaking his head and muttering, "These Americans!"

But if he had known what the three magic words "PARIS DEMAIN MATIN" meant to me, he would not have wondered that I thought the message he brought was worth a franc. I had been warned beforehand that I might expect good news, for a recent letter from the Girl had said: "Germans or no Germans, aëroplanes or no aëroplanes, I am going to bring the children home from St. Jean-du-Doigt. Do you realize that I have had four months of the Brittany coast, and two months of it without you, that newspapers are generally a week old, and that it is getting as cold without as it is within?"

So they came one morning at breakfast time, the Girl and the three babies, Yvonne, the French maid, to whom Paris is as water is to a fish, Dorothy, the

PARIS REBORN

English nurse, who was seeing Paris before she had seen London, and three cabs full of luggage that the Girl had managed to get through in spite of the formal order limiting travelers these days to one valise per ticket.

In their compartment on the train, a French officer, returning to the battle front after recovering from several shrapnel wounds, had expressed his surprise that any woman would be taking her children into the city when the Germans were still so near.

"Are n't you afraid?" he asked.

"No," answered the Girl.

"Why?"

"Because I have faith in you and the others who will stand successfully between my children and the Germans!"

"I shall fight better for that," he said. And his eyes filled with tears.

The Girl would edit this out of my manuscript, claiming that it has nothing to do with Paris during the German invasion, and especially with this chapter on the Eiffel Tower.

But I do not agree with her. It is not recorded here, because I am proud of the Girl, but because it gives the reason for the successful defense of Paris. There are a hundred thousand women in Paris today who feel just as the Girl feels, and who have let their faith be known to the red-trousered heroes in

THE EIFFEL TOWER

the Argonne, on the Aisne, and in the North from Compiègne to Ostend. Faith is, in the last analysis, the source of strength. It is the undaunted spirit behind the line of defense that makes the undaunted spirit in the line of defense.

Then, too, this little story explains why the Girl and I were driving home to-night from a dinner party in Passy. Since the war began I have had no meal with friends except in restaurants. Now that the Girl has come home, the normal life begins again, and I resume wrestling with cuff-links and refractory ties.

We missed the last *Metro*¹ after walking the length of the Rue de Passy without meeting a soul on the street. And it was only five minutes after ten!

We were saved by a lonely horse cab that came ambling through the Rue Franklin, just as we had made up our minds to a long walk across Paris. After we were in the cab (experience makes the inhabitant of the Montparnasse Quarter wait until he gets in a cab before giving his address) we told the lord of the box where we lived. He groaned and resigned himself. The horse would have groaned still louder had he understood.

We had not gone far when we began to doubt whether luck was with us after all: for the horse

¹ The underground railway.

PARIS REBORN

slipped and fell, breaking a bit of the shaft, in front of the Trocadéro.

It was pitch dark and beginning to rain. I got out to help the *cocher*. The Girl stayed put. A cab is yours as long as you are in it. Two policemen came up. We unharnessed the horse and tried to urge him to his feet. Several soldiers joined the group. Each of us had his way of doing the trick. Naturally we disagreed. The horse did nothing. He was quite comfortable where he was.

While we were engaged for half an hour in this most difficult feat known to the world of horsemanship, we had ample reason not to regret our mishap. For we had stopped within the military zone, and saw the precautions that were being taken to guard the Eiffel Tower against Zeppelins and other hostile aircraft.

In the garden of the Trocadéro, behind a palisade, vertically-shooting cannon have been placed, and artillerymen are on constant guard throughout the night, following the tireless sweep of the great electric projectors that pierce through the darkness in every direction around the tower.

"Since August second we have been stationed here," a soldier told us. "We are ready for the attack when it comes. But two months have passed, and the Germans have not shown themselves. It is n't very exciting. We got all over

THE EIFFEL TOWER

that after the first few days. Oh, how we wish they *would come!* Here we are *en panne*, glued to this unholy spot. We feel like the British sailors that are cruising off Heligoland. The Germans don't give us a chance. This is not war."

"But there is always hope," put in another cheerfully. "The raid is bound to come, and if we got changed we would be cursing our luck not to have been in at the defense of the Eiffel Tower."

Our horse was on his feet now. They were re-harnessing him, and patching up the broken shaft. The *cocher* hinted that we might possibly find another cab. But there are times when it pays to be a foreigner. It is so easy to pretend that you do not understand. We wanted to get home, and were not foolish enough to abandon our only hope of traveling Montparnasseward.

I emptied my cigarette case. We were profuse in our thanks. With *mille remerciements* to the policemen and *bonne chance* to the soldiers, we resumed our journey over the Pont d'Iéna.

Within a mile radius around the Eiffel Tower there was not a single light. That the *cocher* could find his way was a marvel to us. Perhaps he could n't. We remembered that the stables of the *Compagnie Générale des Voitures Parisiennes* is just the other side of the Invalides. Was there ever a horse that did not know the way home? So far,

PARIS REBORN

so good. And after that we might have the lights again.

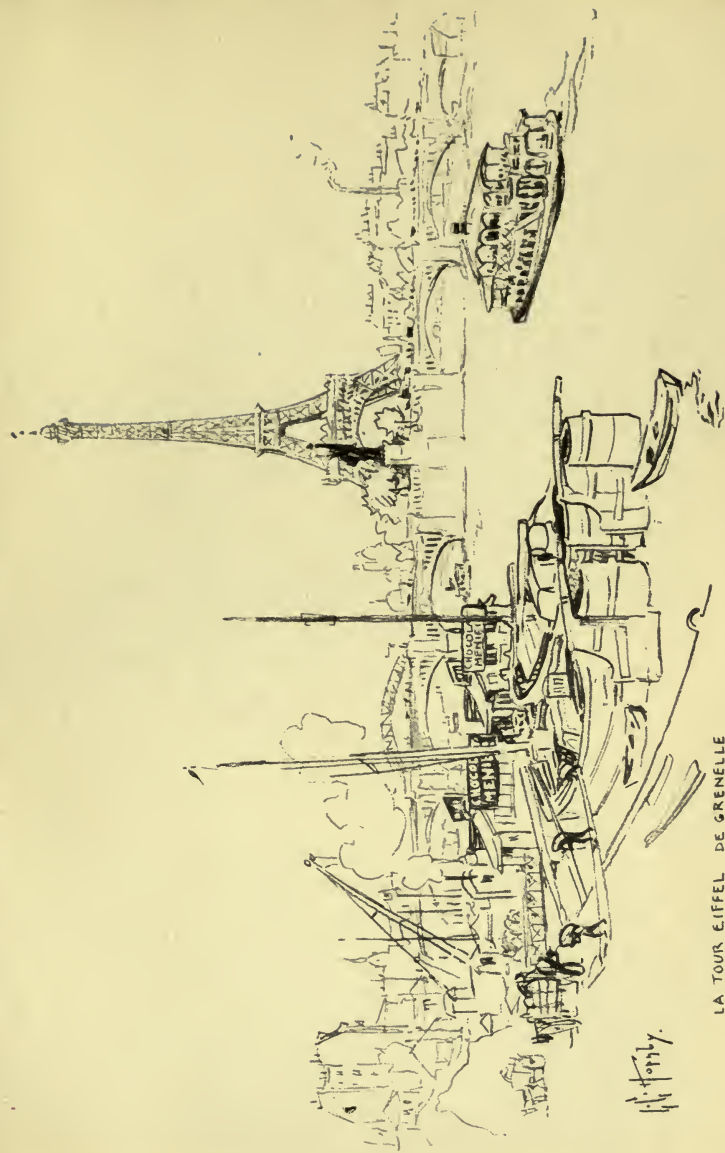
As we passed under the shadow of the tower, if it can be said to have a shadow at night, the search-lights, meeting lower than their wont or their intention, placed before us the outline of the huge steel frame, tapering upward a thousand feet, and surmounted by a flag.

"The raid will surely come—why *surely*?" The Girl was pondering over the confident statement of the soldier. "Is it just the hope of the one who watches, or has he reason for his belief? Why *surely*?"

She had spoken in French. The *cocher* caught her question. He turned in his seat. The horse, glad of the chance, stopped short.

Pointing with his whip toward the tower, the coachman said,

"Why not '*surely*'? They must know, as we know, that the Eiffel Tower is to-day the hope of Paris, the indomitable symbol of our power to resist and to prevail. See the symbol, *M'sieu-dame*? It points heavenward. It soars above Paris. It keeps us in communication with the outside world. Let Paris be besieged again! Who knows? That may come. But it is not as in 1870. Then we were dependent upon carrier pigeons and balloons. Now, come what may, Paris can flash out to the



LA TOUR EIFFEL DE GRENELLE

Eiffel Tower. The voice of France

THE EIFFEL TOWER

provinces the message that all is well, and that victory is sure. More than that, it is the Eiffel Tower that enables us to give the lie to the German bulletins. It is our mouth: they cannot shut it. It is the voice of France: they cannot drown it."

The *cocher* paused to push back on his head as nearly straight as it ever could be placed there the oilcloth hat which had almost fallen off during the emphatic nods that punctuated every sentence of his oration.

"And do you know, *M'sieu-dame*, that some fool architects have long been urging that we take down the Eiffel Tower because it is not, in their opinion, artistic? We shall never hear that talk again!"

The horse started. The *cocher* said no more. Nor did we.

XXXVII

RED CROSS AND RECLAME

October sixth.

RED CROSS work in Paris has been disappointing. At the beginning of the war a great fuss was made by the fair dames of Paris of all nationalities. Ambulances were organized by "society women," and palatial private homes were offered to house them. Red Cross was "*le chic*." Thousands volunteered, with the best will in the world, for nursing. Training classes sprang up in every quarter. Women abandoned their vocations and came back to Paris to attend these courses and to enlist in this work. There was enthusiasm in subscribing and collecting money and in getting fitted out in Red Cross uniforms.

It is an old axiom that the Parisiennes look well in anything. The rather forbidding uniform of the hospital nurse was deftly changed into what we had to admit was a "ravishing" costume. Everywhere one met them, these ladies of the Red Cross, *always* dressed in uniform, and generally riding about in automobiles de luxe, which flew the Geneva flag, and were driven by attractive youths *en soldat*.

RED CROSS AND RECLAME

At first, the military authorities declared that they would probably bring no wounded to Paris, and that, if they did, the public hospitals, and the ambulances organized on a large scale by the central organizations of the Red Cross Society, would prove more than sufficient. But the fair dames persisted in organizing, and in planning the equipment of private ambulances, until—

It is not a very pretty story, but it must be told. The Red Cross was a fad to most of the rich and idle society women. *The exceptions were very few.* Butterflies could not be in earnest, even at a time like this. When it came to a question of definite service, under discipline, many of the fair dames dropped out. When the Germans approached Paris, those who had persevered fled from the city to wait for the wounded at Biarritz and Pau!

It is true that there is no crying need for volunteer aid. Not many wounded have been brought to Paris. But if the Germans had succeeded in the Battle of the Marne and if they had attacked Paris, the Minister of War would have needed to call upon all these private ambulances. Where would he have found their personnel?

Our own American Ambulance is an example of this. Generously fitted out on the scale in which all things American are done, it was planned to accommodate at first two hundred beds, and, if nec-

PARIS REBORN

essary, up to one thousand. The ladies of the American Colony were invited to volunteer for service at the American Hospital. A great number registered. They came dressed in their best frocks and hats. The physician-in-charge was business-like from the beginning. Perhaps he knew his audience only too well. He told them that the ambulance would give a blessed opportunity for service, but that it meant strict discipline and the ability to do cheerfully disagreeable work.

"I want women," he said, "who would come at eight o'clock in the morning and stick to the job all day long, and who can be counted upon to come every day."

After the physician had finished, the ladies were invited to register.

"I can come every day from two to four," said one.

"I could never get away out here before ten in the morning," said another.

"I'll come afternoons," said a third.

"I can come mornings, but must leave at half past eleven," said a fourth.

And so it went. Out of the eager throng of butterflies, one could count on the fingers of his hands the women really willing to make a sacrifice to serve.

The American Ambulance employs nearly fifty trained nurses, and has a hard time to get enough

RED CROSS AND RECLAME

patients to fill its beds. It is better so, of course. No untrained woman, with all the good will in the world, can do the work of a trained nurse. But what if we had our thousand in the American Ambulance? What if the whole city were filled with wounded—*ten thousand coming in at one time*, as I saw at Constantinople, after the battle of Lulé Burgas? ¹

I can answer. There would be plenty of women to give all the loving care necessary to our heroes of the battle-fields. But they would not be the women who paraded around here in Red Cross uniforms during the first days of the mobilization, who rode importantly through the streets in their auto-

¹ In what is written here not the slightest criticism of the splendid work of the American Ambulance is intended. I am speaking of volunteers at the beginning of the war who did not "materialize." When I say that the beds were not full, it must be remembered that I am writing of the month of September, when every private Red Cross enterprise was denied the privilege of caring for the number of wounded that could have been accommodated. Since the date of this letter, the American Ambulance has had all its beds filled, and its physicians and nurses and orderlies, many of them volunteers and unpaid, have shown a skill and devotion, and have accomplished a work, of which the American nation has just reason to be proud. The perfection of the equipment of the American Ambulance, and the remarkable skill of its surgeons, came gradually to be recognized by the French and British military authorities, who have paid us the compliment of sending there the most desperately wounded and the most hopelessly maimed. Many hundreds of unfortunates owe their lives and an alleviation of their disfigurement and lifelong disability to the American Ambulance.

PARIS REBORN

mobiles, and busily talked about raising money and forming ambulances over their teacups.

The real Red Cross worker does not couple her work with the thought of advertisement or of diversion. But then the real Red Cross worker is not the typical society woman.

There is an interesting story from Russia that illustrates the spirit desired for Red Cross work and the difficulty in getting volunteers who show that spirit.

Grand Duke Nicholas, Commander of the Russian army in Poland, is said to have passed recently in review a corps of a hundred women who had volunteered to follow the army in the field ambulances. But he did not need that many. How choose among them? A happy thought came to him.

He said, "I would like to know how many of you are willing to volunteer for the work of devoting yourselves exclusively to the care of wounded officers?"

Sixty of the hundred immediately stepped out. The Grand Duke waved them aside.

"Red Cross work knows no distinction between friend and enemy, between rich and poor, between high and low," he told them. "It is a work of humanity, to be carried on most effectively by those whose one and sole thought is the alleviation of human suffering. Who it is that is suffering, and why

RED CROSS AND RECLAME

he is suffering has nothing whatever to do with this work. I shall take to the front with me the forty women who do not care to devote themselves exclusively to officers."

XXXVIII

THE TAUBEN RETURN

October twelfth.

STRANGE how different things really are from what they are reported to be," said the Girl. "I wish I had made a collection of all the stories I heard at St. Jean-du-Doigt about what was going on in Paris. Of course, I did not believe any of them, even when people swore to me that they were true. I remembered Constantinople when the Bulgarians were at Tchataldja. How we used to laugh at what they were writing, when newspapers came from home! People were so persistent, though, this summer, that I was glad I had your letters to back up my denial of their readily-accepted *canards*. And now I have been home for almost two weeks. I find Paris just as usual, except that so many people are still away from town and that the musical and theatrical season has not yet opened. But then we are hardly in October yet!"

We were taking a Sunday afternoon walk up the Boulevard Raspail and the Avenue d'Orléans to

THE TAUBEN RETURN

Montrouge. There I showed the Girl the elaborate preparations that had been made to defend Paris against a sudden raid of Uhlans or armored automobiles. Everything was just as it was a month ago when the Germans were at Chantilly and Meaux. No, on a thorough examination, I saw that the defenses had been greatly improved since then. Freshly turned earth indicated that workmen were still being used in executing new schemes of defense.

This is an indication of something I had never noticed before in the French character, and something I had often noticed the absence of. It is what a psychologist would call continuity of effort in measures of prevention. The French wake up to a sudden calamity, to a sudden contingency against the occurrence of which they had not provided. While the calamity is upon them, while the contingency presses them hard and embarrasses them, they are full of energy, and spend themselves in persistent and plucky efforts to ward off the approaching danger, or to face it when it has already come upon them. But once the danger over, they are quick to forget, and easily persuaded to abandon their work of defense and prevention. There is a lot of talk for a few weeks about "taking steps." It ends there.

"Are they still working for the defense of Paris?"

PARIS REBORN

asked the Girl incredulously. "How is it possible?"

"Yes," I answered, pointing to a ditch with my cane. "That earth has certainly not been turned more than twenty-four hours."

We looked at each other, and laughed. "Well of all things!" the Girl exclaimed. "The French have a new light."

There was no need for words. We were both thinking of that awful flood five years ago, in some ways much more of a disaster to Paris than the German Invasion of 1914. What wonderful heroism was shown in the face of a calamity that no earthly power seemed able to stave off! That memorable Friday afternoon at the Place de la Concorde, that Friday night on the *quai* between the Pont Neuf and the Pont des Saints-Pères when soldiers and civilians were making dikes and building up the parapets with bags of cement—how they did fight the water! And then, when the flood receded, Paris began to think of the new Rostand play, *Chantecler*. Nothing has been done since then to guard against another flood.

Right in this very year itself, less than two months before the outbreak of the war, we were at the Salon one afternoon, when a heavy thunderstorm broke over Paris. The interminable diggings all over Paris for extensions of the subway system were flooded.

THE TAUBEN RETURN

A few hundred feet from the Grand Palais, small boys coming from choir practice at Saint-Philippe-du-Roule were swallowed up; a taxicab crossing in front of Saint Augustin disappeared in the ground; in front of Raoul's shoestore on the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue de Havre a *kiosque* and some pedestrians fell into the subway. In many other parts of Paris the earth opened up. Something must be done! That was the eight days' cry. And then came the Caillaux trial.

Do you wonder that the Girl and I were surprised to see that Paris is still thinking of its defenses, after the Germans have fallen back across the Aisne? Is it possible that for the Parisians a danger past is not a danger forgotten?

We climbed up on the outer mound of the fortifications beyond the moat, and walked around toward a little *trou* of a gate, known only to those who are accustomed to roam in this quarter, where one can get through to the Parc Montsouris.

"Another illustration!" I cried, pointing eastward toward the sky. It was one of the tireless sentinels of the air whose duty it is to protect us from a return of the German aviators. But no! My arm fell. Could it be? I had never seen one, but I did not think I could be mistaken. For who in Paris had not been poring over the models of *aéroplanes* in *L'Illustration* and other journals?

PARIS REBORN

"It looks to me like an *Aviatik*," I said.

Others had stopped and were gazing heavenward. The aëroplane passed over us. No doubt of it! Simultaneously the cry went up, "*Les Boches!*"

They had come again!

But had they? We walked to the Parc Montsouris, and down that wonderful slope by the Oriental Pavilion where one sees all Paris before him. The day was clear. No sign of clouds. No specks in the air that might be birds of human making. The *Aviatik*, if it was one, had gone. The Sunday crowd in the park was not thinking of aëroplanes. We must have been mistaken.

We turned homeward through the Rue de la Santé, a street reminiscent of Jean Valjean, where one sees the suburban Paris of Louis Philippe, when unpretentious private houses with a bit of garden were the order of the day. No Baron Haussmann has ever turned his attention to this quarter of Paris. No subway has caused the rise of apartment houses following the rise of land.

As we walked along, thinking it would be ideal to live in one of these *real houses*, if only there were some quick means of communication with "the world" (how narrow and insular we city folks are without realizing it!), we heard the unmistakable whirr of a propeller. Before we had time to look



In the Garden of the Luxembourg. The usual happy, care-free Sunday afternoon crowd

THE TAUBEN RETURN

up, several shots rang out. The street was deserted. Our portion of the sky seemed to be deserted, too. But we still heard that whirr. Then appeared the cause of it, a bare hundred feet above us, the most beautiful of aëroplanes, a Taube. A man was looking down. We could see his goggles. He had something in his hand. Was he going to throw a bomb?

Just as suddenly as it had come, the aëroplane disappeared. We hurried towards the nearest open space on the Boulevard St. Jacques. The Germans had gone.

We had seen two German aëroplanes. How had they been able to reach Paris on this remarkably clear Sunday afternoon? Had they dropped bombs anywhere? We thought of our three babies in the Luxembourg Garden. The first question was lost in the compelling apprehension of the second. Ten minutes later, we were looking among the thousand baby carriages for our own. It was the usual, happy, care-free Sunday afternoon crowd in the Luxembourg. Children were playing *Diabolo* and tennis, rolling hoops and sailing boats. The Old Guard were as intent as usual upon their croquet. No signs at all of perturbation. Had the aëroplanes flown over the Luxembourg?

The question was answered for us by our eldest child. She spied us as we climbed the steps of the

PARIS REBORN

parterre towards the *Guignol*, and came running towards us.

"Oh, Mamma, oh, Papa," she greeted us. "Why did n't you come before? Do you know, there were three big German birds here, and the French birds came and chased them away. They were naughty birds, they were. But oh, it was such fun!"

Following close upon Christine's heels, Dorothy, our English nursemaid, pushing a baby carriage with one hand and holding Lloyd with the other, confirmed Christine's story.

"It was very exciting," she said, laughing.

And Lloyd broke in. "The French birds chased them—yes, they did!"

When I opened my *Temps* this evening, I read that there have been five German aëroplanes over Paris to-day. They dropped a number of bombs, one of them on the roof of Notre Dame. Many people were killed.

"In the midst of life we are in death." True, is n't it? But Paris, having been born on a sunny day, cannot help looking upon the sunny side. One may express a contrast in such a way as to bring despair and hopelessness. But one may also express it with terms reversed, and get just the opposite result. Paris says, "In the midst of death we are in life." So we are.

"But the French birds came and chased them

THE TAUBEN RETURN

away," said Christine. And Lloyd echoed her. That was, after all, the important thing. It is because my babies are the product of their atmosphere, that Christine put this clause at the end of the sentence, and that Lloyd echoed it. The impression on their mind was not that the terrible *Tauben* had come, but that they were chased away!

Paris is peopled with Christines and Lloyds.

XXXIX

WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE 'PIOU-PIOUS

October twenty-first.

IT is getting cold in France. The principal thought of the nation is how to clothe the million and a half soldiers in the field. The wet and the cold expose the men to a danger as great as that of the enemy's fire. A soldier can carry in his knapsack hardly more than his blanket and one change of underclothing. He marched away under a summer sun, the little *piou-piou*, as he is affectionately called,¹ so he is not provided with proper clothing for what now looms up as a winter campaign. The headline that greets you every day on the front page of the newspapers is: "Send woolly things to the soldiers."

This exhortation is unnecessary. I have often wondered at the industry of French peasant women.

¹ It is over a century since the soldiers of the line were first called *Piou-pious*. The word had its origin in a change of uniform for the infantry. They were given a sort of clown's costume with a ruffle around their neck like a sparrow's ruff. When the Parisians saw them for the first time, they called *piou-piou*, imitating sparrows. The term, first used in derision, has now come to signify deep affection and tenderness.

WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE PIOUS-PIOUS

In every hamlet you will find three generations knitting between tasks. The inevitable ball of yarn occupies rheumatic fingers and baby fingers as well. The old motto that the secret of the wealth of France and the fruit of her industry is in the stocking would read with as much force if that last word were plural! A great city makes for idleness among the poor as well as among the rich. There are many housewives of country origin in Paris that have lost not only the bloom on the cheek but also the nimbleness of fingers that used to add pennies to the family horde at all hours of day and night.

But during the past week rusty needles have come out of forgotten corners, and a hundred thousand who have never used needles before have bought sets. For knitting is now the national occupation of the army at home. Frosty days and nights have come. Practically every woman has a son or a husband—often both—sleeping and fighting in the open air, exposed to the rain and wind of these cold autumn nights. Loving hands have been busy. On the street, at the door, in tramways, in cabs, in luxurious automobiles, beside the huckster pushcart, the women are knitting to-day. There is an undershirt, probably several, for every soldier. But the difficulty is to get these stitches of love to the loved one.

As with the wounded, so it is with the mail.

PARIS REBORN

The organization of the service between the battle-fields and the capital has broken down completely. You mail your package to your man at the front, pay full postage for it, and it has to go first to the garrison town where his regiment was mustered into active service. For example, it may be that you live in Paris, but are originally from Marseilles. Your man has been mustered in at Marseilles. Although you know that he is shivering fifty miles away, your package has to go six hundred miles to Marseilles and come six hundred miles back to Paris, and then it is officially ready to go to the front. Multiply this one case by hundreds of thousands of cases, and we see how the postal administration stands. Since the beginning of the war, there has been exactly the same regulation for letters. The anxious wife or mother writes every day to her loved one at the front. The letters travel all over France and back again, and perhaps after a month or six weeks, if the one to whom they are addressed is still alive, he may possibly receive a few of them!

To-night it will be as it is every night when I go to mail my letters. At our branch post-office, I stand in line before the one window for registered matter. In front of me, behind me, are the women with their packages. For most of them the contents,—even the one or two francs of postage—means a real sacrifice in times like these. If only

WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE PIOUS-PIOUS

they could feel certain that the sacrifice would meet the reward of the package reaching the man in the trenches! Every time I stand in that line I hear some little women asking the gruff clerk behind the window *when* the package is likely to reach its destination. His answer is invariably a growl. But they pay and hope. The receipt they are given for the registration is a scrap of paper, at which, if ever one were bold enough to come back to make a claim for non-delivery, the post-office clerk would look as von Bethmann-Hollweg looked at the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

If this were only all that the army at home has to endure! But they have also the fear that governmental initiative is failing to cope with the problem of winter clothing for the *piou-pious*, owing to the same incompetence in the supply department of the Ministry of War as that in the post-office administration. I have heard this fear expressed a hundred times in almost the same words. "If they do not succeed in getting my package to my soldier, are they capable of supplying him from the *dépôt*, *par exemple?*"

The bureaucrats who sit at their desks in the ministries, and year in and year out follow the dull routine of advertising for bids for certain supplies, passing upon the bids, and seeing that the goods ordered are paid for and sent to garrisons, are aghast

PARIS REBORN

at, and entirely unfit to cope with, the proposition of a million and a half new winter overcoats. Indeed, at different points along a hundred and fifty miles of battle-field, positions are changed every day with the varying fortunes of war. This is no time for routine. And yet, these poor creatures, of limited mentality, continue to exercise their functions and vainly try to rise to the situation.

The only way the French Government could properly and adequately and quickly give to the army the clothing it needs for the winter would be to call temporarily into the administration the head of some great department store. There are men in Paris to-day who could go into the Ministry of War and look at an order for five hundred thousand overcoats to be delivered in two weeks just as they would at an order for a single cake of soap. They would refuse to think of anything else but the one thing, "How soon can I get those overcoats on the backs of the soldiers?" Telegraph and cable wires would flash messages, here, there, and everywhere. They would scour the world to find the materials and the workmen for making these overcoats. *And they would get them.* As soon as they got them, they would see, in spite of red tape, that they reached the soldiers in the field—wherever "the field" happened to be.

Of course executive ability of this kind—whose

WINTER CLOTHING FOR THE PIOUS-PIOUS

possessors have deservedly made great fortunes—cannot be commanded by a government bureau. But in times of war, such men would be glad to step in and give to the country a service that would be equal to that rendered by generals of armies. But they are not called. The soldiers are left to shiver.

XL

THE BOY SCOUTS

October twenty-third.

NOTICE has been given that the University of Paris will open as usual next month, and that *lycées*, secondary schools, and primary schools in Paris are resuming their courses. Some teachers have gone to the front. But it is astonishing how many men over fifty, eager for work, rise up from cover to seek places as substitute teachers! Every large city is full of them. Paris has more than enough.

The problem of reopening schools is not in finding teachers. The hesitation has been on account of the pupils. Where are they? Only the older university men are in the army: boy volunteering has not been allowed as yet. Most of the *froussard* families will soon be returning. For it is getting very cold in the country, and very dull. Those who fled from the Germans might endure the cold rather than return to the fear of bombs. But what Parisian can long suffer dullness? Better death.

Where, then, are the boys? They are Scouts,

THE BOY SCOUTS

and they do not want to give up this fascinating work to go back to school. That is the problem.

From the first day of the war we began to see on the streets of Paris the boys who had donned the uniform that has become known all over the world since General Baden-Powell conceived his brilliant idea ten years ago. The movement, already initiated here, has spread wonderfully since August.

At first, the Boy Scouts were considered as a joke. Their elders were amused at the way the boys "played at war." But the boys soon showed that they were in earnest, and that they could be of real service. They made a place for themselves in our civil and military administrations.

When, in August and September, successive classes of men were called under the colors, we learned that very many of them were not indispensable. Their places in home industries, in factories, in shops, and in public service corporations, upon whose continued activity the economic life—that minimum necessary for existence—is dependent, were filled immediately by mothers, wives, and daughters. God bless the women! There will be a lot of men eating humble pie after this war.

In spheres of activity, where women and girls are hardly suitable, the boys found that they were able to replace grown men. In uniform, and convinced

PARIS REBORN

that they are serving in the active army, the Boy Scouts have been filling an amazingly useful part in the life of France.

The Boy Scouts are patrolling the railways. For moving up and down the tracks and keeping an eye on rails, on culverts and on the unimportant bridges, the boys are better than the older reservists whom they have replaced. Their legs are nimbler and their eyes quicker. They carry newspapers and letters on motor-cycles from cities to the base camps of the armies. In garrison towns they are *marmitions*, preparing meats and vegetables in the *casernes* for the regimental mess. They render this same sort of service in the *cantines*, where the refugees and the poor of the city gather to be fed. With the help of the Boy Scouts to run errands and serve the food, two or three women are able to manage a large *cantine*.

The Boy Scouts are messengers for the ministries and embassies and legations. One sees them going back and forth through the streets, carrying messages and letters too important or too urgent to be entrusted to the post. A Cabinet Minister recently received a large sum for the decoration of the graves of soldiers in the Paris cemeteries. He wondered how it would be possible to utilize this money for the purpose intended by the donor. He thought of the Boy Scouts. By the dozens they visited the

THE BOY SCOUTS

florists of Paris, bought up all the flowers, and carried them to the cemeteries on their bicycles.

Their most valuable service, the most indispensable and the most difficult, has been in the care of the wounded in hospitals and at railway stations. In September, Paris could not have done its duty by the wounded who were poured into the city had there been no organized Boy Scouts. Many a soldier owes his life to them. They were always at the trains with stretchers. They did not tire of carrying burdens too heavy for their undeveloped backs and arms. Orderlies were lacking in the hospitals. The Boy Scouts saved overworked nurses and physicians many a step.

But now we are accustomed to the war, and its exigencies can be met without the help of the Boy Scouts. In a great city like Paris, there are bound to be more helpers than there are jobs, even when the bulk of the men are withdrawn for the army. The economic life of the city has adjusted itself to changed conditions, and plenty who need work are seeking it.

The Boy Scouts do not want to give up, though. They reason that they have enlisted for the length of the war, and must not quit. Parents are beginning to be embarrassed and annoyed. They do not feel so kindly towards General Baden-Powell's brilliant idea. It is difficult to get the boys back to

PARIS REBORN

school. The Scouts disdain the idea of being school-boys again. They are doing a more useful, and more noble work, they maintain.

But parents in France have a way of enforcing obedience. The war is over for the Boy Scouts. They yield with poor grace. After all, it is hard for them to believe what the Minister of Public Instruction tells them, that "diligent attention to studies is the best way in which boys can prepare themselves to serve the nation." *PREPARE to serve the nation?* What does the Minister think they have been doing these three months past?

A Boy Scout whom I love comes to me this evening, and pours out his heart. He wants sympathy and encouragement to resist the call back to books. I have to disappoint him, and I make the mistake of trying to work off the Minister's arguments on him.

He eyes me with amazement. Amazement changes to disgust.

"You belong to the conspiracy against the Boy Scouts!" he cries. "And I thought you were our friend!"

"Well, I am a father myself, you know," I answered lamely.

"Say, I'd forgotten that. Never mind, you can't help it. I suppose it's the Lycée Montaigne for me to-morrow."

THE BOY SCOUTS

He grins, and holds out a pardoning hand.
After I have shut the door, I can hear him whistling
his way down the stairs.

XLI

JUSQU'AU BOUT

October twenty-ninth.

THE news from the great battle in the north, unless the official *communiqués* are misleading us, indicates that the Germans have failed in their last supreme effort to surround and destroy the armies that have stood between them and a triumphal entry into Paris. There is nothing left now for the Germans but to retreat step by step from the invaded departments of France and from Belgium, until they have re-crossed the Rhine.

But there are two reasons why Paris is not rejoicing, in spite of the good news. In the first place, the victory has been purchased at too dear a price. The British and Germans have published their lists of killed and wounded and prisoners. The French have not. The invader has been repulsed, but we do not yet know the cost. We can only suspect. Most of the families in Paris fear that they ought to be wearing mourning for loved ones. In the second place, driving the enemy out of France is only the first, and perhaps not the great-

JUSQU'AU BOUT

est, phase of this awful war. Every one knows that a greater effort remains yet to be made than has already been called for, or than is being called for in the present still defensive operations.

The German superiority in men of military age is so great, in spite of the fact that they are fighting the Russians on the East, that their losses have not meant so much up to this point to them as to the French. For carrying the war into the enemy's country, France will need fresh forces, and France will have to make fresh sacrifices.

The spirit of Paris to-day is one of wistful determination. The war is not over. The peace which ends it must be decisive. As the Jesuit Father expressed it to me yesterday, "If we do not do more than drive the Germans out of France and restore Belgium to our plucky little allies, our success will be a delusion. *We must break the military power of Germany, or we shall have to live again under the terrible nightmare of 1870, to which will have been added the nightmare of 1914.*"

This opinion of the seriousness and the long duration of the effort that must be made to crush Germany is shared by the British. The British General Staff, and the various military services of the British army, have leased buildings in Paris for three years.

So it is that I see in the morning, when I am go-

PARIS REBORN

ing to my office at eight o'clock, the boys of Paris marching through the streets with sticks for guns on their way to drill in the Luxembourg. For an hour before school the boys of the classes of 1916 and 1917 are getting ready to take the places of those who have fallen on the Marne, the Aisne, and in the North. The class of 1914 has already been called out. The class of 1915 is impatiently awaiting its summons.

Jusqu'au bout! To the bitter end France intends to fight. But the price of victory will make 1915 the bloodiest year of history.

How much better if France had awakened years ago to the perils of the future, and had advocated a law of three children in each family rather than a law of three years' military service. Then this war would not have been, for Germany would never have dared to risk it.

XLII

VERS LA GLOIRE!

October thirtieth.

THE Girl and I came up from the river through the Rue Saint-Geneviève this afternoon, and went into Saint Etienne-du-Mont. The women whom the Girl is hunting are frequently to be found in churches these days. If they go anywhere, it is only to God. You have to seek them out.

Around the Tomb of Clovis there were many candles but no worshipers. Saint Geneviève had her devotees, but not in such large numbers as last month. No one is thinking any more about the Germans coming to Paris, and, as has always been the case since the world began, we do not pray much to those of whose peculiar blessing we feel no need. To most people praying is asking. We do not ask unless we want. But Saint Antoine-de-Padua was in great demand, and in the chapel of the Virgin no place was vacant. It was not Our Lady of Victories that was being invoked, but Our Lady Protectress of Soldiers.

When we left the church, and skirted around the

PARIS REBORN

Panthéon to pass through the Rue Soufflot, we noticed that a door of the Panthéon was open. We entered.

The crowd was different from any that we had ever seen in the temple "of a grateful country to her sons." Ordinarily tourists and Parisians, mingled promiscuously, make the rounds of the mural paintings that depict the history of France and Paris, one and indivisible. With gay laughter and keen interest in the work of Puvis de Chavannes and others, they are moved by artistic sentiment or historic imagination to outspoken admiration and comment.

This afternoon there were no tourists. There was no laughter and no enthusiasm. The people seemed to have come just for something to do. Their conversation was not of France and her past and present glory, but of sons and brothers and fathers who were "out there." This vague term has become common parlance since the war began, because there is no other that can be used. None knows where loved ones are, or even if there are loved ones still. Fighting, wounded, prisoners, dead—which? Who knows?

Some who had come home were there this afternoon. A splendid boy not more than twenty years old was leaning on his crutches in front of the picture of Attila, thinking perhaps of the Kaiser, and



DOME DU PANTHÉON

In the quarter of the Panthéon

VERS LA GLOIRE!

whether he was really to blame for the leg that had been lost. Refugees from the North were visiting the Panthéon for the first time, standing before the scenes of devastation and massacre of the fifth century. Did the paintings awaken last month's memories of the twentieth century counterpart through which they themselves had lived?

Before we had gone half way round, a feeling of depression gave us the common impulse to get out into the open air. The Panthéon may be inspiring in the time of peace. In time of war it is too reminiscent of the hell in which we are living.

As I turned toward the door, the Girl took my arm and led me up what ought to be chancel steps to the altarless apse. There we saw a contrast, Détaillé's group *Vers la Gloire!* on the wall, and a group before the picture which showed us the result of that unholy aspiration which has misguided not only France but the world. A young woman in mourning was holding a baby in her arms. At her skirts three other children were clutching. She looked with unseeing eyes at Détaillé's masterpiece. Near her two soldiers, one with his arm in a sling, and the other with a face that had been horribly disfigured by the bursting of a shell, were gazing apathetically at the imaginary soldiers of France winning imaginary glory. We could not read the woman's mind. We could not hear the soldiers'

PARIS REBORN

words. But I think our guess was not far from the mark.

“Did he die for glory? Is this the glory that he won—my babies and I—our broken life?” she must have been thinking.

“Put the artist who made that picture, the writers who have glorified that ideal, and the politicians who have caused this war into the trenches where we were, and let them face life maimed as we are—is it glory?” they were probably saying.

“There is no glory in it. It has been a lie—it is a lie!” The Girl was almost sobbing, as we brushed by the legless soldier into the open.

But she didn't sob—not quite. For she had other things to think about. She took from her pocket the list of twenty odd women whose husbands are at the war, who are expecting babies, and who have no money for nourishing the children already born—let alone buying clothes for the new-comer. She looked up the nearest address on the list.

We left behind us the Panthéon and Détaillé's conception, and went to find the next victim of glory!

XLIII

RED CROSS AND RED TAPE

November tenth.

OH, that some Florence Nightingale would arise in France to break down the bars of professional jealousy and official red tape, so that those who are giving so freely their lives might receive the loving care that is their due when they are wounded on the battle-field!

Without exception, the newspapers of the French capital have taken up this question. They have spoken as freely as the censor would allow them, and have bitterly contrasted the inefficiency of the *Service de Santé Militaire* with the admirable arrangements they claimed were made by their British allies.

It has now come to light that conditions in the British army in regard to treatment of the wounded are not a bit better than they were at the time of the Crimean War. There is the same fatal clash between army surgeons and civil surgeons, between the Royal Army Medical Corps and the many en-

PARIS REBORN

terprises of a private character that have been trying in vain to coöperate in the care of the wounded.

Ten days ago, I heard from an officer who returned from the front heartrending stories of the complete breakdown of the medical service at Dunkirk, Calais, and Boulogne. He spoke of the hospitals and field ambulances as a disgrace to civilization. What he told me seemed incredible. But since then I have had it from so many different sources that I can no longer doubt that the British army surgeons have been as criminally negligent as those of the French army.

It seems that the British wounded have been piled into the hospitals of the Royal Army Medical Corps by the thousands, that they have been allowed to remain for days with their bandages untouched, and that the condition of these ambulances is one of unspeakable filth. The reason of all this is the lack of surgeons, nurses, and orderlies. After waiting in agony for days, many of the wounded have been sent to England, or have died.

There is, of course, no people in the world, not even excepting the Americans, who are so generous and so willing and so capable in the organization of relief as the British. Huge sums have been given for Red Cross work in England. The volunteers for field work, amongst whom are highly skilled

RED CROSS AND RED TAPE

physicians and splendidly trained nurses, have reached the thousands. Ambulances, with the personnel and the supplies necessary for caring for an unlimited number of wounded, have come from London to Paris. Some of the finest hotels on the Champs-Elysées have been fitted up into British auxiliary hospitals. But at no time since the war started have they been filled. Most of the physicians and nurses have sat around waiting vainly for the opportunity of serving. While the British Tommies are dying in the trenches, or are heaped up in the improvised hospitals of the R. A. M. C., those who are willing and anxious to care for them have been systematically ignored, or, if they insisted upon pushing themselves into the army circles, have been unmercifully snubbed.

Some time ago I heard a prominent French physician, whose surgical skill is second to none in Paris, say that when he offered his services he was received as if he had come to borrow five francs!

The mentality and the callous caste idea and the rigid red tape of the British medical service is unbelievable.

Train loads of British wounded have been brought right to the gates of Paris, have waited for hours in suburban stations, and then have pulled out again for parts unknown, while the British Red Cross hospitals at the Astoria, Claridge's, the Ma-

PARIS REBORN

jestic, etc., could have taken them all in had they only been given the opportunity.

The other day a young Englishman, a graduate of Oxford University, who is here as a volunteer in an ambulance of a hundred physicians, dressers, nurses, and orderlies, dined with us. He said that the ambulance to which he belonged had been fitted out lavishly by a wealthy peeress in London, and that its physicians were men of wide reputation. They had been waiting in a Paris hotel for nearly four weeks to get permission to go to the front. They are waiting still, and the wounded are dying.

Shades of Scutari!

In both armies, as well as in the Red Cross societies, the same evils of mismanagement—inefficiency, jealous desire to refuse volunteer aid for fear of sharing the glory, and self-assumed importance of workers enrolled—are revealed again as we have seen them in former wars. Among the army surgeons, there is that same unwillingness to coöperate with civilians that Florence Nightingale struggled against in the Crimean War.

Hospitals in Paris are waiting for their wounded. Physicians and nurses are ready. Large sums have been expended. But the wounded do not come. Is it that the battles are less severe than they were a few weeks ago? Is it that the Government still fears the possible capture of Paris, and the passing

RED CROSS AND RED TAPE

into the hands of the Germans of all the wounded, as prisoners of war? From the accounts of those who come from the front, the battles seem to be just as fierce as ever, and from many signs one has reason to believe that the Government does not fear any immediate advance upon Paris.

It is the old question of red tape, and of official and professional jealousy, and rivalry. There are plenty of wounded. But willing hands and hearts are not allowed to be of service in alleviating their suffering. Men are still dying without proper medical attention, with physicians and nurses only a few miles away, willing to risk life to carry to the soldiers on the battle-field competent and skilful care.

When this war is over, perhaps before it is over, the medical corps of the contending armies will be called upon to answer embarrassing questions. Human ingenuity, so diabolically successful in destroying human life, should be exercised with equal success in solving the problems of saving human life during military operations.

XLIV

THE FROUSSARDS COME HOME

November fifteenth.

WERE it not so awfully funny, it would be pitiful to listen to one's friends who are returning in increasing numbers from London, from Bordeaux, from Marseilles, and from Switzerland. When you meet them in church, at the club, in the café, on the boulevard, of course you act as if they had never been away from town at all. But some evil spirit compels them to bring up the subject themselves. You have to listen. And, as there is an anxious questioning note in their voice, you have to agree that they were called away during the first week of September by urgent business in London, that they had to go to Havre or Marseilles because they could not risk, in their line, being cut off from cable and mail communication with the outside world, or that their presence at Bordeaux was indispensable to the national safety. The Government could not have got along without them. Certainly not!

Then there were those who had not the excuse of

THE FROUSSARDS COME HOME

business. In the first week of September they yielded to an irresistible longing to taste good old roast beef, "for you know the French can't cook a roast." Now they are coming back from England, having discovered that the English "never do give you vegetables other than perfectly naked boiled potatoes and water-logged cabbage."

But the reason for the September exit from Paris and the November exit from London is neither in business nor in food. When you get down to rocks, it is—the Germans.

How one feels about the Germans is largely a matter of imagination. I have come to this conclusion after much puzzling over the actions of many Parisians. If a man is all the time imagining that a bomb is going to drop from an aëroplane right on top of his head, or that the shells from the German siege guns will explode in his immediate vicinity, he cannot be blamed for feeling uneasy. It is altogether natural that nervous and excitable people should get away from the possible danger of a bombardment. They got away from Paris because they feared that the Germans would bombard this city. They are getting away from London now and back to Paris because they think that the German effort has been diverted from Paris to London. The burden of their conversation is no longer the irresistible horde of barbarians at Compiègne, Chan-

PARIS REBORN

tilly, and Meaux, but the Zeppelins that are being manufactured at Brussels and Antwerp, and the one hundred and twenty-five submarines that are going to send the British fleet to the bottom of the sea. So Paris is pretty good after all.

One may not have control of his nerves, and may yield to the panic of his imagination. That is perfectly comprehensible. We are not all built the same way. And who is more contemptible than the man who boasts of a moral superiority which is due entirely to physical causes?

But there are many *froussards* who have not the excuse—the perfectly valid excuse—of neurasthenia. Have they not fallen short in civic duty, in patriotism, by showing a lack of faith in those who were defending their homes?

The panic-stricken crossed bridges before they came to them. They accepted *as a certain future event* what was only a remote possibility. Where they could not be blamed for fearing that the bombs would hit them, they could be blamed for not having faith in the ability of the defending armies to keep the siege guns from getting near enough to send their shells into the streets of Paris. Where there was lack of faith two months ago in the allied armies, there is lack of faith to-day in the British fleet, and in the armies on the Yser.

The *froussards* are coming back! It is a curious

THE FROUSSARDS COME HOME

sight. We saw them madly piling into freight trains, after having waited forty-eight hours in line to purchase first-class tickets. We saw them leaving in autos, in wagons, in river boats, for which they paid fabulous prices. They were inextricably mixed up with their baggage, enjoying emigrant accommodation at millionaire prices. It was a case of *sauve qui peut*. For the Germans were coming to Paris, and they had no desire either to feed on cats and dogs and horses¹ and rats, or to sit in their cellars while the shells burst overhead. Now they are coming back!

In the railway stations two opposing floods meet each other. The refugees from Amiens, Compiègne, Chantilly, Senlis, Soissons, and Meaux are *going* home; the refugees from Paris are *coming* home. But the former are different from the latter. Those who are *going* home fled from the sight and the sound of the Germans: the Paris *froussards* fled from the *thought* of the Germans.

Honi soit qui mal y pense. Has any one the right

¹ Horse meat isn't bad at all. Lots of Parisians never eat any other kind. They cannot afford to, or do not choose to afford to. The horse is a herbivorous animal, after all, and horror of eating him is purely imaginary and unreasonable. Just for fun I have brought up the question of horse-flesh over the famous *hors d'œuvres* at the Brasserie Universelle, and have been amused to see my tête-à-tête shudder at the thought while she was consuming with gusto a certain delicious sausage—equine in origin! *Beati ignorantes!*

PARIS REBORN

to pass judgment on the *froussards*? Perhaps not. We are free agents. When it is a question of the unwritten code, we must decide for ourselves, and let others decide for themselves. But we who did not despair of the Republic, and who remained quietly at home attending to our business and living our normal life have saved ourselves much expense and discomfort. And we do not have to explain to our friends why it was necessary at a certain particular moment to leave Paris.

The *froussards* may have come back too soon. For we cannot be sure as yet that the Germans will not make this week another determined effort to reach Paris. The question we are asking ourselves now is whether our friends who have made the journey to the country and back again to Paris, will once more feel it necessary to pay a thousand francs for an automobile, or two hundred and fifty francs for a seat in a river boat to Rouen.

The fortunes of war may change again, and we may once more hear the German cannon at the gates of Paris. It may even be that the German General Staff will decide to take a gambler's chance and stake all upon the capture of Paris. Is one wise in feeling that the Battle of the Marne has been decisive in relieving Paris from the German menace?

It is a curious fact that the *froussards* seem to be most optimistic the moment the immediate cause of

THE FROUSSARDS COME HOME

their fears is removed. The two million Parisians who stayed quietly at home and awaited the issue of the Battle of the Marne did not exult in that victory. There was no great popular demonstration of joy in Paris. This is a fact that cannot be too strongly set forth. The work of defending the city was still pushed with feverish haste. Even now, two months later, every night we still see the searchlights sweeping the skies in their watch for aëroplanes and Zeppelins.

The "sowers of panic" are the ones who are now absolutely certain that all goes well. It is from the *froussards* coming home that we hear exclamations of delight and confident assurances that the Germans have been crushed.

This evening, at the club, a number of well-informed and thoughtful men were discussing the new phase of "siege operations" which the war seems to have taken. One was maintaining that, even if the German offensive was definitely checked, an offensive on our part, at the present moment, would have little chance of success against the German lines. "Without conscription in England," he said, "I fear we shall not be able to drive the Germans out of France—much less recover Belgium."

A Samson of a *froussard* had just turned from the billiard table. As he put up his cue, he caught the last sentence.

PARIS REBORN

With a lordly wave of the hand, he pooh-poohed our fears.

“You fellows are talking rot,” he broke in. “Before Easter we shall be in Berlin.”

The man whom he interrupted took off his glasses, and rubbed them with his handkerchief. Then he readjusted them, and gazed at the *froussard*.

“Is that the way they feel at Bordeaux?” he asked.

XLV

THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS AT SAINT SULPICE

December twenty-fifth.

I RETURNED to Paris last night, hurrying across Europe for Christmas Eve with my family, after my first absence from home since the day that war broke out.

During these past three weeks I have been in Lyons, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Zurich, Stuttgart, Berlin, Munich, Salzburg, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, and Innsbruck—a flying trip through the heart of the enemy's country. I came back with a heavy heart on Christmas Eve, for I realized now that the war would be long, and that the suffering of these past months is not to be compared with that through which Europe has to pass during the year 1915. My many trains took me through no railway station on the platform of which I did not see women in tears. Women in tears—that is the whole of this war epitomized in three words.

Travel-stained and weary, I left the war and its problems behind me when I entered the door of my home last night, and saw my children around their

PARIS REBORN

Christmas tree. Three little tots for whom I can hope no greater blessing than that they grow up in the midst of a world that does not know, that does not experience, what the world knows and experiences to-day. As I look at them, that is my thought. But there it is, the war coming in again! I do not leave it at the door, even on Christmas Eve, the *fête* of the Prince of Peace.

Then come the dinner guests, the English merchant and his wife, who have been heavily hit by bills unpaid in Germany; the Modiste, whose hats are not selling this winter and whose January rent is a problem, for all her men-folk are at the war; the Sewing-Woman who would have been married in September had not her lover been killed in August in the retreat from Belgium; the two Russian girls, students at the Sorbonne, who have been cut off from home since the war began and are now trying to keep body and soul together on a franc a day by sewing at an *ouvroir*; the Greek Musician from Constantinople who fears that his father and brother may have been killed by the Turks—and so on! With each I greet comes the thought and shadow of
THE WAR.

But the frolic with the children, followed by association around the dinner-table, brings good cheer. And good cheer dispels gloom. Our party is not an unhappy one.

THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS

It was after eleven when our guests began to go. The Girl and I did not urge them to stay longer. We knew what difficulty those who lived in Auteuil and Passy would have in finding a taxi and in persuading the chauffeur to take them away over there across the city. And then, we wanted to go to the Midnight Mass at St. Sulpice. We set up our first home in the dear old Rue Servandoni, under the shadow of St. Sulpice, and have never lost our affection for our old parish church. Midnight mass at St. Sulpice is to us as much an institution as our Christmas tree.

When we had bid our last guest Godspeed, and had assured ourselves that three curly heads were peacefully resting on three little white pillows, we slipped out into the Boulevard du Montparnasse, and hurried through the Rue Vavin to the Luxembourg, quickening our steps almost to a run in the dark streets, for fear lest we be too late to get inside the church. St. Sulpice is one of the largest buildings in the world, but is never large enough for the Christmas midnight mass.

We were in time. The four strokes of half past eleven were just sounding as we entered the church. The seats were filled, and the aisles were filling. But we managed to push our way through the crowd to a certain spot that has precious associations for us, and is at the same time a vantage point to those

PARIS REBORN

who know St. Sulpice. For we could see the high altar, the choir in the apse, and look down through the nave of faces turned in our direction up to the organ loft where Maître Widor still sits on state occasions.

The silence of the expectant thousands, at this moment if ever in their lives in a worshipful mood, was broken only by constant footfalls on the stone floors, and the occasional whispered "*pardon*" of one who tried to push his way, as we had done, from the doors towards the choir.

A few minutes before twelve, the verger mounted the high altar to light those candles that have not yet been profaned by electric globes. Real wax and flickering light—how rare that now is.

As the first stroke of midnight from the bell in the north tower reverberated through the church, the priest and acolytes came into the chancel. When the twelfth stroke announced the new day, Maître Widor bent over the organ. It was Adam's *Noël* that he began to play. A tenor voice rose in the stillness.

Minuit' chrétien! C'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'homme Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous,
Pour effacer la tache originelle
Et de son père arrêter le courroux.
Le monde entier tressaille d'espérance
A cette nuit qui lui donne un Sauveur.

THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS

Peuple à genoux, attends ta délivrance,
Noël, Noël, voici le Rédempteur.

The priest had opened his missal, and the vast congregation was following him in the silent mass. A wonderful chorus, worthy inheritor of three centuries of glorious Sulpician tradition, repeated the last two lines of the verse.

Then the soloist began again, accompanied by the soaring obligato of a violin.

De notre foi que la lumière ardente
Nous guide tous au berceau de l'enfant,
Comme autrefois une étoile brillante
Y conduisit les chefs de l'Orient.
Le Roi des rois, né dans un humble crèche.
Puissants du jour, fiers de votre grandeur,
A votre orgueil—c'est de là qu'un dieu prêche:
Courbez vos fronts devant le Rédempteur!

The Girl had gripped my arm hard. All around were crying, and she was. I looked with eyes that seemed to see, and yet seemed not to see, out over the faces turned towards the altar. The third verse had started. The singer was pleading with us again to bow our heads with joy before the Christ Child who had come to bring peace.

Never had I seen so few men at a Christmas mass. Aside from the white haired, most of the masculine worshippers were in uniform and wounded. How

PARIS REBORN

many among those who had gathered here to hail the advent of peace on earth and good will among men had given their sons or their husbands or their fathers to France during these past five months!

Only three days ago I stood on the Kärtnering in Vienna and watched the limousines purring softly up to the steps of the Opera House, and the gay and laughing men and women in evening dress coming out of the house of song and laughter. Only a week ago I sat in a café at Berlin and watched the midnight riot of drinking men and their companions. Oh! Paris, Paris! Will *they* ever have cause to feel as you feel to-night? Are there those in the world who may make suffering and not suffer?

Silence! The music has stopped. A moment of stillness. Then the tinkling of the acolyte's bell at the high altar, followed by the tinkling of other bells in the dozen chapels of the apse and nave where other priests are celebrating silent masses.

The elevation of the cup! Then the triumphant chorus, bursting forth into *Adeste Fideles*.

When the last line of the hymn of fifteen centuries of hallowed Christmas usage has been sung, the mass is finished. The communicants press towards the rail.

We turn to go. Mockery, illusion, delusion—what means this ceremony in Paris to-night? A thousand who were here last Christmas Eve are

THE CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT MASS

dead: and another thousand are in the trenches only fifty miles away, shooting their fellow-men and being shot by them. But these people have got something from this midnight mass. I can feel that. I can feel it in the silence of the Girl at my side, in her tears, in her smile.

We go out into the dark. As I button my overcoat, I see the Jesuit Father standing by a pillar of the great porch. We pass close by him to reach the steps.

"Merry Christmas!" he said.

"Merry Christmas!" responded the Girl.

"But merry—why merry?" I asked.

"Happiness for the Christ Child," he answered.

"A happiness that drowns all sorrow: for it transcends all sorrow, just as God's goodness transcends our weakness. Merry Christmas for you, for France, for the world!"

I looked at him. His shoulders were thrown back, his fine face from forehead to beard was showing forth Christ in him, the Hope of Glory.

What the Girl had received inside, I received now.

"Merry Christmas!" I said.

THE END

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